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**LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOSTER.**

[The decease of a person so distinguished in the literary and religious world as the author of the *Essay on Decision of Character*, and the publication of his *Correspondence*, have naturally called forth notices of greater or less extent in many of the leading British journals. We have seen none of these more completely and candidly presenting the life, and mental and moral traits of the man, than the following from the *British Quarterly*, an eminent dissenting periodical. While it will be found friendly to the subject, it deals fairly with his well-known faults as an author and a man; and as Foster's fame has become almost as familiar with us as with his own countrymen, we feel sure that the sketch will be well received and profitably read.—Ed.]

From the *British Quarterly Review*.

*The Life and Correspondence of John Foster.* Edited by J. E. RYLAND. With Notices of Mr. Foster, as a Preacher and a Companion. By JOHN SHEPPARD, Author of 'Thoughts on Devotion,' &c. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 468. 590.

ABOUT a century since, the pass from  
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Lancashire into Yorkshire, through the vale of Todmorden, was one of the most beautiful in England. Its hill-tops, thrown into every variety of shape, seemed to lift themselves aloft as if to break the force of the winter storm, or to present a natural resting-place to the summer clouds as they coursed each other from height to height, and threw their flitting shadows over the glens below. Some of those heights were barren, and have so been since the upburst of the mighty forces which made them what they are; but the less elevated were crowned, or clothed from base to summit, with ancient and richly hanging woods. The dells, which receded right and left from the main line of road, presented curves and slopes, and sometimes abrupt and jagged outlines, in almost every form, intersected with rock, and wood, and verdure; and, after rain, while the voice of birds welcomed the returning sunshine, every hill-side might be heard tossing forth its tributary waters to feed the Hebden, as it rolled through its deeper bed beneath. The little of handicraft which mixed itself with the husbandry of the district, was not more than sufficed to impart those traces of man to Nature, which make even Nature more beautiful. This description, be it remembered, applies

to the vale of Todmorden, as it was in the last century, when its seclusion had not been broken in upon either by canals or railways, and when the space now occupied with tall chimneys, and lofty square buildings, and with grouped or scattered multitudes of artizan dwelling-places, had little of its present appearance.

One point of this valley bears the name of Hebden bridge, and, at the time of which we speak, there stood at no great distance from that spot, in the direction of Wainsgate, a small farm-house. The couple who, about the middle of the latter half of the last century, were the occupants of that house, had their employment, after the manner of the time, partly in the labor of the farm, and partly in weaving. The husband was no common person. It was his habit of caution and forethought which had prevented his taking upon him the responsibilities of a family until he had passed his fortieth year. He was then a devout man—a Christian. Mr. Grimshaw, of Haworth, one of that small, but noble-hearted band of clergymen, who, about that time, began to preach the gospel in the manner of men who understood and believed it, had been the means of giving the mind of our farming and weaving friend this wholesome direction. But, as often happens in such cases, the convert did not remain a churchman. He became a member of the small Baptist church at Wainsgate. His temper was cheerful, and his views were much more expanded than was common with men in his circumstances; but, on the whole, his habits disposed him to avoid society rather than to seek it. Not a few of his happiest hours were given to reading, meditation, and prayer. Near Hebden bridge there is a secluded spot, at the bottom of a wood by the side of the Hebden, and marked by its projecting rock, which still bears the name of this good man. It was his 'cave' of refuge for thought and devotion. We can readily suppose that among his brother Baptists such a man would be a good deal of an oracle. He was not only better read than most of his neighbors in theology, but as possessing more than the common share of acuteness and discrimination, was better qualified than most to digest what he read. On the decease of the Baptist pastor, this gifted brother was one of a small number who read 'Gurnal's Christian Armor,' for the common benefit, on alternate Sundays. It is remembered of this reader, that when he came to passages which struck him as

particularly good, the exclamation was not unfrequently heard, 'That's sound divinity,' or, 'Author, I am of thy opinion.' This estimable man lived to be eighty-eight years of age. He died in 1814. His wife, who is described as his counterpart in soundness of understanding, integrity, and piety, survived him two years.

Such was the birth-place, and such were the parents of the Rev. John Foster, who was born on the 17th of September, 1770. On the tomb-stone of the elder Foster, is the following characteristic inscription—'John Foster exchanged this life for a better, March 21, 1814, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-third after God had fully assured him that he was one of his sons.' The subject of these memoirs was the first child of his parents, and the only further addition to their family was a second son, about four years younger. Foster saw his parents for the last time in 1801, in the thirty-first year of his age, and then said of them, 'They fear not death, nor need to fear it; for they are eminently ripe for heaven. I have never met with piety more active and sublime.'

In the early life of men of genius we see less of the fruit of circumstances, than of the power which is not to be controlled by circumstances. The charm of their story commonly is, that they should have done so much for themselves, amidst an outward allotment that did so little for them. It would sometimes seem as though the gifts of the mind came from one sovereignty, and the gifts of what is called fortune from another, and that the two crowns are at issue—so marked are the apparent cross purposes observable in these two kinds of bestowments. But this is done that there may be an aristocracy of nature, placed over against the aristocracy of accident—that your high family pretensions might be counterpoised by pretensions based on a still higher relationship—that the wealth of the inner life of man, which comes from above, might be played off in the game of existence against the wealth of the outer life, which at best is only of the earth. Two things, it would seem, are necessary to the efficiency of this more natural aristocracy—that there should be power, and that the power possessed should be somewhat severely tested—that it should be power called to that kind of warfare with opposing influences which is favorable to a growing manhood.

The power of Foster was a power thus tried and matured. In his early years he



was subject to many disadvantages. His disposition was naturally—we may, perhaps, say hereditarily—thoughtful and reserved. His strong individuality was ever disposing him to collapse upon himself. When not more than twelve years old, this peculiarity was so dominant as to cause him to feel a painful want of affinity both with the young and old about him. As a boy, he was no companion for boys; and with older persons it was often matter of bewilderment how the mind of such a child as ‘yon’ should have come by such ‘old-fashioned’ ways of thinking and talking. No one acquainted with the writings of Foster, and especially no one acquainted with his earlier letters as printed in this collection, can feel the slightest difficulty in conceiving of his childhood and youth as being of this description. The absence of all sisterly influence, the disparity between his own years and those of his only brother, the advanced age of his parents, and the fact that he grew up almost to manhood under the parental roof—all these were circumstances tending necessarily to separate him from sympathy, and to throw him almost entirely on his own pent-up musings and emotions. The natural effect followed. His manner became timid, shrinking, awkward, amounting, it is said, to ‘an infinite shyness;’ and this mischief, though partly overcome in after life, left its impression on his character and manners to the end of his days. Writing, in later years, to his valued friend, the Rev. Joseph Hughes, he says—‘I had, when a child, the feelings of a foreigner in the place, and some of the earliest musings that kindled my passions, were on plans for abandoning it. My heart felt a sickening vulgarity, before my knowledge could make comparisons. My involuntary unreflecting perceptions of the mental character of my very few acquaintance were probably just, as to their being qualified to reciprocate my sentiments and fancies.’

But if the people about the place of his birth were little to his mind, the scenery of the neighborhood commanded his admiration. It was good in what it was, and better in what it suggested. It assisted him to revel in imagination amidst the scenes of more profound beauty, or of more affecting grandeur, of which his books, from time to time, gave him some conception. The very words, *woods* and *forests*, called up pictures of sublimity which filled him with emotion. Calm and grave as his temperament always seemed to be, he was generally much more

moved by indications of vastness and power, than by the merely beautiful. We remember once standing at his side when the object before him was a caged eagle, when the anatomical display of strength in the noble bird was the special object of his attention, and he remarked on the tendency of the signs of mere power to call forth admiration in a manner which showed that the speculation was no novelty to his thoughts. At any time he would probably have turned from a Claude, or a Poussin, to works in the manner of a Salvator Rosa, or a Michael Angelo. In his youth he was, of course, sufficiently innocent of knowing any thing about the existence of such geniuses; but the strength of his imagination, and the almost living force of his associations, made him particularly susceptible of impressions from the great, the awful, and the mysterious, even from his earliest childhood. We suspect that the young of the present generation know little of the superstitious terrors with which the novitiate of life in the case of their fathers and grandfathers was so dreadfully beset. Foster, speaking of his childhood, says—‘the time of going to bed was an awful season of each day;’ and the children were few in those days who had not been taught to assign a place in their sleeping-room, in the long passage, or in some adjoining apartment, to the supernatural; though in the case of our embryo man of letters, pictures of that sort were probably more frequent and vivid than with boys of a much duller fancy. The skeleton which met him every night in the room through which he had to pass to his chamber, was seen, no doubt, by his theurgic vision, with a clearness which no other boy in Hebden bridge, or Wainsgate, could have brought to the scrutiny; and vain would have been his effort to make others see those processes of Indian torture, the sight of which, as he tells us, he could not at times himself escape from, by any effort for the purpose. That trumpery stool there, in the corner of the room, what is there remarkable about that? The boy, John Foster, will never use it—years pass, and still he will not use it—why is this? The stool had been the property of a man who came by his death in a sudden and strange way, and whose ghost, it was said, had been seen in a barn near his house! To that timid, taciturn boy, there was more about that stool than the eye could look upon, or than any sense could recognize. To him it was an object of the imagination, and though it

might not speak to others, to him it never failed to speak, and the mind must be sluggish in its discernment which does not see in that small incident a strongly-marked element of the future man.

But unfavorable as this home education, and much beside, may have been, the lot of young Foster was not wholly an adverse one. His parents exercised a most effectual guard over his moral and religious training. The circle in which he grew up was one of kindness, and one in which good sense and integrity were united with sincere piety. In the objects of his filial affection and confidence, he saw the persons who were regarded with similar feelings by the best people in all the neighborhood. One of his father's favorite sentences, he informs us, was—'The noblest motive is the public good!' His house was a kind of sanctuary. Religious meetings were often held there. On every Tuesday evening, Mr. Foster presided at a prayer meeting under his own roof, and in offering the concluding prayer, which he always did, it was observed that he never omitted the petition—'Oh, Lord, bless the lads!'—the lads being John Foster, and his then only companion, Henry Horsefall. Nor was the father altogether insensible to the intellectual aptitudes of the son. When the boy was not more than four years old, the father was known to lay his hand upon his head and say—'This head will some day learn Greek.' Some thirteen years, however, from that time, passed away, and there was still little sign that this prophecy of the good man, concerning his first-born, would be fulfilled. The education of Foster during those years had been, of course, confined to his own language. He read at times voraciously, but as will be supposed, with little system, and with a very defective and confused result. During the later portion of this space he wrought at his father's craft, spinning wool to a thread by the hand-wheel, and afterwards weaving what are called double stuffs, such as lastings, &c. But nothing, we are told, was farther from the inclination of the youth, and few things farther from his thoughts, than that he should continue at such occupations. One consequence of this sort of forecasting was, that he made but a very indifferent weaver. The change which at length opened before him is thus described by the intelligent editor of these memorials:—

'When about fourteen years old, he communicated to the associate just named, the poignant anxiety he had suffered from comparing his character with the requirements of the divine law, and added, that he had found relief only by placing a simple reliance on the sacrifice of Jesus Christ for acceptance before God. Six days after the completion of his seventeenth year he became a member of the Baptist church at Hebden bridge. His venerable pastor, Dr. Fawcett, and other friends, who had watched with deep interest his early thoughtfulness and piety, urged him to dedicate his talents to the Christian ministry. Whether he had himself previously formed such a design is not known: the object of their wishes soon became his deliberate choice, and after giving satisfactory proofs of his abilities, he was 'set apart' for the ministerial office by a special religious service. For the purpose of receiving classical instruction and general mental improvement, he became, shortly after, an inmate at Brearley Hall, where Dr. Fawcett, in connexion with his labors as an instructor of youth, directed, at that time, the study of a few theological candidates. Part of each day was still spent in assisting his parents at their usual employments. During the rest of the time, his application to study was so intense as to excite apprehensions for his health. Frequently, whole nights were spent in reading and meditation, and on these occasions his favorite resort was a grove in Dr. Fawcett's garden. His scholastic exercises were marked by great labor, and accomplished very slowly. Many of his inferiors in mental power surpassed him in the readiness with which they performed the prescribed lessons. One method which he adopted for improving himself in composition, was that of taking paragraphs from different writers, and trying to remodel them, sentence by sentence, into as many forms of expression as he possibly could. His posture on these occasions, was to sit with a hand on each knee, and, moving his body to and fro, he would remain silent for a considerable time, till his invention in shaping his materials had exhausted itself. This process he used to call pumping. He had a great aversion to certain forms of expression which were much in vogue among some religious people, and declared that, if possible, he would expunge them from every book by act of parliament: and often said, 'We want to put a new face upon things.' pp. 9, 10.

Brearley Hall, where our young divine pursued his studies thus sedulously, was beautifully situated. It was inclosed at all points by the neighboring woods, except on the south, where it opened by a gentle descent upon the valley. With the surrounding landscape, and with the many glen and woodland retreats which were there accessible to him, Foster was deeply

interested; and the memory of those scenes is often referred to in his after life as among the most delightful visions retained from his early years. Such a mind, exposed to such influences, was not to be restricted to a dull educational routine. Beside reading such works in theology as seemed to him most pregnant with thought and earnestness, he seized with special avidity on books of voyages and travels,—productions which, in that day, were immeasurably more the staple reading of the young than at present, both the old and the new world being now so far explored, narrowed and exposed, as to afford small supply in that shape to a passion for the marvellous. Fondness for this kind of reading in Foster seemed to grow by what it fed upon, and if prosecuted with more discrimination in his subsequent years, we shall see that to the last it was somewhat unduly indulged. But locality as well as temperament tended to this result. Such was Foster's passionate sympathy with the appearances of nature, that one summer evening he prevailed on a young man to walk with him by the river side in the vale of Todmorden from night-fall till dawn, that they might watch the effect of day-break and morning on the scenery of that romantic district.

Dr. Fawcett, the master of Brearley Hall, was a personage of stately presence and bearing. He was tall, and large withal, possessing a countenance somewhat saturnine, features which bespoke habitual seriousness, and a powerful voice. His preaching seldom rose above common-place; but his almost funereal gravity, which rendered his services somewhat repulsive to the young, gave weight to his utterances with minds more of his own experience and complexion. It was not one of the doctor's most conspicuous virtues to bear opposition with patience, or, in truth, to submit readily to correction in any way. He was considerably accustomed to deference, and was disposed to expect it; but he was a person of good sense in most things, of sincere piety, and, on the whole, of kindly feeling. His reading was more free and extended than was usual in those days with ministers boasting of their puritanical descent. He had read such books as Fielding's novels; and Foster long remembered the substance of a discriminating critique which fell one day from his old tutor at Brearley Hall on one of those productions. Indeed, the worthy gentleman, grave as he

was, had his vein of humor, and knew how to enjoy that thing in others; and though not very sprightly himself, was never a check on the rational buoyancy of the young about him. In the matter of industry, his example was such as often to come upon the conscience of young Foster with the force of a painful rebuke. His views of human nature, however, were of the sombre cast, and perhaps contributed somewhat to give a coloring of that sort to the early thoughts of his pupil. In regard to public affairs, Dr. Fawcett was one of that old school of dissent, who were more concerned for quiet than for change. In this respect Foster appears even then to have been little in sympathy with his venerated tutor.

Foster's education at Brearley Hall was preliminary to his admission into the Baptist Academy at Bristol. The manner of our young divine's journey from Todmorden to that city should be mentioned, as contrasting somewhat strongly with the softer habitudes of not a few modern students of divinity. To pedestrianize from Todmorden to Manchester was no very formidable business; and from Manchester to Birmingham the youth enjoyed the luxury, such as that was in 1791, of having his seat outside a coach. But then there was the journey from Birmingham to Bristol, and for securing the said wheel luxury over that space, the bank, it seems, was unequal, and within the next two days the eighty-eight miles between Birmingham and Bristol were traversed by our future essayist, yard by yard, on foot. We can imagine the arrival of the weary stranger at the door of the Academy there, opposite the Full-Moon in the city of Bristol,—a house at which, all respectable as it then was, you may now purchase drugs in the one department, if you need them, and provender for man and beast in the other. So cometh change! In that institution Robert Hall had recently been the classical tutor. His place was now supplied by the Rev. Joseph Hughes, between whom and this new student a friendship was speedily formed, not such as usually obtains between tutor and pupil, but such as binds equal to equal. Foster's friendship with that intelligent and truly estimable man was of more benefit to him than all his his other friendships taken together. That the only influence of time upon it should have been to mellow and ripen it was perfectly natural.

Foster had some peculiar notions about



biography. In that sort of composition no man could hope wholly to please him. It was almost inevitable that too much would be said or too little. Sometimes there was too much of the biographer, sometimes the praise bestowed on the subject of his memoir was censured as indiscriminate and exaggerated; or it might be, that the space allotted to materials concerning the departed personage was adjudged as monstrously disproportionate to his real claims.

Few things were less endurable to Foster than to see small men endeavoring to swell themselves into greatness, by taking upon them to become the biographers of the great—fastening upon men of genius as a kind of peg on which to hang their own tawdry imbecilities. His feeling on this point was not at times unwarrantable; but, like most of his strong feelings, was more a matter of temper than of judgment. Whether the very intelligent editor of these volumes has had a fear of this kind of displeasure on the part of the subject of his narrative constantly present with him, or whether the deficiency is to be traced to an innate modesty of his own, we cannot venture to say, but we must confess that we think there should have been some more adequate representation than is given in this publication of that ever-memorable course of public affairs which so powerfully influenced the character of Foster's inner life in his early days. He was not inobservant of those signs of change, which, like an alternate light and darkness, then came over all human affairs. Those changes, hardly less than the cast of his own mind, and the circumstances of his early history, determined the ultimate complexion of his opinions and feelings. In this respect these letters are by no means a sufficient autobiography, and what is wanting in them might have been somewhat more freely supplied by the editor, without any fear of passing beyond the line of a most scrupulous humility. It is, no doubt, in strict accordance with Foster's own canons, that his biographer has acquitted himself thus modestly; and if our own estimate of his genius should be somewhat more discriminating than has been usual in nonconformist literature, we must be allowed to plead a deference to the same authority.—Foster would have been among the first to condemn the language of undistinguishing eulogy, whether as applied to himself or to other men.

His journey to Bristol was, as we have stated, in 1791, and in the August of that

year. About two years had then passed since the assembling of the States-General in France, and the fall of the Bastille. In that very month, the unhappy French king, having made concession after concession, had been seized in an attempt to escape from the personal dangers which threatened him, and was reconducted to Paris. In little more than twelve months from that time, Louis was brought to the block. There was no class of men to whom the progress of the French Revolution was not in some of its points an object of the deepest interest.—The privileged classes over Europe looked upon it with horror, as menacing the destruction of every thing most valuable in modern civilization. Even the unprivileged, for the greater part, saw in it a strange and dreadful power, which seemed bent on bringing to the dust nearly every thing which men had been wont to regard as venerable and sacred. But many, and those especially among the more intelligent and the younger men of that generation, hailed the onslaught thus made upon the old forms of corruption and tyranny, as the commencement of a mighty and ameliorating change in the condition of the human family. But the excesses of the Revolution came as a god-send to the enemies of human freedom and improvement. The timid, the imbecile, and the selfish, were soon agreed that the evil of holding corruption in perpetuity must be far less than would be attendant on seeking its abatement by such means. The cry everywhere raised was against atheism and anarchy; and among the dominant parties in the state, whether drunk or sober, the watchwords became 'our glorious constitution,' or, 'the altar and the throne!' Pitt, notwithstanding his recently avowed principles of liberalism, placed himself at the head of this servile reaction; and the aristocracy, the clergy, and the multitude were found, through a frightfully long interval, to be almost totally at his bidding. But the sympathizers with the professed object of the great struggle in France still remained a sturdy remnant, both in Parliament and through the country. They were not insensible to the crimes which had been perpetrated in that country in the sacred name of freedom. They mourned over them—loathed them. But nothing could reconcile them to the old abominations in the shape of misgovernment. The conflict thus originated—between the property classes, the clergy, and a besotted multitude, on the one hand; against a small, intelligent, and firm-

hearted portion of the community, bent on working out schemes of political and religious freedom, upon the other, was protracted, envenomed, and disgraced on the part of the ruling powers by outrageous acts of tyranny.

What happened at Birmingham, when a 'church and king' mob set fire to the house of Dr. Priestley, and compelled its owner to consult his safety by flight, was only a strong indication of the feeling and treatment to which Protestant Dissenters, even the most peaceful of them, were exposed throughout the kingdom.

The spirit of John Foster was not of a sort to pass through an ordeal of this nature without deriving impression from it. His principles became decidedly republican.—The maxims, temper, and conduct of the Tory and high church parties in those times became the object of his fixed and deep aversion. In the spirit and policy of those parties he saw the great antagonism of every thing just, humane, and Christian.—These notions and feelings were somewhat modified by him, but their substance always remained.

Bristol, when it first became known to Foster, was the second city in the kingdom. Its maritime enterprise and its general traffic were great; and its patronage of science and literature towards the close of the last century was such as to connect it largely with the early history of such men as Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Hall. Foster's stay in the academy there did not exceed twelve months; and, if we may believe his own account of the matter, he made small progress during that time.—Writing to Mr. Horsefall, he says:—

'You say I must do something great in the preaching line when I come into Yorkshire.—Let not my Yorkshire friends expect too much. Probably there never was a more indolent student at this or any other academy. I know but very little more of learning or any thing else than when I left you. I have been a trifler all my life to this hour. When I shall reform God only knows. I am constantly wishing and intending it; but my wishes and intentions have thus far displayed in a striking degree the imbecility of human nature. Tomorrow is still the time when this unhappy system of conduct shall be rectified.'—i. p. 30.

We are willing to hope something better as to the result of our student's bookish occupations and social intercourse while at Bristol, than this gloomy report would seem to warrant; but many are the complaints

subsequently made as to the inveterate and most unfortunate habit of indolent, desultory, musing vagrancy into which his mind was disposed to fall. His first preaching engagement after leaving the academy was at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The place of worship was an ancient room called Tuthill-stairs. It was not large enough to receive a hundred persons; and during Mr. Foster's visit was never full. But of a portion of this small auditory, the preacher writes to his friend Horsefall as follows:—

'I have involuntarily caught a habit of looking too much on the right hand side of our meeting. 'Tis on account of about half a dozen sensible fellows who sit together there. I cannot keep myself from looking at them. I sometimes almost forget that I have any other auditors. They have so many significant looks, pay such a particular and minute attention, and so instantaneously catch any thing curious, that they become a kind of mirror in which the preacher may see himself. Sometimes, whether you will believe it or not, I say humorous things. Some of these men instantly perceive it, and smile; I, observing, am almost betrayed into a smile myself.'—i. p. 33.

Nothing of moment is recorded during the three months spent by our young preacher at Newcastle, save that his mind continued to be given to rambling much more than to labor, and that his habits were tending fast to qualify him for a hermitage rather than a pastorate. The following picture is much too good to be passed over:

'A correspondent of genius and observation might give you an amusing account of Newcastle, but such qualifications are but in a small degree mine. The town is an immense irregular mass of houses. There are a few fine uniform streets, but the greater number exhibit an awkward succession of handsome and wretched buildings. The lower part of the town, as being in the bottom of a valley, is dirty in an odious degree. It contains thousands of wretched beings, not one of whom can be beheld without pity or disgust. The general characteristic of the inhabitants seems to be a certain roughness expressive at once of ignorance and insensibility. I know little of the dissenters in general. I was one evening lately much amused at the Presbyterian, or Scotch meeting, by the stupidity of their psalms, the grimace of the clerk, the perfect insignificance of the parson, and the silly unmeaning attention of a numerous auditory. But *our* meeting for amplitude and elegance! I believe you never saw its equal. It is to be sure considerably larger than your lower school, but then so black and so dark! It looks just like a conjuring room, and accordingly the ceiling is all covered with curious antique figures to aid the magic. That

thing which they call a pulpit, is as black as a chimney, and indeed, there is a chimney piece and a very large old fire case behind it. There is nothing by which the door of this same pulpit can be fastened, so that it remains partly open, as if to invite some good person or other to assist you when you are in straits. My friend Pero, who I have mentioned before (*his dog*), did me the honor one Sunday to attempt to enter, but from some prudential notion, I suppose, I signified my will to the contrary by pulling to the door, and he very modestly retired. Yet I like this pulpit mightily, 'tis so much the reverse of that odious priestly pomp which insults your eyes in many places. I hate priestly consequence and ecclesiastical formalities. When I order a new coat I believe it will not be black.'—Vol. i. pp. 50—52.

From Newcastle, Foster proceeded, in 1793, to become preacher to a small Baptist society in Swift's Alley, Dublin; and he remained in Ireland three years. Of those years in his history we know scarcely anything, beyond the little which he has himself recorded. He preached a month at Cork with some acceptance, and was much pleased with the society to which he was introduced in that city. But nothing, he assures us, could be less interesting than the group of persons to whom he had to preach in Dublin. It consisted of a few rich and worldly people, and of a few from the poorest class, wholly destitute of intelligence.—In Swift's Alley, the preacher nodded, and the people did the same. 'The congregation,' says Foster, 'was very small when I commenced, and almost nothing when I voluntarily closed.'

'After an interval of several months spent in Yorkshire,' he writes, 'I returned to Dublin, to make an experiment on a classical and mathematical school. The success did not encourage me to prosecute it more than eight or nine months. I remained in Dublin several months after its relinquishment. I attended as a hearer in Swift's Alley, when there was service, but had little more connexion with the people than if I had never seen them before.'

'During my last residence in Dublin my connexion with violent democrats, and my share in forming a society under the denomination of Sons of Brutus, exposed me at one period to the imminent danger, or at least the expectation, of chains and a dungeon.'

'It is now a great while (1796) since I changed, very properly, the cleric habit for a second edition of tail and colored clothes, and in this guise I have preached at several places since I returned to England; but I have not preached at all lately. Yet after all I extremely regret that I am not employed in preaching.'

'That denomination of people with which I have been conversant, have stronger causes of

exception than the color of a waistcoat—my opinions have suffered some alteration. I have discarded, for instance, the doctrine of eternal punishments. I can avow no opinion on the peculiar points of Calvinism, for I have none, nor see the possibility of forming a satisfactory one. I am no Socinian, but I am in doubt between the orthodox and Arian doctrines, not without some inclination to the latter. It is a subject for deliberate, perhaps long, investigation, and I feel a sincerity which assures me that the issue, whatever it may be, must be safe. In this state of thought and feeling, I have just written to Mr. David, of Frome, requesting to be informed whether there be within his sphere of acquaintance an Arian congregation in want of a preacher, expressing to him, however, that my preference of *such* a congregation does not arise from a conclusive coincidence of opinion, but from a conviction that there only I can find the candor and scope which I desire.'—Vol. i. pp. 38—41.

Foster, in addition to this unsettled state of his opinions, his recluse habits, and his peculiar style of preaching, had adopted notions concerning churches which exhibited them as organizations always tending to do more harm than good. His own mind did not harmonize with any fellowship so general, and his feeling in this respect, as in many beside, gave law to his judgment. On the whole, it can occasion little surprise that he failed to obtain a home as a pastor, either at Newcastle or in Dublin. But early in 1797, he became the minister of a General Baptist church in Chichester. He retained this office about two years and a half, and this interval in his history is marked much more decidedly than any previous period by the signs both of mental and spiritual progress. He generally preached three times on the Sunday. But the congregation continued as he found it, in a very low and formal state, and soon after his removal it became extinct, and the place of worship was closed. There is a walk near the town which is still known by his name; 'but his most favorite resort for meditation was the chapel, where the well-worn bricks of the aisles still exhibit the vestiges of his solitary paces to and fro by moonlight.' His letters written while in Chichester, are many of them deeply interesting, evincing a much more settled creed, and a stronger religious feeling.

From Chichester Foster removed to Battersea, and resided for a while with his friend, Mr. Joseph Hughes. During this short period he was frequently engaged in preaching in the villages of Surrey, in connexion with the Surrey Mission. But his



great improvement, he tells us, by reason of this association with Mr. Hughes, and with the persons to whom Mr. Hughes introduced him, was 'in respect of manners, conversation, habits, deportment, &c.' On this subject his biographer has spoken :

'Up to the period of leaving Chichester, Foster's intercourse with cultivated persons had been very limited. But on his removal to Battersea, and soon after in the neighborhood of Bristol, he was introduced to several individuals of refined taste, and superior intelligence. It is said by those who knew him, that his manners were vivacious, and his society in a high degree captivating; his conversation was ardent, intellectual and imaginative, with no faint coloring of the romantic. His outward appearance was not thought by him so unworthy of care as in later life he looked upon such matters, in relation to himself especially.'—Vol. i. p. 71.

In 1800, Foster removed to the village of Downend, about five miles from Bristol, where he became preacher at a small chapel, erected chiefly through the influence of Dr. Caleb Evans, the pastor of the Baptist Church assembling in Broadmead, Bristol. The year following, Foster visited his native place for the second and last time. But we learn that, 'with the exception of a wild solitary vale or two,' he felt little pleasure in 'retreading the ancient vestiges.' Everything seemed to have become the memento of change, and he found it impossible to escape from the melancholy thus induced.—What man can have visited his birth-place after long absence, and not know what this means!

Downend, however, was a sorry region to dwell in after the vale of Todmorden. It is a flat neighborhood, with black roads, and much more valuable for its coal-pits than for its agriculture. It could never have possessed any recommendation to Foster, except from the two or three respectable families who chanced to reside there, and from its nearness to Bristol.

In 1804, Foster was invited to become a minister of a Baptist congregation in Frome. This invitation was given chiefly through the strong recommendation of Robert Hall. But in Frome, as every where else, Foster was doomed to preach to a congregation in a low state, and one which hardly admitted of any speedy improvement. The town of Frome had little to commend it. It resembles the contents of a stone-cart discharged into a pit. To Foster it was sadly disagreeable; and we wonder not that it

should have been so. Its neighborhood, however, has its beauties, for those who are disposed to go in search of them: but Foster was so closely and anxiously employed during his stay there, as to be little disposed to make such excursions. It was soon after his settlement in Frome that he published his memorable Essays. In 1806, he resigned his charge, and was subsequently much occupied as a writer in the 'Eclectic Review.' In 1807, he contributed thirteen articles to that journal. His marriage took place in 1808, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, after an acquaintance of seven years, and a courtship of five.

Mrs. Foster, while known as Miss Maria Snooke, resided at Bourton-on-the-Water, and Foster chose his home in that village during the nine years subsequent to his marriage. During those years he was chiefly occupied as a contributor to the 'Eclectic,' and in preaching on Sundays in the adjacent towns and villages. While at Bourton he lost his parents, and became himself a father. In 1817, he resumed his charge for a while at Downend. He was willing to believe that his practice for some years past as a village preacher, would be found to have qualified him for preaching with more acceptance to the rustic portion of his auditory at Downend, than when his former experiments were made there. But a few months sufficed to convince him of his mistake. His next, and last place of abode, was Stapleton, a genteel and remarkably quiet village about two miles from Bristol.

Subsequently to this last removal, Foster wrote little for the periodical press. The affairs of the Baptist academy, and the controversy respecting the Serampore mission, engaged much of his attention: and of his chief literary labors, we have the fruit in his 'Missionary Discourse,' his 'Essay on the Evil of Popular Ignorance,' his 'Introduction to Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion,' and in his 'Letters' published in the 'Morning Chronicle.' These publications, together with his volume of Essays, his collected Reviews, and the contents of the volume before us, constitute his works—all at least that are at present published in an authentic form, or that are likely to throw any material light upon his outward or his mental history.

In 1826, Mr. Foster had to mourn the loss of his son, an amiable and pious youth, in the sixteenth year of his age. Six years later he was bereft of Mrs. Foster. These events, and the decease of so many of his

early friends, whose place he had no disposition to supply by new acquaintance, threw a gloomy shadow over his remaining days. For some years before his death, his weakness, and particularly the great failure of his sight and memory, had rendered all literary labor impracticable. Of that event, which took place in his own house in Stapleton, on the fifteenth of October, 1843, there was little to record. It came almost without pain. His mind was calm, resigned, and confiding—full of those solemn, but hopeful thoughts, which became the closing scene of such a life.

When Foster was about thirty years of age, he questioned himself after this wise—‘Have I so much originality as I suppose myself to have? The question arises from the reflection that very few original plans of action or enterprise ever occurred to my thoughts.’—(i. 198.) About the same date, he makes the following entry in his Journal, suggested by his having been several times in company with Mr. Hall—‘The question that leads most directly to the true estimate of a man’s talents is this—How much of *new* would prove to be gained to the region of truth, by the assemblage of all that his mind has contributed? The highest order of talent is certainly the power of revelation—the power of imparting new propositions of important truth: inspiration, therefore, while it continued in a given mind, might be called the paramount talent. The second order of talent is perhaps the power of development—the power of disclosing the reasons and proofs of principles, and the causes of facts. The third order of talent perhaps is the power of application—the power of adapting truth to effect.’—(i. 216.) From many passages now printed from the pen of Foster, and from passages still stronger to the same effect which we have seen in manuscript, we conclude that Foster would have described Hall as being most powerful in what he has designated as the ‘third order of talent,’ as possessing his next degree of power in the second order, and as least powerful in the first. And we feel obliged to admit the substantial correctness of this judgment. The extraordinary talent of Robert Hall was not that which discovers truth, nor that which profoundly investigates its reasons or its causes; but that which presents and applies it with clearness, and with singular beauty and effect. Not that Hall should be accounted deficient in the power of inves-

tigation and analysis; on the contrary, few men ever saw a topic more distinctly, in its parts, its causes, and its consequences. In general, his mind came in upon his subject—if we may so speak—with the authority of a field-marshal, calling the stragglers, and the broken sections to their places, and imparting relation, order, and unity to the whole, with an admirable skill and promptitude. If he failed, it was in the want of comprehensiveness, not as overlooking the distinctness of the parts which were really before him, but as not seeing the subject in its entirety, and as leaving his conclusion in consequence more open to objection than he supposed. In any other man, his faculty even in this respect would have been extraordinary; if it be not so spoken of in him, it is because he possessed another in a much higher degree.

In no respect was the mind of Foster so much distinguished from the mind of Hall as on this one point. Hence it happened, that *originality*, which was the strength of Foster, can hardly be said to have been a matter of effort, and certainly was no matter of pretension with Hall. The aim of Robert Hall, through the greater portion of his life, was to establish, to commend, and to diffuse the received truth, in the best possible form, and with the best possible accompaniments. To a mind like that of Foster, the more fervid genius of Hall must often have appeared as much too eager to give enthronement to its applauded dogma, and as not by any means suspicious enough in the examination of its credentials. The great essayist would feel disposed to ask many questions, and to indulge in many discriminations, while the great orator would see no occasion for submitting to the one kind of impediment or the other. The one always wrote in the manner of the preacher—the other always preached in the manner of the writer. The one, accordingly, would not suffer his course to be hindered by attending to subsidiary points, which, in his own judgment, did not affect the main question; the other took the greater questions and the less within his ample range, and knew nothing of rest until he had equally disposed of them all. The one challenged the cultivated, but still the popular thinking and sentiment in his favor; the other made no such appeals, but seemed to fall back, as if in sullen pride, on the pure reason of the thing, and calmly left the scrutiny of the most intellectual to do its worst. The more popular effect might

satisfy the one, but that was far from being sufficient to give contentment to the other.

It was not possible that an intellect of such power as that of Foster, when taking such a direction, should fail of originality. It was an intellect which travelled further than that of other men, and it would of necessity see more. It plunged to a deeper bed, and would fix its eye on wonders to which men of ordinary power could not reach. The surface of things might be beautiful, but the mind of which we speak coveted the whole beauty—the interior as well as the exterior, the beauty beneath as well as above. It was a mind bent upon knowing all the knowable. It was ever moved by the persuasion that there is a reason and a harmony in all things, and it was intent on eliciting those secret forms of the beautiful wherever that should be found possible. Foster did not need to be assured that there are barriers which the human spirit may not pass; but he was not always prepared to admit that those barriers were so near as priests and people, in their indolence or credulity, were pleased to suppose. He was convinced that there were more distinct, more profound, and sometimes far other views than the popular to be attained on most subjects, and he sought to attain them. His strong individuality, which gave so much isolation to his mind, even from his childhood, naturally led him to such conclusions, and prompted him to such effort. Take the following passage as indicating the strong Mystic or Gnostic kind of feeling which bounded in him in the seasons of his deeper thoughtfulness. Be it remembered, too, that this language is from a young man—a man of thirty.

‘I want to abstract and absorb into my soul, the sublime mysticism that pervades all nature, but I cannot. I look on all the vast scene as I should on a column sculptured with ancient hieroglyphics, saying ‘there is significance there,’ and despairing to read. At every turn it is as if I met a ghost of solemn, mysterious, and undefinable aspect, but while I attempt to arrest it, to ask it the veiled secrets of the world, it vanishes. The world is to me what a beautiful deaf and dumb woman would be; I can see the fair features, but there is no language to send forth and impart to me the element of soul.’—Vol. i. p. 175.

From this characteristic tendency, it has happened, that his compositions always appear like those of a man, who, before committing himself to the act of writing, has meditated on the substance of his theme until

it has not only waxed brighter and brighter under his gaze, but until the suggestive thoughts teeming from it have formed a rich halo about it; and who commonly finds himself constrained to linger for a while in this outer circle of material for reflection, before coming immediately to the central matter from which it has emanated.

Enough is before us in these volumes to show that Foster, like Archbishop Whately, was more a man of thought than a man of reading. Many of the speculations which he appears to have regarded as novelties, had been the property of a long succession of thinkers before him; but it is hardly to be doubted, that we owe many an original mode of setting forth and of illustrating these conceptions, and many a conception original in itself, to the fact that Foster, with all his book-buying, and with all his vows as to the reading to which he *would* apply himself, was not really a man of books, but almost entirely a man of reflection. If he could have been brought to read systematically and largely on any subject, we should have supposed that he would so have done on the philosophy of the mind, so cognate to his characteristic tendencies, and so necessary to an adequate treatment of many of the questions in which he felt an intense interest. But so late as the year in which he published the first edition of his *Essays* he thus writes:

‘My total want of all knowledge of intellectual philosophy, and of all metaphysical reading, I exceedingly deplore. Whatever of this kind appears in these letters is from my own observation and reflection, much more than from any other resource. But every thing belonging to abstraction has cost me inconceivable labor, and many passages which even now may not appear very perspicuous, or not perhaps even true, are the fourth or fifth labored forms of the ideas. I like my mind for its *necessity* of seeking the abstraction of every subject, but at the same time this is, without more knowledge and discipline, extremely inconvenient, and sometimes the work is done very awkwardly and erroneously.’—Vol. i. p. 309.

Four years later he adds—‘Among books I am muddling on in a poor way. Many of them I never look into, some of them when I do look into, I cannot understand (per ex. Cudworth, Locke, Hume, &c.) The bits and sections I read without order in others, I utterly forget, and in short, but for the name and notion of the thing, I might nearly as well have no books at all, excepting, indeed, those with pictures in, which I find nearer my taste and capacity.’—Vol. i. p. 408.

It was some years subsequent to the time



when these sentences were penned, that we frequently met Foster, and his conversation was generally such as to convey the impression to our mind, with regard to his metaphysical, and even his general reading, which is sufficiently indicated in these passages. To science proper, he never made any pretension. Of course, when we speak of the reading and acquirements of Foster as limited, we shall be understood as speaking of these things comparatively—considered as the reading and acquisitions of such a man. In these respects, we scarcely need say that Hall was immensely his superior. Hall was well read as a metaphysician, and his general reading, though considerably defective in some departments, was, on the whole, of large extent. On no point, perhaps, was the deficiency of Hall more observable in this respect than on the subject of English History. We remember to have heard him say—Christian, Puritan, and Whig-radical as he was—that he did not see the need of any better History of England than would be found in the volumes of Hume! With regard to Foster, it is certain that he was vastly more at home, as he states, with books which had pictures in them, than with almost any other kind of books—the books intended, however, being volumes of travels and antiquities, including just so much of the literary as sufficed to render the pictorial instructive and suggestive. He owed to the world-volume, ever open before him, more than to all other volumes; and other books were congenial to him the more they resembled the favorite one, placing him amidst living men and visible nature over the widest possible surface. It was not enough that he should *read* about the distant and the past; he must *see* them: and in proportion as he could so do, they became available material to his mind. Thus aided, he could live amidst the wonders of the Egyptian Thebes, or upon the soil of old Greece, or could face the snows of the North Pole with the modern voyager. In this sort of reading few men had kept pace with him. His expenditure to gratify his taste in this way exceeded his means, and subjected him to some conscientious inquietude in his later days, though when cautioned about the excess by his friends, he generally had his strong arguments ready to prove that it was no excess at all—or to show that, if it were, it was the excess of a wise man, while many of the extravagances of his censors could not be brought under so honorable a description.

If we were required to submit to our readers, according to Foster's own rule of judgment in such cases, all the new truth which we believe him to have added to our previous truth, in the shape of 'distinct proportions,' we confess that we should feel the task to be one of great difficulty. Much, as we have intimated, was new to Foster, which was not new to the more learned of his readers; and it must be conceded, that when his thinking bears the impress of originality in the highest degree, we do not find in it the great distinct propositions which promise to impregnate the future, and to become watchwords in after generations. His manner of thinking, and his manner of writing which was moulded by it, were not of a kind to admit of such simplicity and alertness of application. His thoughts are presented to us in forms, and with accompaniments, much too huge and complicated to be susceptible of any such use, in the state in which he has left them. But we may say of Foster as we say of Bacon,—if he has not been himself a great discoverer, he has done much to put others into the way of attaining to such distinction. The electric words which vibrate through the heart of nations, or the simple but grand principles of action by which good and brave men work wonders, were not likely to be announced by him; but his thoughts abound with the elements from which such instruments of power may be wrought up, and from which they will be wrought up by the more adroit spirits to come after him. To exhibit the old truth in new aspects, is to exhibit it in new affinities and in new relations, and to convert it into a stepping-stone to the absolutely new. If we mistake not, it is strictly in this way that Foster has done his great service to the church and to Society. His mind followed out the old truth so thoroughly as to be ever converging upon the new; and, if, like another Columbus, he has not explored the strange region very largely, he has often indicated clearly enough what other men might accomplish. Let any man look to the style of thinking and writing among us in relation to evangelical truth before the appearance of Foster's Essays and since, and while many causes have no doubt contributed to the healthy change, it surely is not the least of those causes that we see in the writings of this author—writings in which there are not wanting instances of defectiveness, one-sidedness,

and of truth pushed mischievously far, but where the reasoning is in general so characterized by analytic power, comprehensiveness, and boldness, as to have come like a mission of light on a host of intelligent spirits within the last forty years.

We have just spoken of Foster's *analytical* power—a power hardly separable from some of the other forms of power to which we have adverted. The mind, anxious to attain to a real knowledge of things, is naturally prompted to resolve them, as far as possible, into their elements. The power to analyse, and the power to know, are felt to be the same thing. With physical and chemical analysis, indeed, Foster was little conversant, but on ethical and religious subjects he followed this course with a vigor which at times laid bare a frightful amount of morbid anatomy. No intelligent man can be acquainted with the writings of Foster without observing, that to detect the false and the corrupt was the kind of service to which he seemed to feel himself as especially commissioned. Imbecility and depravity were about him in forms so manifold and so extended, as to seem to leave him little room for any thing besides: and he evidently was inclined to think, that in a world in which folly and evil are so dominant, war against these things should be regarded as the great duty. Little acquainted as he was with mental philosophy, as it is expounded and systematized in books, he was a close student of mental processes in his own case, and a close observer of them in other men. Very few men, even among professed metaphysicians, have made greater effort to ascertain what the human spirit is made of, and how it works; and few have seen so far by their own unaided vision into that chamber of imagery. Small as may have been his attention to the technical forms of logic, and even to moral science considered as a science, it is with a strong and skillful hand that he separates between the fallacious in reasoning and the sound, and between the seeming in morals and the real. Rarely does he seem to be so much at home as when spoiling the game of conventional hollowness and selfishness, by stripping off from them the garb of precise virtue or extraordinary piety so often assumed by them. Politicians and religionists, of all classes, fall, in their turn, under this rigid scrutiny and censorship. It is in this examination—in this *assorting* of human thoughts,

passions, and motives, that we meet with the strongest indications of Foster's originality and power. But while his labors in this department conduced eminently to those great moral results which it was so much his solicitude to promote—it is here, where we find his greatest excellencies, that we also find his greatest faults.

We have said that Foster was much more disposed to concern himself with human nature in the views of it which called for rebuke and correction, than in the views which present it as still including much that should be applauded and strengthened. And we must not hesitate to say, that we regard this tendency as an unhappy one—unhappy as regards the subject of it, and not less so as regards his usefulness as a writer. One effect of it was to subject the mind of Foster to the influence of the most gloomy and desponding thoughts in respect to human nature, and to the influence of feelings which verged too often on the misanthropic. It is a sad change we witness when we see him descend from his mystic communion with the lovely and great in the material universe, to hold converse with the real facts of the moral world. In this lower region, weakness or wickedness seems to meet him every where, leaving him little space for observation on any thing better.

It was natural that the friendships of such a mind should be few. Where Foster acknowledged such ties, they were ties which derived their strength mainly from old association. Writing in his twenty-first year, he says, 'I feel no inclination, nay, I feel a strong aversion, to any attempt to cultivate general or numerous intimacies. Nature never formed me for it.'—(i. p. 18.) Twelve years later he writes, 'I find myself not completely formed for friendship, for I often seclude myself in gloomy abstraction, and say, 'All this availeth me nothing.'—(i. p. 148.) About the same time he records these words: 'Beyond all other extravagance of folly is that of expecting or wishing to live in a great number of hearts.'—(i. p. 223.) In his thirty-fifth year he says, 'I keep to my text on the subject of forming new friendships; I am quite too old for it. When I see people good and sensible I am glad of it for *their* sake, not for my own.'—(i. p. 324.) His letters show that he came into frequent and kindly intercourse with a few favored persons subsequently to the time in which he thus wrote; and some of the

friendships which he valued to the end of life were not formed until he had somewhat passed its middle period; but his feeling in this respect always remained very much as described in the above passages. We feel bound to add, also, that to our knowledge, some of the persons who were admitted to this favored cognizance were as little free from the follies, or from some of the graver defects, which beset humanity, as were a large proportion of their neighbors in the same social position; and in some of these instances, where our grave discerners of spirits expected to see displays of a pure and lofty patriotism, and one knows not what besides, we are sure that no other man in the kingdom ever expected to see any tolerable approach towards such virtues. It was as well, perhaps, that this blindness in part should have happened to him; but there is a good deal of what is psychologically curious in the fact that a mind so sensible to the foibles and infirmities of human nature at large, as to be constantly shrinking from all close contact with general society, should have been so proof against disturbance from appearances of this sort as belonging to the particular piece of humanity here or there with which it happened to be brought into nearer intimacy. Some of his friends were entitled to all the esteem and affection with which he regarded them: but could he only have managed to extend to society generally the benefits of that exuberant candor which he exercised in favor of a very small portion of it, humanity to John Foster would have been a very different subject to speculate upon, and this world of ours would have been to him a much more welcome place to dwell in. Even his marriage served rather to strengthen than to abate this recluse, self-reliant, and collapsed habit. If his 'domestic associate' had any fault, it was in being too much his own counterpart—a stately, grave, silent, lady-abbess kind of person. The points of agreement between them were abundant, but we suspect that a little more diversity, if only of the right kind, might have been no unwholesome ingredient in their joint cup of life.

We have seen that this singular sensitiveness to the weaknesses of human beings contributed to put Foster wholly out of humor with the very notion of a church. He was himself little disposed to become one in such a brotherhood. *He* could not bestow the expression of a strong cordiality

on any such mixed multitude, and the result which is too common in such cases followed—the duty which was felt to be especially difficult, was found out to be no duty at all! The observations of Mr. Hughes on this crotchet, show the vigorous tone in which that excellent person could have written on such topics if he had chosen, and are such as should have sufficed to put his philosophical malcontent friend into a more rational and kindly mood. He thus writes:—

'I think your conclusion strange. To be sure, if there were no churches there would be no ecclesiastical squabbles; and it may be added, if there were no states, there would be no civil broils; and if there were no vegetable productions, there would be no deadly nightshade; and if there were no water, no one would be drowned; and if there were no fire, no one would be consumed; and if there were no victuals, no one would be choked. Church-framers may egregiously err; but when you scout the whole tribe, and all their works, tell us how we ought to proceed; make out a strong case, and show at least that the way you would substitute would be free from the objections that cling to the old ways, and would secure greater advantages.'

'He believed that there was more of appearance than of reality in the union of church membership; and that at all events its benefits were greatly over-rated. With the exception of public worship and the Lord's Supper, he was averse to every thing institutional in religion. He never administered, nor ever witnessed in mature life, (it is believed,) the ordinance of baptism, and was known to entertain doubts respecting its perpetuity.'—Vol. i. pp. 61, 62.

But our Essayist continued to 'loathe what bears the general 'denomination of the church,' and would have freed Christianity from all dependence on 'corporation forms and principles,' reducing it, as far as possible, to a matter of pure personal conviction. We repeat, that in all this we see the temperament of the man, and nothing more. It is his feeling and not his logic that is at fault. Paul could address Christian churches as his joy—his longed for—his crown, and Mr. Foster *ought* to have been capable of speaking to the same effect, in the same relations, without adopting the language of insincerity. We admit that we owe much to Mr. Foster, but we speak thus freely because we feel that we owe more to Christian consistency and to truth.

It will of course be conceded, that to feel the attraction of the higher forms of excellence, supposes in general a high or-



der of power and refinement. But when this ideal standard takes such possession of a man as to render him incapable of general and cordial action with his fellows, he therein betrays his weakness rather than his strength—his weakness, as we think, intellectually and morally. Our greatest men have been men who, while they saw the worst that is in human nature, have also seen the better which is included in it, and judging of humanity largely and hopefully, have been capable of acting with it, and for it, cordially and powerfully. The desponding temper, so naturally allied with an everlasting fault-seeing, is the reverse of the heroic, the apostolic, the truly Christian. It is not of true greatness, and can never lead to the highest achievements of greatness. The proof of greatness is not to become awe struck and prostrate before difficulty, but to surmount it; or at least to bring the ability which the great only can command to the effort to surmount it. It is no sign of wisdom to abstain from doing any thing, because we cannot do the best thing. The great men of the world, and as the natural consequence of their being such, have always been the men most alive to the littleness ever characterizing the multitude of our species. But humanity, with all its imperfections, has been the instrument with which such men have had to work, and their success has resulted, not from indulging in endless complainings about the faultiness of this instrument, but by estimating it at its proper value, and doing the best that might be done with such means. One effect, too, of always living as in the sight of a lofty ideal standard, should be to render a man particularly sensible to his own deficiencies; and that consciousness should dispose him to look with a large charity upon the deficiencies of his neighbors, and should prepare him to appreciate to the full, and with a strong positive affection, whatever of the morally or religiously beautiful may still be found among men.

We make these remarks because, with many of our young aspirants, to take on the gait of men of genius, seems just now to be as much a matter of fashion as our Paris millinery; and we have feared that not a few in reading these volumes may be seduced into the vain notion, that to assume a cynical air, and to seem to see a great deal to censure and avoid in what is doing in the church and in society, will be to see things *à la Foster*, and to be entitled

to a place among men of extraordinary intelligence and genius. We would, with all deference, beseech such persons to pause before they take this notion in as gospel, and would pray them remember that to emulate genius and to ape an infirmity are not really the same thing. In this respect, what was not affectation in Foster must become glaringly such in his imitators. Foster himself should have remembered, that he is the greatest man who, with most of superiority to other men, still retains the largest share of sympathy with them. Such a man is a proper man at all points. We find pieces of humanity every where; to find something like its entireness in one character is a marvel. Foster had his seasons in which he was painfully sensible to his want of humane and Christian dutifulness in this respect, and in which he sincerely lamented it. But the cause, as we have seen, was deeply-rooted. On this subject he shall speak for himself.

‘What an insipid thing this world of mankind is! How few we find whom we can at all wish to make one’s intimate, inseparable friends! How trifling, too, are the efforts and productions of the human mind! The whole system of human attainments, pleasures, and designs, sometimes strikes me as a confused mass of insanity. Almost every thing carries some glaring mark of deficiency and meanness.’—Vol. i. p. 47.

‘434. (In the vestry of Battersea meeting during evening service.) Most emphatic feeling of my individuality—my insulated existence. To the continent of human nature I am a small *island* near its coast.’—Vol. i. p. 183.

‘625. How often I have entered a room with the embarrassment of feeling that all my motions, gestures, postures, dress, &c., were critically appreciated, and self-complacently condemned; but at the same time with the bold consciousness that the inquisitive could reach no further. I have said with myself, ‘My *character*, that is, the *man*, laughs at you behind this veil; I may be the devil for what you can tell; and you would not perceive neither if I were an angel of light.’—Vol. i. p. 206.

‘You are one of the very small number of persons that I have ever known, whose affection I shall always be anxious to retain.’—Vol. i. p. 327.

‘While Mr. D. was reading a chapter this morning, I had a deep feeling of disliking all social exercises unless it could be with an individual or two with whom I could feel an entire reciprocation of soul. This was a feeling of *individuality*, not of impiety; and how often I have experienced it, even in the presence of worthy people—a feeling as if I could wish to

vanish out of the room, and find myself walking in some lonely wood.'—Vol. i. p. 362.

'I know not how to bring into intelligible description a feeling which I have many times been obscurely conscious of having; and particularly in two or three instances of late—a feeling of revolting when I find myself coming into any thing like intimate, confiding kindness with persons, however worthy and kind, if they are not the individual or two with whom my intimacy can be congenial and entire.'—Vol. i. p. 363.

'To-day, in seeing the numberless multitude, as they were passing backward and forward, or standing in ranks, one glanced at their countenances with a sort of recoil from each and almost all; not from the mere effect of their material cast, but also, and very strongly, from their apparent expression of character—even of those who were evidently not of what we mean by the *vulgar*.'—Vol. ii. p. 343.

'I have a thousand times felt a vain regret on this subject. It assists a very strong tendency which I feel to misanthropy. I have long been taught and compelled by observations to form a very bad opinion of mankind; this conviction is irresistible; but at the same time I am aware of the Christian duty of cultivating benevolence as ardent as if the contrary estimate of human character were true. I feel it most difficult to preserve any thing like this benevolence; my mind recoils from human beings, except very few, into a cold interior retirement, where it feels as if dissociated from the whole creation. I do not, however, in any degree approve this tendency, and I earnestly wish and pray for more of the spirit of the Saviour of the world.'—Vol. i. pp. 319, 320.

These are honest confessions. Indeed, they contain more than the truth. It is plain, from the writings of Foster, that he *could* regard men in general with a much greater degree of sympathy than the above statements would lead us to suppose. Though he despaired of being able to do much to improve the condition of his fellow mortals, it is manifest that the labor of his life was directed with a deep interest to that end. Still he wanted geniality with man as man, and with Christians as Christians. Considerations that should have bound him to the one and the other were not allowed their due influence. In this respect, the spirit of Hall was widely different from that of Foster. The former saw revolting tendencies in human nature hardly less distinctly or fully than the latter, but he saw much beside there; and one of the great charms of his character consisted in the readiness with which his heart welcomed every sign of moral or religious worth,

though the attainment should be by no means perfect, and though it should be found in the humblest possible association. He was much less disposed than his gifted brother to underrate the day of small things. He could see much to delight him, where Foster would see little to call forth any such feeling; and he could in consequence see motives to action, and could labor with the freshness of hope, where his friend would have surrendered himself to musings upon the littleness and meanness of the best that might be done, and on the probabilities, or perhaps the certainty, of failure. The views of Hall, moreover, as to the propriety of means, no less than as to the value of results, were much more reasonable and confiding than those of Foster. He did not often fail in respect to his object by reason of a morbid scrupulousness about the road which might most consistently lead to it. The road must be substantially a right one, but he had the sagacity to perceive that in this world absolute perfection belongs not to means any more than to results.

When the late excellent Bishop Ryder was about leaving Lutterworth, he assembled the poor of his parish at the rectory, and the man who had grown up among peers, and who was now about to join that order in the Upper House, read with this portion of his flock, conversed with them, prayed with them, and during an intercourse of several hours commended them in every way to the esteem and affection of each other, and to the favor of God. We remember Robert Hall describing that scene with the most animated feeling of delight, and concluding with the words—'Was there ever any thing more beautiful, sir—any thing more like a primitive pastor?' What Bishop Ryder did, Robert Hall, we doubt not, would have done in the same circumstances. But to Foster the whole proceeding, we fear, would have seemed to take with it too much of the air of spiritual parade. He would have wished those persons well, would have prayed earnestly for them, but he would have chosen his study, or the neighboring field, or wood, in which so to have employed himself in their behalf. He could not have looked on those partially instructed, and still very imperfect people with a sufficient degree of complacency; nor could he in consequence have brought his feeling up to such a tone of cordiality towards them as would, in his judgment, have warranted so

strong an outward indication of interest and affection. We honor the fine scrupulous integrity of such a spirit; but we must say, that we account that as much the most healthy state of mind which, supposing a man to be satisfied as to the substantial sincerity of his feelings and purposes, should at once prompt him to do as this 'primitive pastor,' in the person of the modern bishop, is said to have done. Our young pastors, we hope, if they must be imitators of John Foster, will direct their emulation to his strong points, and not to his mis-takes. In the middle ages, Foster would, we suspect, have found his home in a monastery, and his only willing employment in speculation—his speculations being sometimes restricted to the prescribed course, but more frequently diverging from it in a manner to break in strangely upon the routine thoughts of the brotherhood, and to be somewhat perilous to himself. Or might he not have become the founder of an order? In those days—with all just reverence towards his memory be it spoken—we think the pedestrian journey of Foster in his youth would have been in the direction of Kirkstall, or Bolton Abbey, and not in search of an Academy at Bristol.

But some of our readers will possibly be incredulous on this point, and almost offended at our venturing such an intimation. What!—John Foster a monk, or a patron of monkery? Good reader, bear with us a little. Allow us to remind you of the views relative to the moral state of our world which were always present to the mind of this extraordinary person, and to ask whether they are not in substance those which, if made still darker by the power of superstition, and by the abounding lawlessness which obtained in the middle ages, would naturally have pointed to a 'forsaking the world,' as it was called in those times, as a blessed privilege? Hear what he says on this matter:—

'I sometimes fall into profound musings on the state of this great world, on the nature and the destinies of man, on the subject of the question—'What is truth?' The whole hemisphere of contemplation appears inexpressibly mysterious. It is cloud pursuing cloud, forest after forest, and Alps upon Alps! It is in vain to declaim against skepticism. I feel with an emphasis of conviction, and wonder, and regret, that almost all things are enveloped in shade, that many things are covered with the thickest darkness, that the number of things to which certainty belongs is small. One of the very few things that appear to me

not doubtful, is the truth of Christianity in general.'—I. 89, 90.

'I have no hope of any extensive prevalence of true religion, without the interference of angelic or of some other extraordinary and yet unknown agency to direct its energies, and conquer the vast combination of obstruction and hostility that opposes it. Men are the same they always were; and therefore till some such wonderful event takes place, their affections *will* be commanded by sense in opposition to faith, by earth in preference to heaven. The same causes operating, it were absurd to expect different effects.'—I. 91.

'Indisposition of mankind to think; souls make the world a vast dormitory. The heaven—appointed destiny under which they are placed seems to protect them from reflection: there is an *opium sky* stretched over all the world, which continually rains soporifics.'—I. 196.

'These are gloomy times—it is only the anticipation of a superior state that can save life in *any* circumstances from deserving to be called wretched.'—I. 293.

'I should nauseate the place (Frome) if I had been habituated to it a century. At first, I felt an intense loathing: I hated every house, timber, stone, and brick in the town, and almost the very trees, fields, and flowers in the country round. I have, indeed, long since lost all attachment to this world, and shall never regain it. Neither indeed for this do I care; we shall soon leave it for ever.'—I. 304.

'Probably I may before have expressed to you that I have such a horror of this world, as a scene for young persons to be cast and hazarded into, that habitually, and with a strong and pointed sentiment, I congratulate children and young persons on being intercepted by death at the entrance into it, except in a few particular cases of extraordinary promise for piety, talent, and usefulness.'—II. 96.

'I hope, indeed, may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament: but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflections while casting your view over the scene of human existence, from the beginning to this hour? To me it appears a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade.'—II. 444, 445.

Let these passages be taken along with those just now cited, and it must be at once seen that the wisest and the worthiest of the men who gave themselves to the life of the recluse in past ages did so for reasons strictly of this description. Scarcely a man of them ever said any thing more truly monastic—we had almost said more thoroughly Manichean—than is the substance of these descriptions. With such views, nothing was more natural than that Foster's manner of looking upon the world and the church should be that of a man who gazed upon them from his cell.



He did not—*would* not, connect himself more than very partially and remotely with the one or the other. He was observant of what both were doing, but it was always at a distance, and almost entirely through the 'loophole' of the press. Periodical publications were the spectacles wherewith he peered out upon the doings of the living and bustling region about him. Much as he must have seen in men of genius with which to sympathize, he was as little disposed to become one with them as one with the crowd. He conversed with our great men in the pages of our literary journals, but felt no inclination towards any more intimate communication with them. This was a grave loss to him—the loss of a greatly needed stimulus; and he was thus left to depend for his friendships, in the greater part, on minds greatly inferior to his own, and whose influence tended to strengthen his natural indolence rather than to excite him to the kind of effort which became him. Foster knew, indeed, that our most able men are too often irreligious men, and the drawback from this latter circumstance, he would have felt as by no means trivial in his intercourse with them; but there is enough in these letters to warrant the impression that one reason why he did not seek a higher intellectual fellowship was, that he felt it would not be agreeable to him to be materially disturbed in the particular habits he had formed. One of his few chosen friends, who was a man of some shrewdness, and could tell a good story, but was marvellously vain withal, was a person so well informed, that he once inquired, in our hearing, if Butler's Analogy was not the book which Queen Elizabeth used to read before breakfast.

We have intimated that this recluse and gloomy temperament, which was thus unfavorable to Foster's aspirations as a man of genius, was unfavorable to his repose as a man of piety. His views of man, of himself, and of the relation of the moral world to its Creator as a moral governor, filled him with all kinds of conflicting thoughts. His solicitude to be at rest in these respects, and his inability to find the rest he coveted, are equally conspicuous. In this connexion, also, the contrast between Foster and Hall is observable and instructive. Hall was the subject of much physical suffering during the greater portion of his life, and it appears to have been given to him, as if by way of compensation

against trial in another form, that he should be capable of resting on the immediate and ascertained truths of revelation with a child-like reliance, calmly leaving those great facts which are so nearly allied to the mysterious and the awful to become more intelligible beneath the light of a future state, or to be approved there, in the exercise of that degree of confidence in the Divine government which must belong to a perfected moral nature. In his earlier years, he had known what those conflicts mean which so often brought their dark shadows over the mind of Foster; but in his later life, he evinced more of the wisdom which is from above in his manner of viewing such questions, than any man at all of the same order with whom it has been our privilege to be acquainted. He knew, as few speculative minds have known, how to separate between the revealed things which belong to us, and the secret things which belong to God; and could guard with a sound Christian precaution against allowing himself to be defrauded of the benefit to be derived from the known, by indulging in undue questionings about the unknown.

The flippant maxim, that 'where mystery begins, religion ends,' with which a certain class of theologians seemed to be so much enamored half-a-century since, we need not now attempt to refute. It should have been obvious to any metaphysical mind, at a glance, that the existence of one Eternal, Infinite Nature must be an infinite mystery—an infinite mystery inseparable from all the relations of creature and Creator. No differences in the nature or condition of created beings can possibly diminish this impassable gulph, in the slightest conceivable degree. It must be a truth, and at the same time a mystery, and in the same degree a mystery to man and to cherubim, on earth and in heaven, in time and through eternity. What is thus true of the nature of Deity, will no doubt be in the same degree true of the dispensations of Deity. In his works and government, his thoughts will no doubt be above the thoughts of the created, and his ways above the ways of his creatures, throughout all duration. Nothing can be more irrational than to suppose that the distance between Him and Them should be what it ever must be, and that his works and government should not be of a nature to indicate that distance. Indeed, instead of its being true that 'where mystery begins, religion ends,' it is rather true that where there is

most of religion, there must be most of contact with the mysterious; for it is not more certain that the amount of a creature's religiousness must be determined by the amount of his rightly applied knowledge, than it must be certain that the amount of the known must be, to the creature possessing it, but as an ascent to a higher position, from which to look out more largely upon the still widening domain, and the still deepening shadows of the unknown. This is the law of progress in all knowledge. In this view, heaven will be even more a place of mystery than earth. Much that was dark will have become light, but only to shed its new light on the still onward region where the clouds and shadows are still resting, and to secure to our existence an endless progression, intellectually and spiritually. What will be attained hereafter, will not be that mystery will cease, but that our tendency to stumble at it will have come to an end—not that the line which now separates between the creature light and darkness will disappear, but that the creature mind will be so built up and braced together in right habits of thinking and affection, as to be ever capable of bowing with a glad and filial worship on the threshold which separates between the attained and the still unveiled. We do not know that Hall has any where fully and formally expounded the principle of this high order of obedience, but he has exemplified its influence in a manner which we hardly expect to see surpassed on this side heaven. When we turn to the sincerely devout and benevolent mind of Foster, we feel that to blame him because he did not pursue the same course with the same measure of docility, is more than we dare. His not so doing, whatever the causes may have been, was his own loss, and the weight of that loss he alone fully understood. There are minds which never see the sort of difficulties to which we now advert. The fact of the Incarnation, or the Origin of Evil itself, is no more perplexing to them than the precept—'Children obey your parents.' Good, comfortable souls; to such, of course, we have been indulging in a great waste of words and thought.

Foster's doctrine concerning the moral state of man greatly influenced the general complexion of his theology. By such views of man, he was naturally prepared to retain firmly the doctrine of the Atonement and the doctrine of Divine Influence.

There was in his mind an obvious relation between the greatness of the guilt and depravity of man, and the greatness of the means interposed to remove the one and to subdue the other. These truths, if not so prominent in his pulpit instructions as they should have been, are truths which he sincerely embraced, and which gave their strong impress to his religious feeling. In short, he differed from the moderate Calvinists of his time in two points only, both of which were results from his general views of human nature, and from the peculiar tone of his moral feeling. He was, upon occasions, not a little severe in his censure of particular persons, and of particular classes of men; but when he looked beyond such limits to human nature at large, he generally spoke like a man more ready to pity than to blame. This feeling disposed him to a line of argument which ended in his adoption of the doctrine of philosophical necessity on the one hand, and in his denial of the doctrine of eternal punishment on the other. In his twenty-fifth year, Foster had relinquished the latter of these doctrines, and was never afterwards a believer in it.\* There is a letter in the second volume of the publication before us which states his views on this subject at considerable length.† There is also a series of letters extant on this topic, written by Foster a few years before his decease, to his justly valued friend Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol. Of these letters, all of which we have been permitted to read, the one now published may be said to contain the substance. Indeed this letter consists mostly of selected portions from the unprinted letters, as returned to Foster, in compliance with his own request, by the friend to whom they were addressed.

Foster admits that the language of scripture which seems to convey the received doctrine is very strong. He also admits that the fact that those scriptures have been understood in their literal and larger sense by so great a majority of divines, is one of great weight. But his argument in relation to this tenet is almost wholly a 'moral argument,' consisting in an attempt to realize in the largest extent possible the idea of an ETERNITY OF SUFFERING; and in a humble but distinct avowal of his inability to recognize such a doctrine as one which may be made to harmonize, in any view of it, with the infinite benevolence of God. Hence it

\* Vol. i., p. 41.

† Letter ccxxi.

is insisted, that the few passages of scripture in which the doctrine seems to be conveyed should be subjected to a modified interpretation, as meaning no more, at the most, than that the wicked after a protracted period of great suffering, will sink into annihilation. His feelings, indeed, would have carried him to the conclusion of a universal restitution, but his main solicitude has respect only to a negation—to a denial of the one point of eternal punishment. Mr. Cottle, in his replies to the letters of his friend, has argued in support of the received doctrine, that it does not suppose the extreme of punishment in all cases, but, on the contrary, a gradation of infliction; and adds, moreover, that the conclusion, that all who die in a state of separateness from Christian privileges, do spiritually perish, is a point not proved. None of these modifications, however, sufficed to render the doctrine admissible in the judgment of Foster. It would not be expedient that we should attempt to enter on this grave question without doing so fully, and as our limits will not admit of our so doing at present, we must content ourselves with this bare statement of the opinion of Foster in relation to it, and of the nature of the argument adduced by him in its favor.

These published letters contain little allusion to that doctrine of philosophical or moral necessity to which we have referred as maintained by Foster, and which is so freely stated and reasoned upon in his letters to Mr. Cottle. This doctrine was regarded by Foster as favorable to his views on the question of future punishment. He did not confound the notion of necessity with an absolute fatalism, in the manner of Hobbes, so as at once to efface the distinction between vice and virtue; but he certainly retained it as carrying with it a large amount of abatement in respect to the turpitude of that moral evil by which our race is every where borne away. That sin committed during so short an interval, should be followed by punishment of such duration, was to him an inexpressible difficulty; and that sin committed in such circumstances should be followed by such results made that difficulty still more insuperable. His argument on this subject is in substance as follows:—That the character and conduct of men, in all the evil they include no less than in the good, are the necessary effect of the causes which produce them; that those causes have their appointment from God; that the All-wise and All-just being

who fore-appointed these causes, foresaw the consequences that would flow from them, and did really fore-ordain these consequences—fore-knowledge and fore-ordination being with the Divine nature the same thing—the same thing whether the fore-ordination be to evil and consequent misery, or to good and consequent happiness. But along with this law of necessity, which is thus rigidly established by reason, there is a 'practical law' among men, which gives them the confidence of being free agents, and which no doubt contributes much more than any metaphysical conclusion could do to the comparative good conduct of individuals, and the orderly government of the affairs of the world. Foster's reasoning on this subject is comprised of little more than an iteration of the above points, which he regards as sustained virtually or substantially both by philosophy and scripture. Compared with what he might have found on this much vexed question in our metaphysical writers, his argument is in some respects so restricted and obscure, and so ill-fenced, as to justify the conclusion that it was scarcely at all the effect of reading, but the fruit almost entirely of his own anxious thoughts. The error, for example, of supposing that moral causes, as bearing upon the doctrine of necessity, are the strict parallel of physical causes, does not appear to have occurred to him.

Mr. Cottle, in his replies, appeals with much force to the common sentiments of mankind as strongly announcing human responsibility; and also to the facts and language of scripture, in which the inspired writers, and the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit all address themselves to man as clearly an accountable being, and who as surely as they are themselves true, and can be the teachers only of the truth, must have intended, in the use of such language, to convey the doctrine which it could not fail to convey. And thus between these two good men we have the whole controversy on this subject in its old posture before us. The doctrine of necessity is proved by reasoning—the doctrine of liberty is proved by fact. The former conclusion comes purely from the understanding, the latter from the understanding and from our moral nature conjointly. What is wanting is the intermediate light that might come in and show how these two laws are made to work consistently with each other. Both have their truth, and each proves his truth by the kind of evidence adapted to it; the



evidence being apparently as irresistible on the one side as on the other—and the error of men in all ages has been, in their leaning unduly to the right hand or the left. Foster's tendency was to verge too much towards something like the darkness of destiny, still retaining his hold on the truth, that whatsoever is, is of God, and that, in some sense consistent with his perfections, it is the best. But it does not appear to have occurred to him to ask, whether an opinion, which, if universally received, would paralyze all the moral machinery of the universe can be true; and whether the contrary opinion, which alone tends to put all into healthy action, can be a lie? Whether, in fact, the Father of truth has been obliged to borrow the mainspring of his government from the father of falsehood?

Foster, as a *preacher*, is delineated with much gracefulness and truth by his honored friend, Mr. Shepherd. We have much pleasure in extracting the following passage from the judicious 'Observations' contributed on this subject by that gentleman:—

'The sermons of Foster were of a cast quite distinct from what is commonly called oratory. and, indeed, from what many seem to account the highest style of eloquence—namely, a flow of facile thoughts through the smooth channels of uniformly elevated polished diction, graced by the utmost appliances of voice and gesture.

'But they possessed for me, and for not a few hearers, qualities and attractions much preferable to these. The basis of important thoughts was as much original or underived from other minds, as, perhaps, that of any reading man's reflections in our age of books could be; still more so the mode and aspect in which they were presented. That unambitious and homely sort of loftiness, which displayed neither phrase nor speaker, but things,—while the brief word and simple tone brought out the sublime conception 'in its clearness'; that fund of varied associations and images by which he really illustrated, not painted or gilded his truths; the graphic master-strokes, the frequent hints of profound suggestion for after-meditation, the cogent though calm expostulations and appeals, the shrewd turns of half-latent irony against irreligion and folly, in which, without any descent from seriousness and even solemnity, the speaker moved a smile by his unconscious approaches to the edge of wit, yet effectually quelled it by the unbroken gravity of his tone and purpose,—all these characteristics had for me an attractive power and value, both by novelty and instructiveness, far above the qualities of an oratory or eloquence more fashioned on received

rules and models. I should scarcely be ready to except in this comparison, as it regarded my personal admiration and improvement, even the rapid and fervid, yet finished elocution of Hall; though this as being more popular, while also more critically perfect, was I suppose more generally effective.

'A comparison, which I confess may appear too far-fetched, has often presented itself to my mind, as picturing the differences between the respective style and manner of these remarkable preachers. On the noble modern road over the Alps, formed by the engineers of Napoleon, one gains here and there a view of that mountain track by which the passage had been made before. In moving quickly up the long traverses and sweeping curves of the new ascent, you trace on some opposite height the short angular zig-zags of the path that preceded it. One might compare the eloquence of Hall to this great work; carrying you with ease to the loftiest elevations, winding with a graceful and simple, though elaborate course, amidst varied sublimities, gliding smoothly beside snowy summits where angels would seem to tread, and over gulfs where the voice of the wind or torrent might bring to mind the lamentings of the lost. On the other hand, the eloquence of our more recently departed friend has reminded me of that former mountain road, with its sudden turns of discovery and surprise; bringing us now to the brink of an awful perpendicular, then startling us by the quick descent to a goatherd's quaint dwelling in the glen; advancing along the giddy ledges of a cliff, and then by a sharp turn placing us close to some household scene in its recesses. Here, if there were less comprehensive or facile views of the sublime, one had nearer and more astounding glimpses of the inaccessible.

'The path came more within the echo of avalanches; and while it oftener passed the chalet and the herd, it sometimes crossed the very inlet to dark untrodden chasms, 'which no fowl knoweth.' In that original and singular course, the guide, the mule, the litter, were forgotten; nothing was thought of but the grandeur of the mountains and the floods. If the one might be styled a road truly imperial, the other was a path worthy at once of the simplicity of Oberlin, and the daring of Alpine barons. The imperial road deserved, and had the just admiration, of the great and the many. I exceedingly admired it also; but (peril and toil being in the ideal journey excluded) I would have preferred for myself, at least at times, the original path.'—Vol. ii., pp. 487—490.

Nearly all the points most observable in the preaching of Hall and Foster were points of contrast. Even their presence in the pulpit was the presence of contrasts. The figure of Hall, while somewhat above the usual height, was more remarkable for its al-

most colossal breadth, than for its altitude—an appearance which resulted in part from his custom of standing lower than most persons in the pulpit, so as to rest himself in part if required upon the cushion and Bible. Foster, on the contrary, gave you the impression of his being a tall man; and his erect person, strongly formed, but without the least approach to corpulency or fulness, seemed to stand tree-like before you. The countenance of Hall, even during the delivery of those very simple sentences or paragraphs which were preliminary to his discourses, always bespoke a measure of excitement, and prognosticated more. The tones of his voice, the serious earnestness of his aspect, and especially the restless onward glancing of his eye, seemed to say,—the preacher will soon break away from his present hesitancy, and will expand and kindle with his theme. But in Foster there was no such appearance, nor any thing to raise such expectations. His eye was more searching than animated; and his physiognomy, while strongly marked, was of that settled cast, which bespoke the constant subordination of passion to thought. The natural condition of his features was a sort of schoolman gravity,—a frown might sometimes come over them, sometimes the play of a slight sarcastic smile, but the wit or humor must be very racy indeed which should ever move them into a state much more risible. With regard to gesture, the only appearance of that sort observable in Hall consisted, as is well known, in his rising somewhat more erect, and drawing a little back from the cushion, as he became more nerved by his subject—but in Foster there was not even such an amount of action. His hands hung at his side, or more commonly rested naturally upon his Bible, and it was by his tones of voice only that any difference of feeling was indicated. Even his voice changed but very slightly. He never aimed to be more than calmly earnest, and his manner of speaking never rose above that key. Small space was left, accordingly, for any variety of elocution. But the elocution of Foster, like his style, if less fervent than that of Hall, was more flexible and natural. Some parties, indeed, who like all persons in love, convert even blemishes into beauties, have professed to admire the hurried monotonous tone of the great orator, and have found a charm in that very clearing of the throat—the “hem-hem,” which intervened between every sentence during the first quarter of an hour or more of his dis-

course. But sober elderly people like ourselves, who have their place on the outside of the enchanted circle, must be allowed to distinguish between the impediments which Mr. Hall surmounted, and the excellences which enabled him to do so—not confounding the things in spite of which he became effective, with those by means of which he became so. Young preachers who have been ambitious of imitating Robert Hall, have often chosen his monotony and hesitancy, minus the pathos and the animation. Foster's elocution never rose to excellence, nor did it ever descend to any very marked fault. He was generally audible, never loud, and within this limit his speaking exhibited a considerable amount of colloquial variety. But his tones expressed nothing of pathos, except as an unusual gravity and seriousness in parts of a discourse might be so accounted: and his utterance was impaired at times by an abrupt, catchy, iteration of tone, which it is not easy to describe—but which those who have heard him well remember. This last peculiarity became more conspicuous when he expressed himself much—as he sometimes did—in the way of interrogation. In this respect his preaching differed considerably from that of his distinguished contemporary. Foster never seemed to forget his auditory in his theme; never seemed to be so wrapped in his subject as not to be observant of the men and women before him. His appeals to them were frequent, and often highly felicitous; while Robert Hall, and still more the great orator in the Scottish pulpit, Dr. Chalmers, were generally so borne away by their topic, as that expanded and brightened before them, as to seem at times hardly aware of the presence of a congregation, even to the end of a discourse.—With Foster it was never thus. In his case, you felt that the theme had been chosen, not for its own sake, but for the sake of those who were to listen to it, and his mind was commonly as if in the attitude of reaching towards actual communication with the mind of his auditors.

With regard to the substance or matter of their respective discourses, precedence should assuredly be given, on the whole, to Mr. Hall. The difference in this respect did not result from differences in theological opinion, for Hall and Foster held substantially the same creed, but from different views as to the fulness and frequency with which the truths distinctive of that creed should be presented in public instruction. Hall dwelt very largely, especially in his la-

ter years, on the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel. Foster never did so, but preferred occupying himself in discussing a multitude of subsidiary questions, all tending to prove that men ought to receive the gospel and become consistent Christians, but at the same time leaving the truths of the gospel themselves as things implied rather than explained, as supposed rather than inculcated. One effect of the publication of these beautiful letters will be, to show that this peculiarity was not the consequence of any want of truly devout feeling in relation to these truths.

The real cause of this defect—for a defect of a very serious amount we deem it—was of a nature, in our judgment, much too remote and refined to come within the range of ordinary conjecture. It should be ascribed, we think, to a peculiar sensitiveness—we had almost said fearfulness of mind, when approaching objects of thought of the more elevated and sacred description. The reverence with which Foster looked up to the Incarnate One, and to all the higher mysteries of the Christian system, was such as few men know. Nothing could appear to him more certain, than that in touching upon ideas so pure and unearthly it behoved that his words should be few and well chosen: while the rude handling of such themes by ordinary preachers, often shocked his finer feeling, as a kind of profanity.

Had we space to illustrate one other observation in this connexion, we should have endeavored to show, that while the topics generally chosen by Foster related to principles of duty, every where assuming our principles of faith, these practical or devotional lessons are too commonly inculcated in the manner of a teacher who feels little pleasure in touching on a subject upon which he is not allowed to say all that his own discursive mind might see as proper to be said upon it. We admire thoroughness in most things, but even thoroughness, to be thoroughly wise, must have its limits. Now-a-days, to treat subjects on this *exhausting* principle, is rarely expedient, even from the press; but we know of nothing more likely to be fatal to popularity from the pulpit.

But if Hall had the advantage as regards the substance of his preaching, Foster, we think, has shown greater judgment in the adaptation of language to the legitimate aim of the pulpit. The auditory addressed by the preacher is of a more mixed nature than that of any other public speaker. He may

be called to instruct the highest; but the majority of his hearers should be, and commonly are, from the middle and humbler classes. His language, to be well chosen, should be familiar, without being wanting in dignity: clear, idiomatic, and such as to leave the least possible chance of misapprehension. Few things can be less proper to such a speaker—if, indeed, such a thing is to be born any where—than the appearance of great care as to the niceties of style, such as might seem to betray more anxiety about words than things—about the structure and euphony of sentences, than about the presentation of truth in the form in which the language is forgotten and the thought is felt to be every thing.\* Foster's style was evidently formed on principles of this nature. It consisted, in general, of the plainest words, and these were as generally allocated in their natural order. His sentences, indeed, are often much too long, partaking of the continuity, the weight, and of the inner foldings of his thoughts; and his composition generally would be accounted by the greater number of readers as wanting in lightness—in that 'move-on' kind of power which is now so necessary to success. But in the style of no man do we find a greater degree of characteristic harmony. His thoughts, and the drapery in which they are clothed, are always seen as beneath a subdued light: there is a shade of meditative gloom, an Oriental exclusion of the full glare of day, which gives the air of a religious seclusiveness and mystery to his theme, even when not in itself immediately religious. By this means, even the most gorgeous apartment has its colors blended into a soft and mystic kind of beauty. Often, also, there is a pensiveness and pathos in him, which, without descending to any thing like a sickly sentimentality, is irresistibly affecting, and his words at such times seem to melt into his thoughts, and to become parts of them. His earlier contributions to the *Eclectic Review* are much the most free and sprightly of his pro-

\* What Foster thought of a style the contrary in this respect of that which he cultivated, may be seen in the following remarks on Blair's sermons: 'Instead of the thought throwing itself into words by a free, instantaneons, and almost unconscious action, and passing off in that easy form, it is pretty apparent there was a good deal of handicraft employed in getting ready proper cases and trusses, of various but carefully measured lengths and figures, to put the thoughts into, as they came out, in very long succession, each of them cooled and stiffened into numbness in waiting so long to be dressed.'



ductions; but the comparative buoyancy in his literary history about that time did not last. Still, he never lost his fine Saxon utterance, and never failed to subordinate his language to his conceptions with a severe and manly taste which we feel to be an indescribable charm whenever we turn to his writings.

But the style of Hall is wholly of another order. In this respect, the great preacher took counsel of Cicero more than of his own strong natural understanding. His early studies disposed him to take his place at the feet of the Roman orator, and to the taste acquired in that school he was bound ever afterwards. Eulogy on the style of Robert Hall has been so long familiar to the ears of nonconformists, that from us any thing of that nature must be very superfluous. It is a style of transcendent beauty and power—of its *kind*. But we venture to submit that it is not of the kind adapted to pulpit instruction, except in very rare connexions, and on very rare occasions. In its substance it is more the language of a school in literature, than the language of the people; and in its form, it addresses itself more to an artificial culture in the educated classes, than to the natural discernment and feeling of men in general. It is true, Hall could separate his thoughts more readily than Foster, and could present them in a form enabling his hearers to take them up with ease one at a time—a power of inexpressible value to a public speaker; but in a large proportion of Hall's passages, the elevated diction, brought in so profusely from foreign tongues, must have covered the thought as with a phosphoric light before the eyes of the uninitiated; and this cause, together with his manifestly artificial method of adjusting the relations and balancings of clauses and expressions, must often have suggested to men in a rank above the uninitiated, that the care of the preacher about this particular vehicle of communication could hardly have been less than his care about the thoughts conveyed by it. Now we suppose it will be admitted, that any effect of the former description produced by a speaker must be bad; and that any impression of the latter kind must be equally bad.

From these causes, and some others, we have never known an attempt to imitate Robert Hall in the pulpit which has not been a manifest failure. Scarcely a man in a generation could command a style so studiously arranged, and so delicately finished, except as a style to be read, or to be deliv-

ered memoriter. As a style to be read, it would be sure to be comparatively ineffective; and a man who should attempt to deliver it memoriter, must be so completely occupied with an exercise of memory about words and phrases, and the intricacies of composition, as to render it impossible that his soul should be given to the subject of his discourse. Monotony and heartlessness would certainly be the result. We concede that Hall's style has in it a fine stately gait—but after all it is a gait. He speaks like a prince addressing princes—would that he had oftener spoken as a man addressing men! His language partakes of all the refinements of a court—would that it had been such as to have found a no less natural home with the crowd! Even from the press, this elaborate classical style is no longer the style demanded by the age. None of our great writers have formed themselves after this model. They read Johnson, but never dream of imitating him. They feel that they must have more freedom, variety, and nature, than that school will afford them, if they are to accomplish any thing. They know that they must not merely talk about 'catching a grace beyond the reach of art,' but that they must often do that thing, if they would write or speak with much effect. It is observable that the style of our most learned and accomplished authors is for the most part thoroughly popular in its cast.—We venture to predict that in the kind of style in which Hall has written, nothing so perfect will be again produced. In this respect, he will be as the last of the Romans. But while we would praise his style with the loudest for what it is, we must claim permission to be excused from praising it for what it is *not*. It is the language of the scholar and of the finished literary man, in the last age; but it is not the language even of such men in our day, and it is at a far greater remove from the language adapted to secure the attention of the public generally at this time. The style of Foster is much more in affinity with what now generally obtains. In its substance, and in its structure, it is thoroughly English—more in harmony with what our popular style now is, and with what that style will become increasingly.

We shall, perhaps, best illustrate what we mean, and justify the preceding observations, if that should be deemed necessary, by submitting a few thoughts to our readers, first in the style in which Foster may be considered as expressing them, and then

in the form in which these thoughts have been expressed by Hall.

*On Marriage.* 'Without permanence in the marriage relation, there could be no permanence in family relationships of any kind; the separation of children being a natural consequence of the separation of parents. But every family is a lesser state, and the sensibilities and affections which are awakened and nurtured in families are the germ of every thing of that nature necessary to render society at large harmonious and happy. Hence the change which should put an end to families, would bring an end to society, society itself being really little more than an aggregate of families.'

*Hall's Works*, i. 53. "Without the permanent union of the sexes there could be no permanent families: the dissolution of nuptial ties involves the dissolution of domestic society. But domestic society is the seminary of social affections, the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together; and were they entirely extinguished, the whole fabric of social institutions would be dissolved.'

*On Paganism.* "When the idolaters of past times raised their heroes and lawgivers to the place of divinities, they still regarded them as men, but as men possessing human virtues in a high degree, and as looking with approval on those better qualities in their worshippers by which they were themselves supposed to be distinguished. Human virtues thus became divine, enlarged and purified as a property of the gods; so that the pagan, beside the benefit of having so high an example before him, was encouraged by the thought of being watched over, and patronized in all his praiseworthy doings by those higher powers."

*Hall's Works*, i. 31, 32. "When the fictions of heathenism consecrated the memory of its legislators and heroes, it invested them for the most part with those qualities which were in the greatest repute. They were supposed to possess in the highest degree, the virtues in which it was most honorable to excel; and to be the witnesses, approvers, and patrons of those perfections in others, by which their own character was chiefly distinguished. Men saw, or rather fancied they saw, in these supposed deities, the qualities they most admired, dilated to a larger size, moving in a higher sphere, and associated with the power, dignity, and happiness of superior natures. With such ideal models before them, and conceiving them-

selves continually acting under the eye of such spectators and judges, they felt a real devotion; their eloquence became more impassioned, their patriotism inflamed, and their courage exalted!"

If a comparison be made between these passages, it will be seen that the language, which we suppose to be that of Foster, is plain, calm, little expanded, and remarkably unrhetical, as compared with that in which the same thoughts are presented by Hall. To what must we attribute this difference? In part, as we have intimated, to a difference in early education and taste—in part also to a difference in temperament; but in a still greater degree we are convinced, to the more profound views, to the consequently more sober and just estimate of thought, and to the more correct feeling as to the proper relation between language and ideas, which distinguished the mind of Foster. In his view, the thought in the preceding passages, true and valuable as it might be, would not have been such as to warrant the appearance of attaching so much importance to it, as is indicated in the elaborate process of rhetorical arrangement and finishing in its favor, observable in the composition of Mr. Hall.\* And further, if the thought might be supposed to warrant so much pains, Foster would have suggested that this pains should be taken to conceal the rhetorician, instead of giving him more prominence than the teacher—instead, in short, of reducing the poor teacher to such a condition as to seem to say, that without the help of this flourishing personage going before him, however much more lucidly he might himself have told his tale, his chance of getting an audience would have been exceedingly small.

\* It should be stated, that in his ordinary pulpit service, the style of Robert Hall was often remarkable, in many respects, for its simplicity, and that the least educated of his hearers—select, and comparatively elevated as his language even then was—rarely failed to apprehend his meaning. But we scarcely need say that the fame of the preacher was not the result of such discourses, but the effect of those more elaborate efforts which partook strongly of the characteristic qualities of his style. Having adverted on one occasion to the clear and forcible language in which Dumont had presented the doctrines of Bentham, he remarked—'Style, sir—style after all, is the passport to immortality.' This, we think, was not a chance utterance of the moment, but expression given to a fixed article in his literary creed—it being understood that the style intended was such as required the presence of a high order of ability to give it existence.

Now, Foster was eminently a teacher, he ever kept the lower faculties of his mind in subordination to the higher, and could not have been brought to occupy himself, after the rhetorical fashion, in adjusting artificial forms of speech, to be every where conspicuous as such—the one office of language being, in his view, to do service to thought, to do that service modestly, and never to seem so little conscious of doing it at all, as when doing it after the best possible manner. As we have said, if we regard the style of Hall, considered simply as a style of a *particular description*, we must pronounce it to be as perfect as any thing of the kind has ever been, or is likely to be; but we feel confident that the difference in the style of Foster is to be ascribed to his more searching intellect; to the more complete ascendancy of his intellectual power over his other faculties; to a more just perception as to the best method of making language the servant of instruction, or of impression only consequent upon instruction; and to a complexion of taste resulting from all these causes, which while upon the whole more simple and even more refined than that of Hall, was at the same time more manly. In short, the style we want for the pulpit is that of Foster, broken up, for the greater part, into briefer apportionments, and impregnated throughout with something of the vivacity and fire of Hall. We covet the simplicity and directness of the great essayist, but we would fain see these qualities allied with the ease, and animation, and onward speed of the great preacher. We have not the best model of style, whether for the pulpit or the press, in the writings of either of these great men, but the elements of an ideal perfectness might be selected and combined from the works of both.

We have spoken of these letters as affording abundant evidence of Foster's sincere and deep *piety*, for such, it is now evident, was the character of his religious feeling during much the greater portion of his life. Though letter-writing, in common with all writing, was a very laborious business in his case, it is evident that he felt a strong disposition to employ himself in such half-way kind of authorship. Pious persons, with whom he had chanced to be brought into nearer intercourse than with general society, often received quiet counsel and solace from his pen; while to some of his more intelligent friends, he made disclosures in his letters which he would hardly

have made even to them in personal communication. His letters were something of a relief-valve to his too strong tendency to reserve. Egotism, no doubt, is a silly and offensive thing; but on the other hand, it is not the most pleasant thing imaginable that a man should seem disposed to keep, not the rude world only, but every body about him at a sort of arm's-length. On the whole, we prefer a man who may be disposed to talk a little too much about that one person whom we are all sure of holding in sufficient estimation, to a man thus excessively self-closed, if it were for no other reason than that there is less of the disagreeable in seeming to be trusted, than in seeming to be suspected. It is this better quality which gives inexpressible charm to the tales of Froissart, and to the gossip of Montaigne. But the man of the future, who would know John Foster, must read these letters. They present a faithful portraiture of the man, and a portraiture to be found nowhere else. We are not sure that the disclosures which they make as to the want of range and system in his studies; the general sluggishness of his faculties; and the dreadfully slow and laborious processes by which he effected his literary achievements, will augment his reputation in certain connexions, but these volumes are, nevertheless, themselves the evidence of extraordinary power; and the proof of earnest spirituality which is before us in not a few of these letters and memoranda, is most welcome and refreshing. The following letter is not from the series now printed. We are indebted to the lady to whom it was addressed, for permission to publish it. It was written within a fortnight after the decease of Mrs. Foster:—

'My dear Madam,—I have to accuse myself of delay in acknowledging your kind note, received five or six days since. Accept, thus late, my most sincere thanks for your and Mr. ———'s sympathy and friendly inquiries. The girls and myself are favoured with our usual health, and have many things to alleviate the affecting sense of what we have lost. The grand consolation is the perfect and delightful confidence that the beloved companion of our former years, who is now taken from us, is in possession of a felicity which shall be uninterrupted and eternal. She is in the strange and elevated, and triumphant condition of *looking back* on death, viewing its illuminated other side, and looking on to an interminable prospect; while all of us have yet the dark vision before us. When I think of this, and at the same time remember how much she experienc-



ed of the ills of this mortal condition, I feel that it would be as contrary to true affection for her, as to pious submission to the divine sovereignty and wisdom, to murmur that she has not remained longer here; and there is the consoling and animating hope of meeting her again.

'With some of us, as you justly reflect, 'the day is far spent;' may God grant us that the evening of it may be so employed and devoted to him, that we may exult in the morning of the other world. With most friendly and respectful regards to Mr.—,

I am, &c., &c.

In a large number of the letters in the collection now printed, our readers will find this grave and manly expression of fervent religious sentiment. We must content ourselves with selecting the following extract from a letter written at Bourton, in 1840:—

'I look with pensive, and not a little of painful, emotion, at the rooms I frequented, the house I inhabited, the rural walks which I trod, during the course of many years, since the end of which a much longer series has passed away. It was here I formed, and for a long time had the happiness of an union, now many years since dissolved. But the pain of a more austere kind than that of pensiveness is from the reflection, to how little purpose, of the highest order, the long years here, and subsequently elsewhere, have been consumed away—how little sedulous and earnest cultivation of internal piety—how little even of mental improvement—how little of zealous devotion to God and Christ, and the best cause. Oh, it is a grievous and sad reflexion, and drives me to the great and only resource, to say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' I also most earnestly implore that, in one way or other, what may remain of my life may be better, far better than the long-protracted past. Past! what a solemn and almost tremendous word it is, when pronounced in the reference in which I am repeating it!'—Vol. ii. pp. 338, 339.

But the piety of Foster, if somewhat monastic in certain respects, was never of the kind which separates some men from all professed interest in the general affairs of society and nations. He was, as is well known, rather a stern politician, and a no less stern nonconformist. But he wished to see good ends prosecuted by wise means, and showed himself as little tolerant of indiscreet zeal as of selfish lethargy. In 1836, when many dissenters were loudly demanding a separation of the church from the state, Foster thus writes—

'Do you stand quite aloof from the grand dissenting commotion? They—(I say not *we*, for I would not have been a concurring particle

in the dust the Dissenters have raised—I mean as to the *extent* of their demands)—have mistaken their policy in calling out (*at present*) for the "*separation*," a thing most palpably impracticable, till a few more Olympiads have passed over us.'—Vol. ii. p. 306.

Nor could our zealous reformer bring his understanding to the conclusion, that a depraved ignorance must necessarily be a better power to place at the helm of affairs than a depraved knowledge. The following passage appears to have been elicited by the pure conduct of that high-minded race of persons, the Bristol freemen:—

'But what base, worthless wretches those fellows are. It is really grievous and surprising, that never once can a sober, honest man be found, that will do just the very moderate duty that you require. It makes one sometimes almost ashamed of one's *democracy*, to have so many glaring proofs of the utterly unprincipled character of so large a portion of what are called 'the lower orders,' in a nation so vaunted for 'enlightened'—'civilized'—'Christian'—and all that. One is amazed to hear any intelligent advocate of the 'popular rights,' sticking for '*universal suffrage*.' Think of such fellows as you have had to do with, being qualified to have a vote in the choice of legislators!'—Vol. ii. p. 123.

Writing to a relative in Yorkshire, in 1842, he thus expresses himself again on the question of the Suffrage, and upon Chartists and Chartism:—

'I suppose you have the pestilent Chartists in your part of the country. They are a very stupid and pernicious set—some of their leaders great rogues—the whole tribe a sad nuisance. They have done what they could to frustrate the exertions for obtaining the only public benefit which there is the smallest chance of getting at present, or for a long time to come—that is, an alteration or abrogation of the *Corn-Laws*, a thing which would immediately be a most important relief to that commercial interest on which so many tens of thousands are depending. And while they are doing this mischief, they are brawling about *universal suffrage*—a thing as much out of reach for a very long time to come as any thing they could dream of. And yet, unless they could get this, they say they will accept no other change for the amendment of their condition. What fools! And to judge of their recent proceedings, they are *themselves* wholly unfit for such a suffrage. What a fine and valuable thing the suffrage would be to men whose chosen business it has been to go and disturb, and break up with noise, and violence, and abuse the important meetings for discussing the best expedient for alleviating the public distress! No, no: they

have yet a great deal to learn before they will be fit for a considerate, and judicious voting for members of the legislature. I wish the people *had* the universal suffrage, provided they were better educated, more intelligent, more sober, more moral; but not in their present state of ignorance and rudeness. Their being so is, as to some of them, their own fault. But the main weight of the reproach falls on the government and the church, which have left the people in this deplorable condition from generation to generation.'—Vol. ii. pp. 345, 346.

Foster was one of the last men in England to laud 'our glorious constitution,' as the manner of some has been, or to look with an excessive reverence or confidence to the upper, or even to the middle classes of his countrymen; but he knew that change may be from bad to worse, as readily as from bad to better, and he was not disposed to attempt an escape from 'the ills we have,' without at least a tolerable prospect of securing the better issue in this alternative.

It is now nearly a quarter of a century since we took a quiet, leisurely journey with him along the road between Worcester and Pershore. On the right-hand side of the said road, a few miles from Worcester, there is a hill rising so abruptly from the almost level space around it, as to pass for an artificial elevation, were it not much too huge to have been of such an origin. It had been suggested to us before reaching this spot, that should we be enterprising enough to ascend this hill, our labor would not perhaps be accounted as altogether lost. We did ascend it, and we did so from a point which placed the hill between us and the greater part of the landscape, so that our panorama became suddenly visible and complete as we reached our purposed elevation. It was an early hour in the forenoon, towards the close of April. In the night there had been a considerable fall of rain, but the sky was now a brilliant blue, and the white clouds still floating on above us, driven and separated by the fresh morning breeze, changed their thin substance and softly feathered outlines into every form of beauty, each moving as if intent on giving us better sign of light and joyous speed than its fellows. Before us from this hill-top was the extended valley through which the Severn sends its ever flowing waters from Shropshire towards Gloucestershire. In the farthest distance, on the right, are the Clay Hills of the former county, to-

wards whose resting-place the summer sun often descends, so as to present a landscape which a Claude might have gazed upon as worthy of the best effort of his pencil. On the left, at about ten miles distance, is the Bredon Hill, with its broad shield-like side of wood and verdure, and the hill far beyond it, so faint as to be scarcely visible, is May Hill, in Gloucestershire. Between those heights, which, like separate detachments, flank them at their extreme points, you see the Malvern Hills rising immediately in front of you, whose two loftiest summits, which like twin protectors shelter the little town of Malvern, send forth their descending outlines along the horizon, measuring a space to the right and left of about twenty miles. The descent of the Malvern Hills is into the opposite side of the valley, which now lies at your feet, and that valley is about seven miles in width, and, running parallel with the Malvern Hills, is more than three times that space in length. The river is not often visible, but the whole surface bespeaks abundant fertility, and is so far undulated as to exhibit a few of those elevated wood-crowned ridges which give so much suggestive beauty to some of the landscapes of Poussin. The late fall of rain had thrown a freshness over all things; the leaves and the verdure every where, though young, were perfect. The light clouds, fleeting along as in a sea of ether, intersected the gold-like coloring of the sun by their gliding shadows, which chased each other across the valley and up the mountain sides, disappearing there only to be succeeded by others, and by others still—shadows on earth, which seemed to betoken the sudden coming of strange powers to it from heaven!

We shall not attempt to recall the things said by Foster as he looked and looked again on that scene of beauty. Certainly we never saw the countenance of our essayist more possessed with interest. His eye travelled to and fro as in greedy wonder. He muttered something about Milton and Paradise, and about this—this after all a *man's* world, a region so lovely, the home of a being so little lovely, &c., &c. At length we ventured to break in on these soliloquising, and pointed to the cathedral, on whose time-worn walls and turrets the sun now broke forth brilliantly. 'Ay, ay,' was the response; 'there she is, sure enough, the only ugly thing in the whole scene!' Sad want of taste in such a response, some of our readers will say. It

may be so; but we have mentioned this incident, and the language thus elicited, because, taken together, they point our attention to the source of Foster's feeling as a nonconformist. It is clear he was not a nonconformist from any deficiency of imagination, nor from any want of sympathy with art, or with objects possessing remote or romantic association. He could readily have peopled the valley then before him with the generations of the past, and could have depicted to himself the Cathedral of Worcester or the Abbey of Pershore in the days of the Oswalds and Wulstans, whose mutilated monuments are still preserved there. But his power to appreciate natural beauty, was related to a sympathy, no less vivid, with all spiritual beauty; and his passionate interest in all beauty of the latter kind, was the natural measure of his passionate aversion to the deformities to which it was opposed. The bitterness with which he denounced the men who had corrupted Christianity, was determined by the strength of that inward worship wherewith he regarded it as seen in its purity. Science, art, poetry—all might have their beauties; but better that they should be wholly discarded, than that they should be employed meretriciously, so as to taint and degrade the properly Christian—scriptural Christianity being the highest form of the beautiful. The less must not be obtruded into the place of the greater. In the spirit of Milton, Foster looked on the imaginative, the artistic, and the poetical, which Romanism and prelacy have thrown about them, as one fully alive to the power of such fascinations, but as one who saw with special clearness the extent of the mischiefs which had been done by such means—as one who detected the process by which in those systems the sensual had been raised to the place of the spiritual, and by which a low idolatry of forms had been made to extrude an intelligent worship of the real. Such, in his judgment, had been the *general* effect of both systems. In the clergy of the cathedral now pointed out to him he saw a body of haughty, conventional worldlings, the fair types of a great majority of their order—priests whose influence necessarily tended to assimilate the educated classes to a manner of life like their own, and to subject the uneducated to the devices of a convenient superstition. They were men, in his view, who not only refused themselves to enter into the kingdom, but who, throughout the land, were the great hinderers of those who

might otherwise have been disposed to enter in. We believe that no conviction in the mind of Foster was more habitual, or more secure against the possibility of change, than this conviction. His two Letters to the Evangelical Clergy, which are reprinted in these volumes, and the Letter, p. 165, in the second volume, will further explain the ground of his strong feeling on this subject.

But we have passed our limits. Foster's own criticisms derive their chief value from their discriminativeness—from their free and manly dealing with defects and faults, no less than with excellences. In this spirit he touched on all subjects, and estimated all men. You never find him indulging in undiscerning praise. On the contrary, he regarded the faults of good men as being hardly less instructive than their virtues; and the errors of genius as the last that should be overlooked by the critic, because of their special tendency to propagate themselves elsewhere. In no literature was an example of this kind more needed than in Nonconformist literature. Our literature has been that of a sect, as the natural consequence of its sectarianism. Our good men, according to our common account of them, have been too much a kind of angels, and our great men have been too much a kind of demi-gods. But the intelligence of general society has been far from pleased with this tendency to forget what has been forgotten, or with this disposition to exaggerate what has been remembered. Men of sense know, that partial error is often more mischievous than absolute falsehood; and that partial truth often leads to conclusions strictly the reverse of the truthful. Our readers, we trust, know enough of us to be aware, that even in dealing with such honored names as those of Hall and Foster, we were not likely to content ourselves with repeating for the hundredth time the common-places of eulogy which have been bestowed on those eminent persons. We covet something better for readers and for ourselves than could result from such employment. We hold that the best friend to the fame of Hall and Foster is the man who has best learnt how to distinguish between the stronger and weaker elements of their genius, and to distinguish, in consequence, between the basis which will be sufficient to sustain their high reputation, and that which will not be sufficient if relied upon, to that end.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

### ARAGO, THE PHILOSOPHER.

Of all scientific men now living, there is none whose fame is so universally diffused, and whose authority is so often invoked as M. Arago. The squatter on the banks of the Mississippi is as familiar with his name as the dweller of the Quai Voltaire. His dicta are as often quoted in the Delta of the Ganges, as in the city washed by the Thames; and this reputation is not among the followers of science, or even its would-be votaries. It is strictly popular. All who look forward to a coming eclipse, or an approaching comet—all who endeavor to prognosticate the vicissitudes of weather, and look for the lunar phases—all who are exposed to the visitations of the hurricane, or endeavor to avert the falling thunderbolt—all appeal to the name of Arago; rightly or wrongly, they quote his supposed or imputed predictions, and profess to pin their faith on his oracular voice. In short, there is no savant living whose name is at once so universally known, and whose authority is so universally popular as M. Arago.

But what says the august scientific conclave itself to this? What is the verdict of academies, and institutes, and learned societies where the equals of M. Arago sit in judgment? How does their estimate of the perpetual secretary of the Institute accord with this popular exaltation? In general, the great public, little capable of gauging the merits or measuring the authority of philosophers, takes its cue from the community of science itself, and the reputation of savans issues, ready formed, from the halls of those societies, whose members alone can be considered competent to form a correct judgment of their high merits and attainments. But the present case is a singular exception. Here the public has decided for itself, and not only passed an independent sentence, but one which is by no means in accordance with the opinions of the sages of the College Mazarin or Somerset house.\* The popular supremacy of the director of the *Observatoire* is not confirmed by the voice of his colleagues. The incense offered at the shrine of the genius of Arago by the pro-

fane crowd of the uninitiated has had the effect of all praise which is immeasurably in excess; it has provoked opposition and reaction. The attempt to assign to M. Arago a niche in the temple beside the high notabilities, and to place him in juxtaposition with the Newtons, the Laplaces, the Lavoisiers, and the Davys, is treated with contemptuous ridicule; and among the inferior crowd of the professors, the terms "charlatan" and "humbug" are not unfrequently heard in association with the name of this popular scientific idol.

The cause of this singular discordance of judgment will be found in a due examination of the things which M. Arago has said, the things which he has done, and the things which he has written; for, unlike most savants, M. Arago has not been merely a man of the closet—he has been eminently a man of action. In the political changes which have agitated his country, he has taken a prominent part, and the philosopher has often been forgotten in the politician, the legislator, and even the citizen-soldier. If we would, then, form a just estimate of the character of this distinguished man, free alike from the depreciating spirit of some of his rivals, and the preposterously exaggerated eulogy of some of his crowd of partizans, we must take a glance at the circumstances of his life.

M. Arago is now in his sixtieth year, having been born in 1786. His native place, Perpignan, on the confines of Spain, and the shores of the Mediterranean, raises the expectation of that ardor of character and force of will which have been so strikingly manifested in the career of this remarkable person. It has been said that his boyhood offered a curious contrast with his subsequent distinction, inasmuch as he showed singular sluggishness in his intellectual progress, having attained the age of fourteen before he could read. This tale is, however, destitute of truth. The father of M. Arago held a situation under government, at Perpignan, and devoted more than usual care to his advancement, he being the eldest of the family, and the person on whom must devolve many cares and responsibilities. He made the usual progress, during his boyhood at the College of Perpignan, from which, at a very early age, he was transferred to Montpellier, to prosecute those higher studies necessary to qualify him for admission into the Polytechnic School, an institution which had its origin in the confusion of the Revolution, and has

\* The College Mazarin, on the Quai Conti, was granted to the Institute in 1806; the apartments of the Royal Society are in front of Somerset House, facing the Strand.

since become so justly celebrated. He was admitted, in 1804, into that establishment, where he passed two years, during which he became one of its most distinguished students. His surviving contemporaries remember how well and how often, during his pupilage, he fulfilled the duties of *repetiteur*,\* in such a manner as to make them forget for the moment that their teacher was their competitor.

Some time after completing his course of studies at this institution, he was appointed by Napoleon (then emperor) to the office of secretary to the Board of Longitude. But about this time the grand operations which had been for some time previously in progress for measuring the arc of the meridian between Dunkirk and Barcelona, required that the course of observations should be carried across the Pyrenees, and conducted through Spain. Arago was selected as the assistant of Biot, to prosecute this investigation, which, independently of its importance as a question of physical science, was regarded with much interest, as affording the basis of the decimal system of weights and measures, which was about to be adopted, and which has since been actually adopted, and is now in general use in France. As this appointment led to adventures in which the personal character of the philosopher was developed, we shall offer no apology for narrating them with some detail.

MM. Delambre and Mechain, profiting by the admirable means of observation afforded by the repeating circle of Borda, had already carried the chain of triangles from Dunkirk, through France, to the Spanish frontiers! Although the original design contemplated their termination at Barcelona, on the shores of the Mediterranean, it was now decided to continue them over that sea as far as the Balearic Isles, and it was more especially for this object that the commission of MM. Biot and Arago was issued. The Spanish government nominated two commissioners, MM. Chaix and Rodriguez, to co-operate with the two French savans. A Spanish vessel of war was placed at the disposition of the commission, to which, as science knows no enemy, Britain granted a safe conduct.

\* In French colleges and schools, the lectures delivered each day by the professors or chief teachers, are repeated, accompanied with developments, examples, and details, by inferior teachers, called *repetiteurs*, who are often selected from the most advanced and distinguished students.

The first proceeding was to connect the coast of Spain with the island of Yvice, the nearest of the group, by an extensive triangle, one of the sides of which measured an hundred and twenty miles, and the base about an hundred miles. To render observations possible at such distances, stations of considerable elevation were necessary. The French commissioners selected for this purpose the summit of one of the highest mountains near the coast of Catalonia, while M. Rodriguez, the Spanish observer, placed his station on the summit of Mount Campney, on the Island of Yvice. In those mountainous and wild solitudes, MM. Biot and Arago passed several months, pursuing their laborious researches with that ardor which has so strongly characterized the whole career of the latter. M. Biot has not failed, in his report of these operations, to do justice to his distinguished friend and colleague.

"Often," says he, "when the furious storms of these tempestuous regions have swept away our tents, and overthrown our instruments, has M. Arago, with indefatigable constancy and patience, labored to collect and replace them, and never allowed himself to rest night or day until his task was completed."

In April, 1807, the principal observations having been made, M. Biot departed for Paris, to make those calculations upon the data thus obtained, which were necessary to attain the final result, viz., the length of the meridional arc. Arago remained for the purpose of prosecuting the observations necessary to continue the chain of triangles to Majorca. For this purpose he sailed in company with M. Rodriguez to that island, where they fixed their station on Mount Galatzo, from which they were enabled to observe the signals on Mount Campney in Yvice, and thus to obtain means of measuring the meridional arc between these two stations. While these proceedings were in progress, war broke out unexpectedly between France and Spain, and while the French savant was pursuing his peaceful labors in the mountainous wilds of the island, reports were spread among the rural population, that the signal fires which were exhibited nightly at the station on mount Galatzo, for the purposes of the scientific observations, were in fact shown as signals to the French to invade the island. The incensed peasantry flew to arms, and rushed up the mountain, crying "death to the foreigner!" M. Arago had only time to dis-

guise himself in the garb of a peasant, supplied to him by one of his assistants, and collect the papers which contained the precious notes of his observations. Thus disguised, and happily fluent in the Spanish *patois* of Catalonia, he mingled fearlessly with the crowd who were in pursuit of him, and escaped to Palma, the port of the island, where the vessel was moored, in which he had arrived. More solicitous for the preservation of the instruments which had been left at the observatory on the mountain, than for his own personal safety, he induced the commander of the vessel to despatch a boat for them, by which they were obtained and brought in safety to the vessel. The Majorcan peasants who had been engaged in his service, had become attached to him, and, remaining faithful, preserved religiously what they knew their master had so highly prized.

Meanwhile the exasperated mob, having discovered that the object of their pursuit had taken refuge on board the vessel, the captain did not dare to defend him, and determined on shutting him up in the Fort of Belver, where, during a confinement of several months, he occupied himself in the calculations consequent on the observations made at Galatzo. During this time the monks of a neighboring convent, who entertained a feeling of rancorous hostility against the French, omitted no effort to corrupt the soldiers, and induce them to surrender their prisoner to the fury of the populace. To the credit of the garrison of the little fort, these attempts were without effect; and at length, by the persevering solicitations of M. Rodriguez with the governing Junta, Arago obtained his liberty, and was permitted to depart in a fishing smack manned by a single seaman. In this he crossed to the African coast, and landed with his baggage and astronomical instruments at Algiers.

Here the philosopher was cordially received by the French consul, who immediately procured for him a passage on board an Algerine frigate, bound for Marseilles. The vessel had already neared the French coast, and was in sight of the heights at Marseilles, when she encountered a Spanish corsair, then cruising in these seas, by which she was captured. Once more a prisoner, Arago was now conducted to Fort Rosas, where he was subjected to the harshest treatment, and given up to all the wretchedness of the rudest captivity. The Dey of Algiers, however, was no sooner informed of the insult

offered to this flag, than he made the most energetic remonstrances to the Spanish Junta, and finally succeeded in obtaining the release of the captive crew, and with them M. Arago. Once more at sea, the frigate resumed her course to Marseilles, but the misfortunes of the *savant* were not destined so soon to terminate. A frightful tempest occurred off the coast of Sardinia, with which state the Algerines were then at war. To run ashore in this extremity would have been once more to rush into captivity. Meanwhile a new misfortune came: a leak was declared, and the vessel was fast gaining water. In this emergency it was decided to run her again on the African coast, and, in a sinking state, she succeeded in reaching Bougie, three days' journey from Algiers.

On coming ashore, Arago had the mortification to learn that, in the interim, the Dey, who had given him so kind a reception, had been assassinated in an *emeute*, and was replaced by another. His cases of instruments were seized by the Algerine authorities at Bougie, under the persuasion that they contained gold. After many fruitless remonstrances, Arago was driven to the decision to undertake the journey to Algiers, to invoke the aid and interference of the new dey. Disguising himself as a Bedouin, he accordingly set out on foot, with a Marabout guide, and, crossing Mount Atlas, reached Algiers. Here further misfortunes awaited him. In answer to his supplications the dey ordered his name to be registered among the slaves, and placed him in the situation of interpreter in the Algerine navy.

After a time, however, by the intercession and remonstrance of the French consul, Arago once more recovered his liberty, and his instruments were restored to him uninjured. He now embarked for the third time for his native shores, on board a vessel of war. On arriving off Marseilles, fate again seemed adverse: an English frigate blockaded the harbor, and summoning the vessel bearing our astronomer, ordered it to sail for Minorca. Arago having little relish, as may be well imagined, for a fourth captivity, persuaded the captain to make a feint of obeying the injunctions of the British commander, but profiting by a sudden and favorable turn of the wind, to run, at all hazards, for the harbor of Marseilles, where fortunately they arrived without further mishap or molestation.

It may be easily imagined that on arriving at Paris, M. Arago met with a cordial re-



ception from his scientific colleagues. As a recompense for the long sufferings and intrepid conduct of the young savant, the rules of the Academy of Sciences were relaxed, and at twenty-three he was received into the bosom of the Institute, and was at the same time appointed by the emperor Professor in the Polytechnic School, where he continued his courses on analysis and geodesy until 1831. At the moment of the election of Arago, the Institute was in the meridian of its splendor. There sat the great luminaries of the severe sciences; the illustrious author of the "*Mecanique Celeste*," and the not less eminent writer of the "*Mecanique Analitique*." There also sat the Monges and the Berthollets, the Biots, and the other eminent veterans of science; and around them pressed names whose lustre was then but in the dawn of its future splendor; the Cuviers, the Poissons, the Ampères, and a crowd of others. Among these, the enterprising youth of Arago assumed its place full of hope and buoyant with aspirations of a future not unworthy of the glorious fraternity with which he became associated.

It is said that Napoleon esteemed and loved Arago, a sentiment which was not extinguished or abated by the southern bluntness and republican frankness of manner which no imperial splendor or court ceremony could repress. When the emperor, after his fall at Waterloo, designed a retirement to the United States, intending to devote his leisure to the cultivation of physical science, to which from his boyhood he had been attached, he proposed to invite Arago to accompany him.

From an early period of life, Arago was an ardent politician, and after the fall of Napoleon, never disguised his republican principles. Under the restoration, however, he took no active part in the political arena, although he omitted no opportunity of making his opinions known when their promulgation might have advanced the cause of constitutional liberty. Publicly, however, he was only known as a savant and an active and distinguished member of the Institute, until the Revolution of 1830 called him forth in another and very different character.

On the 26th of July, 1830, a meeting of the institute was appointed, at which M. Arago was expected to read his Eloge of Fresnel. He had then acquired much of that popularity by his enviable faculty of rendering science familiar and accessible to those who had not become profoundly versed in its technicalities, which

now constitutes the most striking feature of his genius. A large assemblage of all classes of well informed and enlightened persons were therefore collected to hear the popular eulogist. On that afternoon, the ordonnances which destroyed the liberty of the press, annihilated the electoral rights, and annulled the charter granted by Louis XVIII. at the restoration, were published in the *Moniteur*. Arago was standing in the ante-room, conversing with Cuvier, who was then perpetual secretary, when the Duke of Ragusa (Marshal Marmont) entered with the *Moniteur* in his hand, and in a state of great excitement, with fire in his eye and confusion in his looks. "'Tis well," exclaimed Marmont, addressing Arago, "these infernal ordonnances have appeared at last. I expected as much. The wretches! to place me in this horrible position! No doubt, I shall now be commanded to draw the sword to sustain measures which in my heart I detest."

The *Moniteur* was handed round, and the announcement it contained had such an overwhelming effect on the assembly, that Arago declared he would postpone the delivery of his elege, assigning as his reason the grave condition of the country. M. Cuvier, however, who partook of little of the ardor of Arago's temperament, remonstrated against any derangement of the business of the Academy, observing that the majesty of science should not be compromised in what he called the struggles of party, and that Arago owed it equally to the illustrious body of which he was a member, and to himself, not to give grounds for charging its meetings with the manifestation of any factious political spirit. Upon this M. Villemain intervened, and some warm altercation took place between him and Cuvier. Ultimately, however, Arago decided on proceeding with the elege, with which, however, he intermingled some burning allusions to the events of the moment and the government, which drew from the assembly unequivocal marks of sympathy. This was the first outbreak of public feeling produced by the ordonnances.

While the words of Arago elicited applause at the Institute the funds declined at the Bourse. Science and finance—the noblest and the vilest of the instruments of human power, pronounced against the falling dynasty.

During the next day, the public mind in Paris was in a ferment. The tricolor flag was unfurled. The revolution declared it-

self; and on the succeeding day (the 28th) Marmont, as he anticipated, was appointed, military dictator by Charles X., and ordered to quell the *émée*. During the day, the conflict between the troops and the people continued; Marmont directing the movement of the troops from the head quarters in the Place Vendôme. Madame de Boignes, knowing the influence which Arago had over the mind of Marmont, sent a note to the former, in the course of the morning, entreating him to repair to the marshal, and persuade him to suspend the slaughter of the people, and so save Paris from the terrible disaster which threatened it. Arago hesitated at first, fearing the misconception which might be put upon such a step, taken by one whose republican spirit was so well known. He determined, however, to comply with the suggestion thus urged upon him in the interests of humanity, and that no sinister imputation should rest upon him, he called his eldest son to accompany him, and be a witness of what should pass. They proceeded accordingly, and passing through a shower of balls, arrived at the head quarters. There a strange scene was presented to them. On passing through the billiard room, M. Laurentie was leaning on the table, writing an article for the *Quotidienne*, one of the Carlist journals. Confusion reigned through the building. Aides-de-camp passed and repassed, pale, disordered, and covered with sweat and dust. From the room of the marshal despatches issued from minute to minute. A thousand rumors were brought from the streets, and the increasing reports of fire-arms were heard. The superior officers standing in the embrasures of the windows, witnessed the turns of the day with attentive ear and changing features.

When M. Arago entered, presenting his well-known colossal figure, his commanding bust, and ardent look, there was a movement of agitation among the royalist officers. He was surrounded and addressed with expressions of fear by some, of menace by others. A Polish officer in the French service, M. Komierowski, placed himself at his side, and declared that if a hand were raised against him, he would plunge his sabre in the bosom of him who should attempt such a violation of a person so sacred! Conducted to the presence of Marmont, the marshal, on seeing him, started on his feet, extending his arm to forbid his approach. "Make no overtures

to me," he exclaimed, "which can tend to my dishonor as a soldier."

"What I come to propose to you," replied Arago, "will, on the contrary, redound to your honor. I do not ask you to turn your sword against Charles X., but I tell you to decline this odious command, and leave instantly for St. Cloud, to surrender your commission."

"How!" returned Marmont, "shall I abandon the command which the king has entrusted to me? Shall I, a soldier, yield to a band of insurgents? What will Europe say to see our brave soldiers retreat before a mob armed only with sticks and stones? Impossible!—impossible! It cannot be. You know my opinions well. You know whether these cursed ordonnances had my approval. No, my friend, a horrible fatality weighs upon me. My destiny must be accomplished."

"You may successfully combat this fatality," replied Arago; "means are offered to you to efface from the memory of your countrymen the recollection of the invasion of 1814. Depart—depart, without delay, for St. Cloud."

Arago referred to the long and bitterly-remembered conduct of Marmont, in being the means of surrendering Paris to the enemy, on the first invasion by the allies.

At this moment their conference was interrupted by an officer, who rushed in with disordered looks, stripped of his coat, and wearing the common round hat of a civilian. The attendants alarmed, were about to seize him, when he exclaimed, throwing off the hat, "You do not recognize me, then? Behold the aid-de-camp of General Quinsonnas." He had cut off his mustachios, thrown off his coat, and changed his hat, to enable him to make his way in safety through the excited populace to the head quarters. He came to announce that the troops posted in the Market of Innocents had already suffered much, and that a reinforcement was necessary.

"But have they not cannon?" thundered the astonished marshal.

"Cannon!" returned the aid-de-camp, "but how, Monsieur le Duc, can they point cannon *in the air*? What can cannon do against a torrent of paving stones and household furniture which are poured down on the heads of the soldiers from the windows and roofs?"

Scarcely had he uttered this, when a lancer entered, who had been unhorsed in the Rue St. Honoré. This wretched sol-

dier had his uniform torn and covered with blood. His open jacket showed his naked breast, in which a handful of printers' types was buried—the loading of a gun which had been fired upon him! By a singular retribution, the implements, the proper use of which had been destroyed by the ordonnances, were thus converted into offensive engines directed against the agents employed to enforce these ordonnances.

The marshal paced the room with hasty and agitated steps, his internal struggles being manifest in his visage. "Reinforcements!" said he, with impatience, to the aid-de-camp—"I have no reinforcements to send them. They must get out of the scrape as best they can."

The officer departed with despair in his looks. Arago resumed his persuasions.

"Well, well," said Marmont, "we shall see—perhaps in the evening"—

"In the evening!" rejoined Arago. "In the evening it will be too late. Think how many mothers will be left childless, how many wives, widows—how many thousand families will be plunged in mourning before evening! This evening, depend on it, all will be over, and whatever be the issue of the struggle, ruin, certain, inevitable ruin awaits you. Vanquished, your destruction is sure. A conqueror, who will pardon you for the blood of your fellow-citizens which will have been shed!"

Marmont was moved, and seemed to yield.

"Must I say more," continued Arago—"must I tell you all. As I passed through the streets, I heard among the people your name repeated with terrible references to past events—'so they fire on the people,' they cried—'it is Marmont who is paying his debts.'"

Arago's efforts were fruitless.

Not long after the revolution, science lost in Cuvier one of its brightest ornaments. The chair of perpetual secretary to the Institute was thus vacated in 1832, and the choice of a successor to the illustrious naturalist fell upon Arago.

We have hinted that the place which Arago holds in the estimation of men of science is not so elevated as that to which the popular voice has raised him. It may perhaps, therefore, be asked, how so high a situation, depending solely on the votes of members of the Institute, should have been conferred upon him.

The office of perpetual secretary demands peculiar qualifications. It is one for which a Laplace or a Lagrange would have been

ill suited, eminent as these savants were. The perpetual secretary, the organ of the Academy of Sciences, has daily duties to discharge which demand great versatility, a ready fluency of speech, a familiarity with languages ancient and modern—in a word, a certain amount of literary acquirement, in addition to an almost universal familiarity with the sciences.

Arago has been called the "most lettered of savants." If he had not assumed a place in the *Academie des Sciences*, he would have held a distinguished one in the *Academie Française*.\* His style of writing and speaking is remarkable for its simplicity and clearness, as well as for great force of language, great felicity of illustration, and a most enviable power of rendering abstruse reasonings familiar to minds which are not versed in the sciences. The promptitude and fluency of his extemporaneous addresses is also a quality to which he is indebted for much of his popularity. He unites to the accomplishments of a classical scholar, an intimate familiarity with modern literature, and especially those of France and England.

It may well be imagined that such a combination of qualifications rendered him eminently fitted to discharge the duties of perpetual secretary to the Institute. In seniority, and in the depth of his physical knowledge, and the extent of his original researches, Biot had higher claims, but in other respects his qualifications did not bear comparison with those of M. Arago.

The reputation of scientific men, so far as it rests upon the estimation of their colleagues, is determined almost exclusively by their original researches. The discovery of new laws or unobserved phenomena of nature, is admitted as giving them a claim to the highest grade in the corps of science. Had Newton only discovered the law of gravitation, he would have left to posterity an imperishable name. The discovery of electro-magnetism placed Oersted in the highest rank. The demonstration that the earths and alkalis are compounds, having metallic bases, registered the name of Davy in the category of those to whom mankind is most deeply indebted for the knowledge of nature.

Secondary to discovery, but still affording a high claim to distinction, is the produc-

\* The Institute consists of several academies, the first of which is called the *Academie Française*, which is charged with the preservation of the French language in its purity, and is that to which men of literature are more especially attached.



tion of systematic works, in which the body of natural laws and phenomena, resulting from the original researches of discoverers, are arranged, expounded, developed, and pursued through their more immediate consequences.

It is uncertain whether Euclid ever discovered a geometrical truth. It is certain that the chief part of the propositions which composed his "Elements" were known to his immediate predecessors, and that some of them were ancient, having been brought from Egypt and the East, by Pythagoras and others. No one, however, can deny the genuineness of the fame which has surrounded the name of the immortal author of the celebrated "Elements."

Had Laplace never brought to light any of the great general laws of physics, which enter into the composition of the "Mecanique Celeste," yet that work itself would have been a bequest to succeeding generations, which would have registered the name of its author in a high rank of philosophers.

As the printing-press and the steam-engine have, by their combined power, tended to elevate the less informed classes of every civilized people, by multiplying the means for the diffusion of knowledge, and by giving immensely increased facility, cheapness, and expedition to the interfusion of all classes, thus imparting, by mere social contact, the elevation of the more enlightened to the less informed, and without lowering the former, raising the latter, new intellectual exigencies have arisen; philosophers have more varied calls on them. Their fellow-men asked them for the blessings of instruction in such form and measure as the duty of their avocations allow them to receive it. They knock at the gates of the temple of science, and supplicate that they may be thrown open to the world, and that all be admitted to worship and fall down in the "intima penetralia."

In a word, the public within the last half century, have called aloud for a system of adult instruction, more especially directed to the development of the laws and phenomena of nature, and to their most prominent applications to the uses of life.

But adult learners, engaged in the active business of life, and often occupied in daily toil, cannot sit down to familiarize their minds with the technicalities of science; nor can they approach its truths by the severe paths marked out for the rigorously disciplined students of academies and uni-

versities. A new style of instruction, written as well as oral, by printed books as well as by spoken lectures, was, therefore, called into existence. Mechanics' institutions took the lead in this intellectual revolution. At first those who lent themselves to the innovation were regarded with a sinister look by their learned colleagues. The great leaders of the scientific corps stood aloof. The intrinsic utility of the thing, and the irresistible character of the public demand for it in every country holding any degree of advancement, forced forward the improvement; and at length some of the most eminent names were found among the laborers in this new field of scientific distinction.

First and most honored stands the name of Henry Brougham. In establishing the "Library of Useful knowledge," and affording an example and a pattern at once for the works which were to compose it, in his beautiful "Discourse upon the Objects and Pleasures of Science," he gave the first great impulse to the movement. This was soon followed by the publication of Dr. "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia," the scientific section of which was designed on a similar plan but with somewhat an higher aim. Among the volumes that were produced in this miscellany, the work of Sir John Herschell, entitled "A Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy," formed an era in this kind of composition, and an event in the progress of scientific literature, which can never be forgotten; this work, which the venerated Mackintosh pronounced the most remarkable philosophical treatise which had appeared since the death of Bacon.

In examining the pretensions of M. Arago, and arriving at a just decision on the question raised between those whose idol he is, on the one hand, and those who would reduce him to the lowest rank in the community of science, on the other, it is necessary to keep in view these distinctions.

In original research, in observation and experiment, that highest field of scientific labor, M. Arago, say his detractors, "has done nothing." This statement is easily confuted. We have already related his early labors on the measurement of the meridional arc in conjunction with M. Biot. It may be admitted that in this there was nothing more than a fair promise in a young *savant*, which was appropriately and sufficiently rewarded by the distinction immediately conferred upon him.

In the year 1829, however, the Royal

Society of London conferred upon him the Copley medal, an annual mark of honor, which is granted by that society to persons who by their original researches promote the advancement of physical science. It was conferred on M. Arago for his discoveries connected with the development of magnetism by rotation; an inquiry in which he was immediately followed by the labors of Babbage and Herschell. His countrymen esteemed this mark of distinction to have brought with it more than usual honor, from the consideration that M. Arago had frequently rendered himself conspicuous by his efforts to wrest from British *savants* the merit claimed for them as inventors and discoverers, an example of which is adduced in his researches into the early history of the steam-engine, in which he is regarded in France as having proved that that machine is of French invention. Those, however, who better know the feelings which animate the council of the Royal Society in the distribution of scientific honors, are aware how utterly groundless such ideas are.

M. Arago was associated with Gay Lussac in conducting the series of experiments by which the table exhibiting the relation between the pressure and temperature of steam was extended to the highest practicable degrees of tension.

Besides those we have just mentioned, may be found a few other instances of original research scattered through the proceedings of the Institute, and scientific periodicals.

Admitting to these all the credit that can be fairly claimed for them, when it is considered that forty years have now elapsed since the labors of this savant commenced; that he is a member of the Institute of thirty-seven years' standing; that at the head of the Observatory, and in the laboratory and cabinets of the Polytechnic School, he had means of experimental inquiry and observation on an unusually large and liberal scale at his absolute command, it cannot be maintained that there is any thing in these labors and researches to form the foundation for the widely-extended reputation which he enjoys.

M. Arago is not the author of any systematical work in any branch of science.

In the two departments of scientific labor which are considered as giving a title to the highest reputation, M. Arago has therefore done nothing in any degree pro-

portionate to the fame and popularity which surround his name.

In those labors which are directed to popularize and diffuse science—to bring it to the doors of the man of the world—to adorn it with the graces of eloquence, Arago stands forward pre-eminent. This is the source of his popularity, and the foundation of his fame.

It has been the laudable practice of the Institute to commemorate each of its most distinguished members, after their decease, by a public eulogy or "eloge," which is read at one of its meetings, and published in its transactions. These eloges are biographical sketches, in which the things which have been done or written for the advancement of science by the departed member, are explained and narrated with that encomium which such an occasion requires.

In the composition of those eloges, Arago has obtained a great celebrity. No one living, perhaps, combines so many eminent qualifications for such a task, and accordingly these essays have been heard and read with the greatest manifestations of enthusiasm, and have received marks of unqualified admiration. It is usual to adapt such essays not to scientific men only, but to the world in general. It is, therefore, necessary, in explaining the works from which the deceased member has derived distinction, to divest the exposition of the technical language and symbols of science, to exhibit them with simplicity and clearness, and to clothe them in the language of eloquence and poetry. Conscious of his power, Arago eagerly seizes this opportunity of displaying it, and executes his task *con amore*. Like the chisel of the sculptor, amorous of the forms of beauty and grace which are developed under its edge, the pen of Arago dwells with undissembled delight on the sentences of those charming compositions. All who are interested in the literature of science, will recall the pleasure produced by the perusal of the *eloges* of Volta, Fresnel, Ampere, and Watt.

In didactic eloquence, M. Arago has had few equals—no superior. In the scientific essays of Lord Brougham there are many qualities unfolded which exhibit the same character of genius. Indeed, between these two illustrious men there are many analogies sufficiently striking. Both are gifted with the same fluency, ease, simplicity, and clearness. Both have the rare facility of rendering simple that which is complicated; of shedding the light of their mind on that

which is obscure; of clearing to the uninitiated the thorny paths that lead to the temple of science. Both have been the ardent apostles of the diffusion of knowledge, and have stimulated others in the prosecution of that holy labor, by precept and example. Both have combined the character apparently incompatible, of the politician who rushes into the conflict of the chambers and mounts the rostrum of the popular assembly, with that of the grave instructor who unfolds the laws of the physical universe, reads to his astonished auditors what has been going on in the heavens for countless ages gone by, and foretells what will happen there for countless ages to come.

As a savant, we find many points of resemblance between Arago and Sir John Herschel. The celebrated discourse on Natural Philosophy exhibits, in the felicity of its style of exposition and illustration, those endowments which have contributed to raise Arago to so high a pitch of popularity.

As an oral teacher, Faraday exhibits, though in an inferior degree, the qualities which annually attract such crowds to the astronomical lectures delivered at the *observatoire*.

Though not deficient in some familiarity with the pure mathematics, M. Arago has not acquired that profound knowledge of them which his scientific position is considered to demand. That he is not ignorant, as some of his detractors have said, of this branch of science is proved by the chair he filled for so many years in the Polytechnic School. But that he has not, on the other hand, prosecuted these studies so as to avail himself of them to any considerable extent, is equally certain.

It has been objected, that nothing contributing materially to the advancement of practical astronomy has issued from the observatory under his directorship; that he is neither an observer himself, nor has he the power of turning the observations of his assistants to profitable account.

Notwithstanding that it cannot be denied, that such animadversions may be to some extent justified, the friends of M. Arago reply, that no savant ever displayed more activity and untiring industry. "Ask," say they, "his assistants and colleagues in the observatory respecting his course of life. They will relate to you, with unaffected astonishment, the incredible amount of mental labor which he undergoes; that he esteems that man idle who toils less than fourteen

hours a day; that with himself, days of this kind are days of comparative rest; they will tell you of the pile of correspondence, memorials, and petitions which daily load his table, relating to politics, physics, chemistry, mechanics, astronomy, natural history, and even philosophy and literature! They will tell you of his correspondence with every part of Europe; with Asia, with America, North and South; they will tell you of the uncounted committees on politics, science, and the arts, of which he is an active member; they will tell you of the plans which he has daily to examine and report upon, of the memoirs he has to analyze, and of his weekly work, as perpetual secretary and man of all work of the Institute, and they will then ask you, is not that enough to earn his reputation?"

With all these calls on his attention, no one is more accessible than M. Arago. The government, the municipality, public and private establishments connected with industry and the useful arts, find in him an adviser always ready and disinterested. Yet in the midst of duties so absorbing, and calls so various, there is no one seen in the salons of Paris who shares more freely and enjoys more intensely the pleasures of society.

Arago is ambitious. He shares, in a large measure, that love of glory which is the peculiar attribute of his countrymen. This passion fills his soul. Had he been a soldier, he would have been a marshal of France, the victor of a hundred fights. He seeks fame, but is not satisfied with that remote fame which comes when the bones of its owner crumble in the dust. He loves immediate honor, and thirsts for popularity. This he courts in science, in letters, in politics;—in the observatory, in his closet, in the senate, and at the hustings.

Arago is of an impetuous temper. A violent political partisan, he carries into science and letters the spirit which animates him in the tribune, and allows his estimates of the merits and claims of his contemporaries to be biassed by the hostilities or the partialities produced by their respective political opinions. Filled with the aspiring ambition so peculiar to his country, he claims for it the first and highest place in every thing which can elevate its fame. There is no invention in art, or discovery in science, which he will not strain every sinew of his mind to claim for France. If he notices the steam-engine, he is sure to prove that admirable machine to be of



French origin; according to him, the Philadelphian experiment of drawing lightning from the clouds, which all the world believes to be due to Franklin, is in reality due to a Frenchman.

If it could be assumed that France might have existed before paradise, M. Arago would demonstrate, beyond the possibility of dispute, that Adam and Eve were made, not as is commonly believed, by God, but by a Frenchman.

In his capacity of astronomer royal, M. Arago delivers each season, at the observatory, a course of lectures on astronomy. These are exquisite models of popular didactic eloquence. Notwithstanding the inconvenient locality of the observatory, and the inconvenient hours at which they are given, the theatre is filled with an audience of seven or eight hundred persons of both sexes, and of every class, who hang on the lips of the lecturer with mute and unrelaxing attention, the most grateful homage to his genius.

As a member of the Board of Longitude, M. Arago directs the publication of the "Annuaire," an almanack issued at a low price for general use by the French government. As an appendix to this work, *notices* on scientific subjects, written in a popular style, have for many years appeared. The notices of "The Steam-Engine," "Comets," "Artesian Wells," "Thunder and Lightning," "Eclipses," will be fresh in the memory of all readers. The form of its publication, the utility of its contents and tables, and its extreme cheapness (it is sold in France at one franc, equal to tenpence), have combined to give it an enormous circulation throughout every part of the world. Nothing has so largely contributed to the universal diffusion of M. Arago's name as this little annual volume. The tact shown in the selection of the topics for the "notices" is not less striking than the felicity of the style in which they are composed. That a reputation has resulted from them, considering its extent and universality, altogether disproportionate to their claims as scientific compositions, is undeniable; and that the reaction produced thus, among the scientific community, should give rise to hostile strictures and depreciating animadversions on the author is natural. The "notices" will nevertheless be read, and the name of the writer echoed in places where these strictures shall never be heard, and at times when they shall be forgotten.

The convulsions which attended the Revolution of July did not suddenly terminate. They were followed from time to time by popular outbreaks in Paris, in which the civil force and the militia of the National Guard were called upon to act. The government itself was unsettled, and the counsellors of the crown, with new functions and uncertain responsibilities, were distracted and divided—the more so, because, although the principle of the royal irresponsibility was adopted in the constitution, the personal character of Louis Philippe, not less than the exigencies and well-being of the state, did not permit that monarch to assume the position of the Lay Figure, to which the sovereign is reduced in England. In these *emeutes*, M. Arago was often called to appear either casually, or by his office as a deputy, or as an officer of the National Guard.

In the events which resulted in the pillage and destruction of the archbishop's palace in February, 1831, and which menaced the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, he appeared as colonel of the twelfth legion of the National Guard. During the night of the 14th, the populace in several quarters had committed violences, which presaged the proceedings of the morning. At the break of day, groups had assembled in the streets around the Palais Royale. These avenues, however, were efficiently guarded, and mysterious leaders appeared among the people, who artfully directed their course towards the Pont Neuf, and thence to the precincts of Notre Dame. On the alarm being given, the drums beat to arms, and the National Guards of the twelfth legion assembled, under the command of M. Arago, in the quarter of the Pantheon, whence they marched to the river, and crossed by the bridge near the cathedral. The adjutant of the battalion, the Comte de Clonard, in passing the crowd, unintentionally struck, and mortally wounded, one of the people. The bleeding man was carried on the shoulders of the mob to the precincts of the church, amid shouts of vengeance. Meanwhile the Comte escaped. M. Arago, following the sufferer, had him brought to the hospital (Hotel Dieu), near the bridge, and left him in proper medical care. He had scarcely, however, reappeared at the gate of the hospital, when he was surrounded by the populace who, accusing him of the murder, dragged him to the quay-wall, from which they were about to fling him into the Seine. To his courage and presence of

mind, and perhaps also to his general popularity, he was indebted for his safety.

M. Arago, returning to the head of his troop, led them round the cathedral to the archbishop's palace adjacent to it. Here a scene presented itself which baffles description. The iron balustrades around the palace had been torn down, and bent like wax under human force. The rich apartments were filled with the populace. Every window was thrown open, and the demon of destruction raged within. Rich candelabras, paintings, costly marbles, ornamental tables and chairs, carved wainscoting, splendid mirrors, rare books, priceless manuscripts, rich crucifixes, pontifical robes of cloth of gold, missals, were showered from every window into the surrounding court and streets, amidst a storm of bravos, shouts of laughter, and cries of fury. The destroying angel seemed to fly through the building.

The ninth legion of the Guard had arrived before Arago, and had entered both the palace and the church. They were paralyzed by what they beheld, and wandered through the rooms passive spectators of the scene, without order or discipline.

With a force inadequate to quell the *emeute*, M. Arago was compelled to look on and behold losses irreparable to art and science, inflicted by a blind and infuriate mob. He despatched one of his subalterns (a brother of M. Montalivet) to represent at head quarters what was going on, and to demand a reinforcement. No reinforcement came, and Arago became assured of what he had previously suspected, that the *emeute* was connived at by the government for sinister purposes. He was still more confirmed in this impression when he was told that distinguished persons were seen in the neighborhood discouraging the National Guards from interfering with the people. He was assured in particular that M. Thiers, then one of the under secretaries of state, was seen walking round the ruins with a gratified look, and a smile on his lips.

The cathedral itself was now menaced. Some persons had got upon the roof, apparently with the intention of knocking down the stone cross with which it was surmounted. Meanwhile a part of the mob had come round to the front gate, which they were in the act of forcing, with the view of destroying the contents of the church, and attacking a party of the ninth legion which occupied it, under M. de Schonen. M. Arago, see-

ing the impending ruin, and trembling for the precious objects of art and relics of antiquity within, left his troop, which was stationed in an adjacent street, and traversing the crowd, whom his tall form overtopped by the head, rushed amongst the foremost and, pointing at the cross, exclaimed:—"Behold that cross which shakes under the blows of the destroyers! Its height alone makes it seem small. It is in reality an enormous mass of stone. Would you await its fall in the midst of you, bringing with it, as it will, the stone balustrade below it? Away, away, or I swear to you that to-night your children and your wives will have to weep your loss!" Saying this, he himself suddenly retreated, putting an appearance of fright in his looks.

The crowd, infected with the fear they saw manifested by one whose courage they did not doubt, and whose knowledge they respected, precipitately fled in every direction. In a moment Arago led his troop into the place they deserted, and occupied every approach to the church.

On the occasion of the disturbances which took place in Paris on the 5th and 6th June, 1832, a meeting of the members of the opposition was held at the residence of Lafitte, at which it was resolved to send a deputation to the king at the Tuilleries, charged with representing to him that the existing disorders, and the blood of the people, which then flowed in the streets of the capital, were the miserable consequences of the policy adopted by the government ever since the revolution of 1830, and to supplicate him to change his counsels. This deputation consisted of Arago, Odilon Barrot, and Lafitte. Before their arrival at the palace, the revolt was in a great degree quelled. Admitted to the cabinet of Louis Philippe he received them with his usual frankness and cordiality. They represented that now that the victory was gained, the time for the exercise of clemency approached; that the occasion was favorable for the correction of past errors; that the moment at which the law triumphed over disorder was a fitting one for a change of system, the necessity of which was generally admitted; that the popularity of the crown had been compromised, party hatreds excited, civil discord awakened, all which were consequences of the system of vindictive rigor which had been pursued.

The answer of the king vindicated the policy of his advisers, and threw on the factions, and on the opposition themselves,

the blame of the evils which ensued. Arago replied, in language not to be mistaken, that his resolution was taken not to accept any office under such a government. Odilon Barrot was uttering a like declaration, when the king, interrupting him, and striking him, with a friendly gesture, on the knee, said, "M. Barrot, I do not accept your renunciation of office."

On the departure of the deputation, the king observed to one of his intimate friends, who waited in an adjoining room—"M. Barrot was sententious and gentle; M. Lafitte, solemn; and M. Arago, *extremely petulant*."

M. Arago was elected for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies, in 1831, by the electoral college of his native place, Perpignan. He immediately took his place among the party of the extreme left, which represented opinions as republican as was compatible with a seat in the Chamber. When this party, before the following general election, issued the manifesto to the electors, since known by the name of the "compte-rendue," which was followed by the dissolution of the party, Arago, who had signed that document, ranked himself with his friends, Dupont de l'Eure and Lafitte, in irreconcilable enmity with the government, to which he has ever since offered the most persevering and untiring opposition. Among his parliamentary speeches, one of the most remarkable and successful was that directed against the fortifications of Paris, and more especially against those detached forts which have been erected outside the fortifications, in such positions as to command every egress from the city.

In 1837, when a coalition was attempted between different sections of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, and an effort was prepared to resist the corrupt influences of government at the elections, Arago was, by common consent, associated with Lafitte and Dupont de l'Eure to represent the democratic party. The combined weight of these three names was relied on as a tower of strength. The dynastic opposition was to be invited to a coalition. If it should accede, a party would be formed against which no ministry could stand. If not, no opposition could prevail which should be deprived of these names. A committee was ultimately formed to act upon the elections through the press, of which Arago was a leading member; and although the fusion of the two

sections of the opposition was found impracticable, much was done to augment the Liberal party. Arago obtained a double return, being elected by two separate colleges.

The ultra-Radical part which Arago has played in the Chamber, and the unrelaxing and virulent spirit of his opposition to government, have, in some measure, impaired the benefits which the nation and the government might have derived from eminent talents. His speech on the establishment of railways in France, and that against the undue weight given to classical studies in the system of public instruction, were each marked with a certain irritating spirit, dogmatic, and offensively aggressive, which, setting at defiance a large section of the Chamber, obstructed the influence of the lucid and practical views which he advanced, and which, if presented in a different spirit, could not have failed to produce a profound impression.

Arago derives much power in the senate by his renown as a savant. A certain prestige attaches to his presence, which, when he rises to speak, represses every murmur. No noisy marks, whether of assent or dissent, are heard. A respectful silence is observed equally by friend and foe. Every countenance, leaning forward, is marked with an unequivocal expression of attentive curiosity. Every ear inclines, greedy for his words. His lofty stature, his hair curled and flowing, his fine southern head, command the audience. In the muscular play of his noble front, in which the wrinkles appear and disappear like the ripple on the ocean, there are indications of habits of meditation and power of will.

A mind so organized could not have resigned itself, in the actual condition of society in France, to the tranquil labors of the observatory or the study. Versatile in its endowments, it would yearn for action after the quietude of study. The agitation of human affairs would be sought after, as a contrast to the solemnity and repose presented by the rolling orbs of the firmament. The tempest of the forum would be welcomed after the silent grandeur of nature.

Although he derives as much of his power from the intensity of passion as from the prestige of his science, he cannot confront an adverse assembly with that towering superiority which marks the great orator. He cannot behold the tempestuous movements of the assembled people, and the outbursts of opposition, with the scornful



indifference of Mirabeau. An unfavorable reception would chill the fervor of his inspiration, and relax the vigor of his soul. Happily, he is not exposed to such trials. He is listened to, generally, by those who love to hear and comprehend him.

It is related by one who knows him, that one fine evening in spring, walking with his family in the garden of the observatory, he alluded to the subject on which he intended to speak the next day in the chamber, and mentioned the observations he intended to make. He rehearsed, in a manner, his intended speech.

"The question to be discussed," says a friend, who was present on the occasion, "was the vindication of the people from the contempt manifested towards them by the aristocracy, by showing the extent to which the people have been the means of advancing the sciences, enumerating the great men who have arisen among them. Carried away by the enthusiasm with which the subject filled him, Arago rose gradually from the familiar tone in which he had begun, and became more and more animated and sublime. I fancy still, when I behold the elevated terrace of the garden which overlooks Paris, that I see his tall figure, like an Arab chief, with head uncovered and arm extended, his eye full of fire, his hair agitated by the wind, his fine forehead lit by the red rays of the setting sun. No; never was aspect more majestic—never did man clothe his thoughts in terms more noble and more solemn. Yet, the next day I went to hear him in the Chamber deliver the intended speech, and could scarcely recognize the individual of the preceding evening, so sensible did he appear to the murmurs with which his allusions to the people were received by the sprinkling of aristocrats in the Chamber."

It may be asked why, if Arago be a republican in spirit, he should submit to the conditions which a seat in the Chamber under the monarchy of July requires?

To say that Arago is a republican is not strictly true. Like his late friend, Lafitte, and like Dupont de l'Eure, and others of the same section of the Chamber, it is not that he believes at this moment possible a great European republican state, but he thinks that republicanism is the centre, towards which European states are gravitating, and into which, in the fullness of time, they will successively fall, and that France will be the first. He regards republicanism as the most exalted form of the most advanced civilization.

When we consider how prone men of

science and letters are, when they arrive at political station and influence, to prostrate themselves at the steps of thrones, and exhibit subserviency to ministerial power, and what complaisant apologists despotism every where finds in them, we cannot too much admire the spirit of independence with which Arago has rendered himself an exception to this formula, so derogatory to the dignity of mind. And in his case the temptation was even greater than it is wont to be, for his voice was all-powerful at a time when the sovereign, recently seated on his new and unsteady throne, without the support of an aristocracy of wealth or rank, stood in need of the countenance of the aristocracy of intellect. Arago, if compliant, might have obtained from the royalty of the barricades every thing which could gratify his ambition. He accepted nothing, but preserved his dignity and independence.

Arago fills a considerable number of public functions, most of which are elective, and some unsalaried. He is Director of the Observatory, a Member of the Board of Longitude, perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Member of the Superior Council of the Polytechnic School, Member of the Council-General of the Seine, of the Committee of Public Health, Colonel in the National Guard, Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Commander in the Legion of Honor. He has been elected also a corresponding member of most of the principal learned societies of Europe, and on the occasion of his visit to England, had the civic honors conferred upon him by the corporations of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

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THE 'CAMEL' AND THE 'NEEDLE'S EYE.'—Lord Nugent, in his recent publication, 'Lands Classical and Sacred,' has given an application of the words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Saviour had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through 'the eye of the needle;' in other words, the small side gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words; for, he adds, 'the sumpter camel cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise.'

## MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

[The following genial notice of the life and labors of one of the most amiable and most eminent literary characters of the present century, proceeds from a source abundantly competent and willing to do him justice. A more candid estimate, or a more agreeable portraiture, it would be difficult to find.—ED.]

From the North British Review.

*The Miscellaneous Works of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh.* In 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1846.

THESE volumes present us anew with the memorials, and bring vividly before us the mental lineaments, of one of the most remarkable of recent writers or thinkers. It is scarcely possible, we should imagine, for any Scotsman to recall the name of their illustrious author without a peculiar sentiment of satisfaction and interest; or for any countryman of his, in the widest sense of the term, if but tinctured with the love of literature, and even decently impartial, to suffer the remembrance of a mind so great in its capacities and acquirements—a spirit at once so gentle and so strong, to rise slowly before him, without an impression, sincere at least however inadequate, of something far more than ordinarily striking and imposing in such an assemblage of qualities and combination of powers—something that had unquestionably been capable of being brought to bear with unusual force upon the development of thought, and the general condition of sentiment in society. The interest, however, that attaches to the image of Sir James Mackintosh's mind, as shadowed forth, or rather as now permanently fixed and pictured to posterity by the contents of these volumes, differs very considerably from that with which, but a few years ago, the perusal of a number of the very same papers that are here collected, invested to the feelings and imagination the ideal likeness of an admired and still living instructor. The value of mental excellence consists, in most cases, far less in the amount of addition, however large it may be, which its efforts have contributed to the stock of our previous knowledge, than in the inspiring and elevating encouragement with which its successful example animates the admiring observers of its footsteps to a similar and almost involuntary exercise of their own energies. The emulous sympa-

thy awakened by extraordinary vigor of faculties is sensibly warmed and enlivened, and distant admiration is kindled into a sentiment greatly more ardent and passionate, by the felt reality—the actual life and presence amongst us, of the object of interest and wonder. Life and reality bind up into one, and present to us constantly, with the effect of their united force and splendor, those qualities which a still and unchanging embodiment in mere authorship tempts and enables us to examine coldly, and estimate rigorously, perhaps ungenerously, one by one. Hence it is, that the publication before us, though it cannot be doubted that it exhibits, with tolerable accuracy and completeness, the general massiveness and leading features, and even the reigning air and expression, of a most remarkable mind, yet, at the very moment when it gives greater precision and fixedness to the lines of our conception, fails to flood these lines with the same vividness of coloring, or to carry home the imagined reality with the same stirring power upon all the nobler and warmer sympathies, which some of the separate pieces composing the publication were, during the author's lifetime, sufficient to command. It is indeed still the same intellect and the same character which we were wont to picture to ourselves in its contour proportions and all its important lineaments, that is now to be seen imaged forth enduringly in his works: but in these it wears the calm placidity, the stony fixedness and tranquillity of marble; the picture drawn upon the tablet of our fancy was laid in breathing colors and glowed with the changeful hues of life. With the cessation of that life it is natural for those who regard always with a peculiar reverence the minds to which they have themselves been most indebted, to imagine that much also has departed and left no trace, of what they conceived themselves entitled, and were perhaps justly entitled, to ascribe to the object of their admiring regard; much, upon the believed possession of which depended, in no small degree, the exciting and ennobling influence which, as they are profoundly sensible, that object has exerted upon them. While the beautiful pieces of thought and composition which Sir James Mackintosh flung from him rapidly from time to time, and as occasion offered, were viewed rather as passing indications of endowments, well known to be extraordinary, but the entire strength and compass of which had never

been any thing like fully and fairly tried, their effect must have been materially different from any which they can soon be expected to produce, when they shall come themselves to constitute the sole evidence and measure of those endowments. In the temporary efforts which he put forth when dealing with particular subjects, or with pressing questions, many who lived along with him beheld only a strength of upward tendency, the entire force of which they found it difficult to guess—an astonishing facility of planting himself on every occasion, and how wide or intricate soever his subject, upon a position sufficiently elevated to descry all its bearings and command its whole extent—a fund of great maxims, apparently inexhaustible, that were capable of being applied with the happiest effect in almost any possible emergency, and a power of rising, almost at will, to truths of such comprehensive generality—faculties, in short, both of execution and design, the full reach and just dimensions of which they longed earnestly to see manifested in the accomplishment of some suitable enterprise that should task to the uttermost all his resources and powers. Is it wonderful then, if, by his departure before he had well begun to address himself to such an employment, and when it is known that he had marked out for himself more than one such task—is it wonderful, if many of his admiring contemporaries, believers in the possible existence of some sparks of genius more than may have actually revealed themselves, should indulge, at times, the sorrowful imagination that they have been deprived by his death of another still more ennobling enjoyment than he had yet conferred on them, and he had been robbed of a truly adequate and befitting monument—that they should look upon the different pieces which he has left behind him, and of which these volumes are composed, as mere brief essays—detached specimens of his varied skill—here a column, there a graceful portico, at one time a solid pediment, at another an exquisitely sculptured group, or, at most, but the bold outline, the extensive and masterly ground plan, of some edifice which only that hand could execute, which had been fitly given by nature as the minister of such transcendent power—rather than as any adequate memorials of the reach of his architectonic genius, or as really and fully worthy to commemorate his name.

It were very wrong in us, however, and

exceedingly absurd as well as ungrateful, on account merely of what Sir James Mackintosh has *not* done—but we choose to think that he might have done, and may wish that he had—to overlook or depreciate what he has actually effected, or undervalue the instruction and pleasure to be gained from contemplating the manner in which it has been accomplished. We may regret, for our own sakes, for the sake of knowledge at large, and for the sake of his more permanent reputation, that he had not directed more of his strength to the removal of some great difficulty which yet remains to be surmounted in the path of inquiry, or the achievement of some feat which, though not more immediately useful, perhaps, than the humbler practical services in which he employed his faculties, would at least be seen to be one which nobody else, or but few, could pretend to cope with. Sir James himself, indeed, appears to have thought himself bound to do nothing less. He had early and very naturally proposed to himself, as the two special services which his abilities, tastes, and acquirements seemed peculiarly to qualify him for rendering to literature, the execution of a great work on morals and legislation, and of another on English history. He allowed it—imprudently enough it may be granted—to be known to not a few, that both these performances might be looked for at his hands. And thus pledged, as it were, to the public, or having suffered himself tacitly and imperceptibly to become so, he appears to have endured much disquietude and no little self-reproach, for the prolonged disappointment of expectations which it was no longer convenient nor easy to gratify. No one will pretend that he was in any way bound to have undertaken, at the first, either of these enterprises, or, indeed, any similar one. That employment of a man's talents, however high, is always the best and the most incumbent in the eye of a sound and enlightened reason, which is, in present circumstances, the most beneficial to himself and to society; and, as the probability of fame depends by no means on the mere utility of that which is done, but fully as much upon its being such as no one else could do even if he would, or could do so well and in the same fashion,—no wise man will be disquieted in his own thoughts, or suffer himself to be much moved by the foolish censure of others, for the omission of what he alone, perhaps, was fully qualified to effect, and the forfeiture of the credit



which he would have secured by the doing of it; provided the omission have been made for the sake of something in itself more important, and the forfeiture have been incurred, not by insensibility, or indolence, or unworthy preference of something less elevated, but dictated by a genuine taste for what is at all times truly more valuable than mere applause—the promotion of others' happiness, or the conscious satisfaction of an enlarged and richly-cultivated mind. Even this last is among the most precious fruits of literature, and far more than ten times repays to knowledge the occasional withdrawal of some small portion of the talent, that might otherwise have been directly employed in extending its boundaries. It is a splendid result of letters—a fascinating persuasion to similar pursuits—which he who invests himself with, discharges thereby a more important duty to the cause of knowledge and to society, than he could do, in by far the majority of instances, by the most complete dedication of himself to the direct business of discovery. How far conscious indolence, or the waste and dispersion of his energies over objects comparatively insignificant, might have entered, and entered legitimately, as elements, into the painful dissatisfaction with which Sir James was often visited, and to which he sometimes gives expression with a very affecting humility, it does not belong to us as literary critics, nor does it perhaps greatly concern us in any way, to determine; as, on the other hand, it is impossible for us to say how far the keenness of his self-reproach should have been mitigated—but was not—by a due consideration of the way in which, after all, his faculties had on the whole been occupied. To the public, at all events, he was under no obligation, whatever he may have felt himself to be to his own conscience or to a higher power, to do more for their gratification or instruction than he has most richly and gratuitously performed. Even the slight imprudence of furnishing them with what could, by possibility, be construed as a promise or an engagement, he has nobly expiated by his fine fragments of philosophical history—in the highest sense of the word philosophical—and by his brilliant Dissertation on Ethical Science. It is true that the former fall somewhat short, in certain respects, of the single finished piece which he had originally intended, but they extend, perhaps in other respects, just as much beyond it; and if the Dissertation omits altogether one

great branch—that of jurisprudence, into which he meant to have expanded the principles of his larger work—we feel persuaded that we possess notwithstanding, in the portion which he has executed, all the really important and vital roots of his more peculiar speculations. Apart, then, from any consideration of what may have been, at one time, Sir James's own hopes or ambition, and the expectations of the public whether reasonable or the opposite, and exclusive of all reference to the extraordinary reputation for ability and eloquence which he enjoyed while living, we certainly have, under all disadvantages and drawbacks, a body of varied writing from his pen, teeming with wise, and beautiful, and elevated thoughts, on almost every imaginable subject connected with human interests and pursuits—expressed in the happiest and most impressive language—breathing, at all times, the purest and most enlightened spirit of candor and benevolent tolerance towards human errors, frailties, prejudice, and ignorance—fraught with the most conspicuous love of the true and the excellent, and with the loftiest and most ardent sympathy with whatever is most elevated in man's nature, and most auspicious and animating in his prospects or circumstances—and stamped throughout with the fervid characteristics of a great mind and nature. To be brought into close and stimulating converse with an instrument of such compass and power, to witness its evolutions, and listen, as it were, to the music which it discoursed on themes so high and universally interesting—to catch, as one could hardly fail in some slight degree to imbibe, a portion of the same fine inspiration—a desire habitually to breathe the same tranquil atmosphere—to feel one's faculties as if silently expanding after the same fashion, and quickened and smoothed onward to somewhat of a similar freedom and grace of movement—to enter, however imperfectly, into the secret of its strength and its deficiencies, so as to comprehend how the one might possibly have been knit and built up to a still greater solidity and firmness, and how the other would best have been obviated—these are advantages to be derived from the perusal of such a body of composition, glowing—as the writings of Sir James Mackintosh always did and could not but glow, to whatever subject they related—with the bright impress of the mind and heart from which they emanated, unspeakably more precious than any amount

of new and positive information which they could possibly convey. For, after all, it is not the letter of knowledge that quickens most emphatically, or that constitutes the hope of the world: it is the spirit—it is the attitude of faculty, the port and bearing of the soul to universal truth and goodness, caught up by eager sympathy from those who have instinctively, at any time, themselves assumed that attitude most perfectly, and directed on these most steadily the purged and open eye, because constituted towards them the most nobly and happily. It is with the condition of the instrument of thought, still more than with the past fruits of thinking, that the hopes of civilization and humanity are bound up; as it is unquestionably with the former, incomparably more than with the latter, that the most glorious and earnest aspirations of the growing individual spirit are involved: and he who, by precept—or, higher still, by thrilling example—teaches the young mind of the world to use its powers worthily, or clears out from their channels of operation a single strong and inveterate impediment, does more for the future health and triumphs of mankind, than could be achieved for them by the bequest of an accumulated inheritance of inventions and discoveries. It is to such minds that we particularly address ourselves—to the ardent in the pursuit of whatever stands prominently forward as true, and upright, and excellent, where-soever it is to be found. They constitute, in our view, at all times the real hope and jewel of society: it is they only that will be moved to their depths—stirred, and strengthened, and refreshed in all their faculties, by the wise and graceful writings which we press upon their attention, or will draw from them the full measure of enlargement and fertility which they are calculated to yield; and it is to them chiefly, we confess, that we feel at present the most particular solicitude to commend ourselves.

It is out of the question, of course, to think of characterizing, one by one, even the leading pieces in the three volumes before us. It would entail on any article, however extended, the same incoherence and chance-medley character which would inevitably belong to the impression that would be left upon the mind by a continuous, uninterrupted perusal of the whole contents of the volumes themselves, an absurdity which no one we presume would dream of attempting. We have here an assemblage of papers on subjects the most

miscellaneous; speeches forensic and parliamentary, disquisitions on literature, criticism, biography, history, politics, international law, curious questions of evidence, jurisprudence, the philosophy of ethics, and general philosophy—all bearing the impress, however, and pervaded by the tone, of the same lofty, sage, and comprehensive mind, marked by the same force and vigor of understanding, the same unwearied copiousness of rich but admirably assorted erudition, the same mild dignity and unvarying benevolence of spirit, the same masterly power, freedom, and grace of literary finish, together with an habitual fullness of diction and amplitude of style, that were frequently in danger perhaps of somewhat encumbering the thoughts with too uniform and stately a drapery, but only because such a sweep accorded best with the usual largeness of its circuit, and seemed the most natural attire for the dignity of a fancy essentially classical and Roman. The pieces are here brought together without regard to chronological order; their present arrangement being determined by the subjects alone, and under the three heads of philosophy, literature, and politics. A good deal of the interest that might very easily have been shed over them has been sacrificed, we think, by this departure from the order of time. By a few additional bands of narrative, connecting the different fragments in the order of actual composition, and stating shortly the few intermediate events in the author's life, and the tenor in the mean time of his studies and employments; preceded by a very brief notice of his early education and college course, and followed by a simple statement of the affecting circumstances attending the final close of his career, we should have had combined in one view, and lending mutual illustration and interest, the entire scheme of the author's life, and in corresponding series the successive literary efforts which his situation or studies had given birth to. Some extracts from his letters and journals, with the addition of a selection from among the miscellaneous articles introduced from his private papers into the larger *Life*, would have completed such a publication as we should have desiderated; and while it superseded with advantage the latter altogether, would have thrown all the light which, after all, is cast, even by its bulky materials, upon the interior recesses of Mackintosh's mind and character. One can hardly say, indeed, that in his case

there was properly any separate, inner history to be revealed. When a man is to be seen upon the stage of life only acting or speaking in a striking manner from time to time, it is natural to inquire into the composition of the hidden current of thoughts and feelings and motives, which constituted the true life of the individual, and which, in these outward manifestations, only revealed occasionally its strength and direction; but when a man both *thinks* as it were and *feels* in public, when the main part of his time has been passed in society, and spent in delighting or instructing it by the very disclosure of his modes of thought, and of his habits of bland, benevolent, and social sentiment, it not unfrequently happens that we are apt to be disappointed, when we discover in the utmost privacy of such an one no more than a silent continuation of the same trains of inquiry with which he had already allowed us to become familiar, and the same gentleness and kindness of general air, but leaving the less room, perhaps, on that very account, for charming us by a proportionate intensity and peculiarity of regard, when the feelings are concentrated specially on the favored individuals of the more intimate friendly or family circle.

It is needless to recapitulate the principal dates and incidents of Mackintosh's Life: we may safely presume that our readers are already in general sufficiently acquainted with them. They know also, we may take for granted, its habitual complexion and tenor, and the issues of it, so far as regards the position to which his efforts, abilities, and reputation were able on the whole to raise him in society. Very great success, certainly, was not any marked characteristic of it, nor great practical efficiency—solid, progressive, and palpable attainment of valuable results—in any one of the numerous objects which his large and powerful understanding would have eminently fitted him for compassing with almost equal facility, and all of which, owing to a very wide and susceptible but not very decided taste, obviously solicited and tempted him variously to the pursuit of them with more or less urgency and attraction. The reason is to be found in the very composition of his mind and character, and in the specific relation or adjustment subsisting among the more prominent elements that bestowed upon both their most remarkable peculiarities. From the first sudden and splendid outbreak of his reputation in 1791, when, at the juvenile

age of twenty-five, he stepped forward modestly but gallantly, amidst universal surprise and admiration, as the antagonist of Burke, opposing, and we humbly think, so far as argument was concerned, overthrowing him, with all the dignity and fire of an ancient orator, and with the ripened wisdom of a statesman and a philosopher—with nothing, in short, of youth but its generous fervor, and an indestructible, though perhaps too sanguine confidence, in the necessarily beneficent operation, as well as ultimate triumph, of the principles of freedom; down to his reluctant acceptance of a foreign appointment with the view of rapidly securing a provision for his family, in the hope also of more unbroken leisure for the accomplishment of his great literary projects, and yet of being able soon to return in independence to pursue the object of his chief ambition—the distinction of a parliamentary and public career; we can discern very perceptibly the same great features of character, the silent but effectual operation of the same forces—and as nearly as possible in the same relative proportions—which continued to determine the cast and direction of his whole future life. We trace them in the way in which his time during his eight years' retirement was divided between endless preparation for his great work, the seductive delights of promiscuous literature, and impatience to appear on the theatre of European politics at one of the most eventful and momentous epochs in modern history. We trace them anew, and still more distinctly, in the slackened energy and contemplative moderation with which, when he did so appear, he threw himself into his new pursuit—in the passiveness with which he almost waited as if to have thrust upon him by acclamation those posts of distinction, which others, more confident, and more regardless of general praise or of any opinion as to their merits but their own, would have boldly and promptly seized—in the fondness with which he still apparently clung to some faint idea of parliamentary eminence, even after he had had abundant experience of the far greater efficiency, upon that arena, of vastly inferior powers to his, and of modes of argument and address to which he could not easily descend; after he had seen his long services, too, and his most delicate and disinterested sacrifices to the very shadow of public principle, not very graciously or gratefully set aside; and after he had, to



use his own language, chosen his part, with an assurance that it could never give him either power or influence. We trace them in the resignation and even contentment with which he could bring himself, during the period of his ambition, to fall back upon a quiet professorship, as probably and consciously after all quite as much his appropriate sphere; and yet the readiness with which, some years thereafter, he could forego the flattering and urgent offers of the highest preferment which this department could bestow, at the mere solicitation of political friends, who seem to have thought it quite honor enough for him to serve *them* with his talents, and be always ready to suffer loss for their cause. In the whole way, in short, in which (after making every allowance for his sadly enfeebled health) the twenty years between his return from India and his death were distracted rather than shared, between attendance with occasional displays in Parliament, the calm employments of an academical lecturer, the fascinations of literary or general society, discursive reading almost unbounded, and, at length, the hurried and earnest prosecution of the two grand projects of his life—as if he had then only, if even then fully, begun to feel where his real strength and true vocation lay—in all this there is surely indication, abundantly significant, of powers and qualities of mind which, while great enough to have followed out, with more than ordinary distinction, any one of a large range of arduous objects, could not possibly be alike and equally fitted for attaining so many different ones; and which, both in the diversity of their aims, and in the manner in which each of them in turn was prosecuted, betray not only the absence of some one taste sufficiently decided to have steadily pointed and subordinated all, but some degree of radical opposition among these powers themselves, in certain of their directions; and the operation, too, of certain deep-seated influences, affecting in common, and more or less powerfully, the probability of success, or at all events the measure of it, in any of their possible applications.

A few remarks will be sufficient, perhaps, to render this more evident, and to point out the manner in which we conceive that the composition and structure of Mackintosh's mind, and the essential qualities and texture of his character, could not but affect his success as a literary writer and thinker, but more especially as a

speculative or philosophical and scientific thinker; how they would necessarily bear upon the selection of his aims and his success in pursuing them, in other words, upon his happiness and efficiency as a practical man; and lastly, upon his fitness for a sphere of exertion demanding, among other things, a combination, to a considerable extent, of the requisites of both the preceding—a union of the higher cast of thought, with the discernment, energy, and address of practical life. We may thus see not only what he was—what constituted the true sources of his strength—but the measure also of what such a mind could have become, how it might have attained that measure, and why it actually did not. The transition will be but a step—the inference, if it can be called such, a plain one, to the perception of the true value of his writings, and the properties of mind from which it is derived. We do not, however, mean to be guided rigidly by the formal lines of partition we have now indicated; but having apprized the reader of our general purpose, shall freely surrender ourselves to the natural course of thought, leaving him to determine afterwards whether, and to what extent, that purpose has or has not been fulfilled.

It is manifest, then, at a glance, that Mackintosh throughout his whole life aimed at combining the statesman with the scholar, or man of letters and philosopher. We have not the remotest intention of here raising the question how far these two characters are really incompatible, or whether the one have any tendency, and how, to interfere with or affect the other. That Mackintosh himself considered them as not very readily reconcilable, is certain; for he distinctly says so, when he declares that “society and business give the appropriate education to the statesman, and that though he ought to be well-informed and accomplished, he ought not to be, and cannot be, a professed scholar.” And whether this conviction was founded exclusively on a consideration of the nature of the case, or in part also upon a consciousness, more or less distinct, of the way in which the characteristic qualities of both influenced each other in his own experience, it alters not the certainty of the fact that such really was his conviction. Yet it is evident, on the other hand, that practically he himself strove to combine both characters. Whatever might be theoretically his opinion, or secretly his personal misgivings, he never

could bring himself fairly to abandon either. No doubt he had several high endowments that qualified him, so far, alike for each, and it may safely be assumed, that if he could have attained the highest eminence in the Senate and have guided the national councils, he would have been content to merge and to forego any separate appearance as a professed man of letters or a philosopher; although, even then, his wisdom and his eloquence would continue to be still essentially, and almost in form, philosophy rather than oratory. But for which of the two employments he had been best and most immediately furnished by nature, admits of scarcely a moment's question. It could not be any secret to his own consciousness, nor was it, that like a still greater, he had not been "born under Sol that loveth honor, nor under Jupiter that loveth business, but under the planet of contemplation;" which, in his earliest aspirations, "carried" him too, like Bacon, "entirely away." This presentiment of his truly proper destiny showed itself soon, in his ambition to fill a philosophical professorship as the highest earthly happiness and dignity, and it could never afterwards be dislodged from his mind, but rather fastened itself upon him more firmly, and perhaps more sadly, in consequence of all his subsequent experience. Whether it was that he had, even then, a secret shrinking from rude struggle and outward contention, as what he was not fitted for; or that he had a lurking sense, an inward warning, that like Lord Bacon, how elegant soever his manner, or ardent his spirit, or versatile his genius, and varied his accomplishments, he was, nevertheless, "better fitted to hold a book than to play a part;" or whether it was that his secluded situation had as yet presented to him no higher aim, or had not stirred him to the consciousness of powers fitting him for greater things, or that the love of ideal excellence, intellectual and moral, which is apt at that age to be peculiarly strong, had magnified to his imagination the advantages of such a quiet and contemplative retreat; whatever may have been the cause, the feeling itself was distinctly and strongly present to him, so that how little soever "unfit by nature," like Lord Bacon, "for civil causes," he could not but be, in some degree, rendered so "by this preoccupation of mind."

He may have been gradually weaned, however, from these, his earlier and hum-

bler preferences, by many concurring causes and circumstances. The necessity of engaging speedily in some active profession or occupation for his immediate support, growing familiarity of intercourse with men in cultivated circles, vivacity of manner and marked superiority in point of quickness of thought and power of expression, not only setting him perfectly at ease, but rendering him a favorite in society; the strong excitement of political parties, at the time when he went to reside in London, and his eager interest at all times in their contests; his ready and practised habits of debate, his extensive knowledge of the history of parties and of history at large, his fondness for historical generalizations, and his ardent admiration and devoted study of the splendid writings of Mr. Burke; but, above all, the enthusiastic reception of his own first public production upon a political subject;—these must have all tended to eclipse his earlier tastes, to overbear or banish any ill-defined feeling of distrust, and to encourage him powerfully to cherish loftier aims.

And it cannot but be acknowledged, that certain very important elements or qualifications for the formation of a practical politician and statesman he did already possess, in a far more than ordinary degree. Some of them we have just now hinted at, as probably sources of conscious hope and encouragement to him. Largeness and comprehensiveness characterized his understanding in all its operations, and in all its views upon every subject: it was always natural to it, and ever most agreeable, to consider things in their widest aspects, and under their most general relations. To determine, therefore, the probable bearing of great measures of policy, upon interests so numerous and wide spread and intricately related, as those of the various classes and bodies composing a community, was exactly such an exercise of mind as was most congenial to him. Neither the variety nor the greatness of the elements that necessarily enter into such a contemplation, nor their multiplied interdependences, perplexed or dismayed him; but only seemed to furnish sufficient scope and materials for the appropriate display of the real strength, and range, and mastery of his genius. And then the influence exerted, or likely to be exerted, by institutions, laws, and customs upon national character—upon the modes of thought and feeling, the morality and happiness of a people—was always with

him a matter of refined and favorite speculation. Moreover, the direct force of his understanding, which was really great, and which only failed at any time to produce its just impression because of its more than proportionate comprehensiveness, would enable him not only to contemplate measures in the whole extent of their contemporaneous influence, but to follow them far out in thought, and rapidly, into their remoter consequences. History, too, had put him in possession of all the results of past experience upon those subjects; had rendered him intimately conversant with her lessons, and had taught him habitually to regard the current, even of contemporary events, with her own eye, and to rise from these to the most generalized conclusions which they seemed either to warrant or to point at. His facility and eloquence in the extemporary exposition of his views—a facility and power so remarkable, that even in conversation his regards appeared spontaneously to spread themselves out to the whole extent of a subject, to exhibit all its parts in their due proportion, and fairly to exhaust it, were themselves qualifications for which no amount of labor would have been too great a price for a statesman's ambition to pay, but which, in most instances, even that price would not avail to purchase; and systematic training for the bar, followed up by hard practice in pleading, seemed likely to perfect this gift, and render it equal to any task which ambition itself might think proper to impose. And if he was without adventitious influence, arising from powerful political connexions, or property, or personal rank, the example of Mr. Burke may have early consoled him with the thought of the prodigious ascendancy which, even independently of these, might be wielded over the mind and councils of a nation, by endowments in their general cast not distantly resembling his own. He had the accomplishments, the information, the largeness of mind, the philosophical views, the calm eloquence, befitting a statesman; and to sum up his qualifications, he had, by the very constitution of his nature, an ardent sympathy with generous principles of policy; a sort of instinctive public spirit or feeling; a species of political philanthropy, more remarkable for its fervor than was even the warmth of his attachments to individuals; and a strong natural confidence in the reality, power, and progressiveness of the principles of improvement, imbedded in the very foundations and incorporated with

the fabric of human society. This would imply, of course, a disposition to be guided in all measures and experiments by those great simple laws, so far as they are already discoverable; to favor their development; to hope well of the interests of humanity amidst all the temporary irregularities and evils that may attend their unimpeded natural operation; and certainly by no means to be ready vexatiously and narrowly to thwart them, for the sake of interests which it might be thought expedient to secure, but which could not, without apprehension, be exposed to their free influence, or very well be shown, perhaps, to consist in any way even with their truth.

And lastly, his perfect natural candor and freedom from prejudice, the absolute fairness as well as mildness of his temper, the ready, willing, and complete subjection of his understanding to the power of evidence—to which indeed it was the noble peculiarity and distinction of his mind to be subject absolutely, and as one might almost say *helplessly*, rendered it easy for him above most men to arbitrate impartially amidst conflicting claims—or rather impossible for him to arbitrate otherwise, and made it in a manner inevitable for him to act in accordance with his unbiassed convictions of justice and the general good.

But, on the other hand, there were also disadvantages, which could not but render his ambition for political distinction extremely hazardous, and his chance of more than very partial success in it exceedingly dubious. If society and business give the proper education to the statesman, the society with which he had been conversant was that of select indeed, but very limited circles, rather than of the broad classes that form the main materials and true substance of a community. His knowledge of men, he might have felt, had been derived more from books, aiding his natural sagacity in forecasting the probable operation, under certain very plain and marked conditions, of those few great leading principles, which his own consciousness revealed to him as lying at the foundation of human character, than from actual observation of men—and of men modified in a manner and to an extent altogether beyond the reach of prediction, by the artificial and infinitely complicated influences under which they come to act, either as masses or as individual members of a commonwealth. Extensive intercourse with the different ranks, when exposed to the actual play of those subtle



and manifold influences, with a quick eye for the fugitive exhibitions of the different passions, and a fine and rapid tact in running them instantly up to their true causes, and computing their aggregate amount or force, can alone give that practical and general knowledge of mankind, which no instruction of books can go very far to impart, and no mere strength or refinement of calculus, applied to the inward springs of human conduct and the outward causes by which they are liable to be affected, has hitherto shown itself competent even feebly to anticipate. He could see what the great forces of human nature would effect, or would on the whole tend to produce, in given circumstances—for with the relative intensities of these forces he was well acquainted, profoundly convinced of the extent to which the phenomena of character and life might be accounted for by these alone, and on their mutual action and reaction he loved to speculate—but then, the circumstances must be capable of explicit enumeration, be each of appreciable influence, or be gathered into distinct masses so large as collectively to be so. It is much more, we think, than merely questionable, whether he had so ready, delicate, and accurate a power of estimating, or rather of feeling, the true force of circumstances, that having bared as it were the surface of his own mind to the complex aggregate of influences operating at any given moment upon that of the community, he could tell at once, from his immediate experience, what condition of the general sentiment, or of feeling among certain of its constituent classes, would infallibly be the result. To do so with success he had not only too little experimental acquaintance with the precise state of thought and feeling habitual to each of these classes—could assume but imperfectly at the outset the very condition of mind which was to be modified, but was moreover too much of a philosopher, too addicted to the habit of reflex inspection, to have really exposed his own nature at any time freely to the full undisturbed direct impression of the influences supposed, so as to have *felt* their operation in its result, rather than merely understood it in its ongoing, and partially apprehended its direction and tendency. And as for business, the other ingredient in a statesman's education, and certainly a main requisite in order to his success—to think, not to act, was very conspicuously Mackintosh's vocation,—that for which Nature had plainly best fitted him. To

understand how a valuable end might actually be attained, to discover the process, and see clearly the adaptation of its several steps to the purpose in view—this was Mackintosh's delight, and with the clear vision of this his pleasure ended: to convert the theory into a reality, to embody it in a fact or facts, to overcome the mere inertia of matter, the intractableness of the materials given him to work with, was to him the reverse of pleasurable; it was no triumph, it was irksome and wholly uncongenial. The labour of details he could ill bring himself to undergo, even when these details were so plainly indispensable to a most valued end, as was the toil of composition to the conveyance into other minds of a glorious thought or burning sentiment, and to the excitement in them of admiration or of rapture similar to his own: how much less then could he have patiently submitted to it, when the connexion was infinitely more distant, the success exceedingly precarious and much less valuable?—when the chief pleasure of progress must have sprung from apprehended nearness to a full, actual accomplishment, which at the very best, however, was in his eyes comparatively insignificant, or from the petty gratification of having succeeded in surmounting so many impediments. But it was no part of his nature to derive satisfaction from overcoming mere resistance, to find pleasure in making proof of the tenacity of his will as evinced in triumphing over difficulties: Nor, indeed, was his will tenacious. He had but little of the fortunate power of first of all determining that a thing, in itself perhaps perfectly trivial, should be done, and was right to be done, and must continue to be right, beyond the necessity, nay to the prompt exclusion, of all subsequent re-consideration of its worthiness, merely because it happened once to please him that it should be so; and secondly, having thus resolved, the power of incorporating thereafter, by a strong illusion, the whole or a large portion of a fool's habitual satisfaction in the complacent contemplation of self with the thought of self actually doing it. With Mackintosh the highest ends, the only ones that could really be said to possess an intrinsic worth, were to think truly and to feel nobly; or at most, and besides these, to convince others and persuade them to do the same, and to enjoy their admiration and the conscious satisfaction attending the power of so thinking and so persuading them. This, however, if any

part, is but a small one—properly speaking it is none—of a statesman's talent for *business*. A high value for any ends, besides just thought and fine feeling and the conveyance of these in appropriate speech or writing; a power of steadily keeping the value of such other ends in view; of working stubbornly in the strength of it; of making it hide successively the irksomeness of each one of any number of steps that might be necessary to their ultimate attainment; and of wringing meanwhile an additional satisfaction from the thought of opposition vanquished, and of growing strength and abiding dexterity for similar exercise—all this undoubtedly he had little taste for, and probably never could have acquired much. Not that he was ever idle; but he was busy only with what was naturally easy to him—with thinking. It may have required effort, sometimes very energetic and determined effort, even on the part of his most powerful understanding; but the efforts were short and successive flights, rather than one severely sustained and continuous strain; little more, in truth, than sufficient to awaken him to a sense of his dormant powers, and each constantly within sight almost of its alighting place and of a full reward. Without such a recompense, indeed, near at hand, in the noble objects about which his mind was conversant in thinking, or the fine prospects and applications which opened up to him along his path, in all probability even thought itself would not have been prosecuted much beyond the point where it ceased to please and to animate with the consciousness of intellectual strength. And this is really perhaps the explanation of his deficiency through life in any thing like corresponding acquirements of strict and accurate mathematical or physical science. At all events, with the task of contriving proper measures, and of eloquently and philosophically propounding them, or with little more than this, Sir James Mackintosh's discharge of a statesman's duties, not to say his constitutional aptitude for their discharge, would have probably terminated.

Nor was the example of Burke such as would warrant the expectation in his case of a like result. For, besides that a second instance of similar endowments would have lost much of its first grandeur and impressiveness—even had Mackintosh been really able to rival that extraordinary man in the astonishing wealth and irregularity of his genius, he wanted altogether that vehemence

of temper which had in Burke all the effect of the most determined personal decision, and that earnestness in favor of his own views, and antipathy towards the persons, perhaps, as well as opinions of those who importantly differed from him, which assumed in him the energy almost of a moral fanaticism. For the attainment of difficult objects, and the asserting and maintaining of one's proper position among his fellows, strength of passion of some kind would seem to be indispensable; and passions the poorest in themselves—as selfishness, rivalry, dislike,—are capable of receiving a steady direction that shall sometimes result in greater good to the community and satisfaction to the individual, than would spring from a general equipoise and weakness of all the desires, although accompanied with a very correct taste and delicate appreciation of what is morally becoming and excellent. Unless the display of his claims to admiration had secured for Mackintosh the willing surrender of the position that was due to him, it does not appear that the mildness of his nature would have permitted him, or the energy of his passions have prompted, and the firmness and obstinacy of his will have enabled him, to struggle very determinedly and disregard much hostility, in order to make it good. He would have shrunk with sorrow and repugnance from any thing that imposed on him the grievous necessity of stirring up or harboring the angry and turbulent passions; and his own sensibility, and the very warmth of his love for the good opinion of all without any exception, would have made him instinctively recoil with pain from the idea of compassing almost any object by wounding the feelings of another person. He could not, therefore, have wielded with formidable power those weapons of sarcasm and personal retort and invective, which are so necessary and effective in Parliament and in popular assemblies for the repelling of bold and sudden attacks, and the exemplary chastisement of an unscrupulous antagonist. He sympathized far too acutely with the suffering which must be inflicted by the most dexterous and remorseless use of such questionable instruments, to be tempted to have recourse to them without the most manifest reluctance, even for the punishment of open cruelty and unprincipled baseness, much more for any possible purpose of personal severity or the exigencies of self-defence. Nor would the perfect truthfulness and impartiality of his

mind permit him, for the sake of any conceivable advantage, to add to malevolent intention the slightest shade of unfairness, by mutilating or misrepresenting the argument of an adversary, or exaggerating in any way the value of his own. Accordingly, we do not remember in any of his speeches, or in the most impassioned of his writings, with the exception of his very early letter to Mr. Pitt, any thing that can be called an impetuous and unqualified abandonment of himself to the full storm of a terrible resentment—any thing that can be considered as the clear manifestation of a determined, cordial, and unflinching purpose of severe retaliation. And in a single piece, and that perhaps his masterpiece, the defence of Peltier—"that most powerful and wonderful speech, the effect of which," Lord Erskine declared himself unable "to shake off from his nerves," and which he pronounced "to be one of the most splendid monuments of genius, learning, and eloquence,"—we have very remarkable illustration of the extent to which both these peculiarities—his dread of personalities and his extreme scrupulosity about fairness of statement—would have interfered with the full force and freedom of his oratorical powers. For not even the greatness of the occasion, nor the urgencies of a client's defence, nor the wide latitude of argument and reflection most justly allowed in such cases and in the place where he spoke, could prevent him from softening down the noble vehemence of an indignant appeal by carefully disclaiming all idea of disrespect towards the counsel who was opposed to him, or from too palpably indicating with his own hand the insufficiency of the defences which he was engaged in setting up, by his anxiety to guard against either carrying his ingenious suppositions a single inch beyond the lowest point which the necessities of his case absolutely demanded, or of appearing, even then, himself to lean upon their probability with any tolerable degree of confidence. His gifts and his eloquence were undoubtedly great; but by the conditions and accompaniments with which nature had surrounded them, she had herself determined their character as those of the philosopher and great moral teacher, rather than those of the practical statesman, the man of business, or the advocate.

For philosophy, however, we certainly cannot but regard his natural qualifications as having been of a very high—we are not sure whether we should not be justified in

calling them of the highest order—and that, whether we consider the successful cultivation, or the impressive and splendid exposition of the subject. By philosophy we here mean that of human nature viewed either individually, or as aggregated and modified in society; that which investigates the principles of its constitution, more especially the nature and range of its great moral and practical principles, the origin and laws of opinion, sentiment, and the formation of character; the philosophy of history likewise, and that of criticism. These have evidently a very close affinity, as well as considerable subordinate diversities. They have their common root in a vivid and accurate sympathy with certain large but related departments of human impression, and in a steady discernment of the more influential among the laws, by which their rise and successions are regulated. They imply, no doubt, a far more than ordinary extent and delicacy of direct susceptibility to such impressions: but they require still more emphatically the much rarer reflex power of surveying them, swiftly yet surely, in the very instant of their passing, and of recalling them afterwards, without distortion or dimness, for more deliberate inspection;—the power of referring each, with a lightning rapidity, as it is in the very act of rising upon the theatre of consciousness, to its proper producing cause, and of then contemplating, for an instant, both, in their connexion, consciously, steadily, and fully;—and the power, lastly, of detecting any common resemblances among them, either in their features or mode of origination, as well as of marking their varying shades of intensity, and the circumstances of relative depth or order on which those variations principally or solely depend. One cannot but exceedingly regret, and this quite as much for the sake of literature as of his own comfort and fame, that Mackintosh's great talents should ever have, in any measure, been diverted by the distraction of active pursuits from contemplations and studies, in which he was so much more certain both to excel and to benefit; studies which still afforded, by their variety, scope and temptation enough for the indulgence of a wavering taste and desultory tendencies, but in which the excessive mildness of his temper, his constitutional charitableness, and his abhorrence of whatever endangered, by its turbulent virulence, the most scrupulous fairness, would have been nearly as signal advan-



tages towards philosophical serenity of view and impartiality of judgment, as they must have proved mortifying impediments in the rude scrambles and collisions of public life; and where his proneness to the luxury of admiration, rather than the harshness and bitterness—but often also, it must be added, the wholesome severity—of censure, would have been attended, at least, with no risk of humiliating personal retrospect, or suspicion of gratuitous good-nature, and indolent softness too probably abused; but would have all gone, if not to darken sufficiently the portraiture of vice, certainly to magnify and set forth, in the most attractive colors, the positive charms of that virtue, of which he was so sincere and discriminating an admirer.

Was Mackintosh fitted to excel in the more strictly intellectual departments of philosophical inquiry, or in the more purely abstract and metaphysical, had he chosen to devote himself to these?—in the analysis, for example, and classification of our mental states, the resolution of them into their ultimate constituent elements, and the detection of their laws of composition and sequence? We undoubtedly think that he was so in a very eminent degree: and, although he was deficient, perhaps, in a clear and adequate notion of the full extent and rigor of the methods of proof required by a complete code of the canons of physical inquiry, and in the practical dexterity necessary for applying them with habitual correctness—as, indeed, what writer is there to whom the same objection is not more or less applicable?—still, his understanding, while delighting undoubtedly by preference in expansion and largeness, contracted, with ease and pleasure and effect, its organs to the minuteness and subtlety of very refined and accurate research. We are inclined even to doubt whether this was not the earliest and most natural direction of his faculties: and whether his subsequent preference of a mode of exercise that demanded a freer and more varied play, together with an ampler scope, did not arise partly from circumstances in some measure accidental, and partly from the later development of a higher taste. Certain it is, that the great acuteness of his understanding, as well as its strength, and the high relish and value which he felt for the analytic and psychological—for remounting to the first elements of knowledge, and determining the precise method or process of combination by which apparent results have been thence

derived, every now and then shows itself with a plainness not to be mistaken, and with a precision and stringency that manifest how easily this might have been given way to as a leading and favorite pursuit. Thus, for example, the whole character of his Dissertation is fundamentally psychological, far rather than what is usually called metaphysical—that is, abstract, speculative and general. It is an attempt, in the main and primarily, to determine the probable constituent elements of conscience, in other words, to account for the formation of a composite feeling, or faculty, having all the more obvious characteristics and properties of conscience, without having recourse to any but simple and well known ingredients; in the next place, to point out, by analogous instances, the probable process by which these ingredients were successively agglomerated and fused; and only quite secondarily, and very subordinately, does it entertain the ulterior questions, whether the inferences, theological or metaphysical, that are frequently grounded on conscience under the more common notions respecting its nature and origin, find an equally valid basis to rest upon after admitting the nature and origin which he would assign to it, or, indeed, whether in either case, or on any view of the matter, those inferences are at all warrantable or logically defensible. We need not, at this point, offer any remark upon the success or the failure of his endeavor: its ingenuity, at least, will be freely conceded: and even if that were disputed, the strongly analytic and psychological tendency of his mind, in philosophical inquiries which seemed naturally to invite or to admit of such discussion, would surely be proved by the nature of the attempt—the form, we mean, which the inquiry assumes in his hands, although we might choose to deny him the power, notwithstanding the unquestionable general vigor and refinement of his mind, to give, somehow, proper and practical effect to this tendency. We have not many specimens, however, either in his dissertation or elsewhere in his writings, of his opinions on questions of mere mental science, or mere intellectual philosophy. The essentially distinct character of those studies which came habitually to occupy him, early withdrew his thoughts from these, as matters of separate interest or connected consideration: and, in his dissertation, this department of the labors of preceding philosophers did not fall properly within the scope and

purpose of his review. They are glanced at, therefore, but incidentally and hastily: and it need not surprise us, if, in some cases, where no remark, perhaps, had better been hazarded at all, than a notice necessarily scanty, imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory, his observations should appear, as it must be confessed they emphatically do, in reference to the physiology of Dr. Thomas Brown, not only meagre, but very superficial. That subject deserved and called for a deeper sounding and thorough sifting than he could there possibly afford to bestow on it; and, as it fell not within the limits of his object, it had, on every account, been better if he had altogether omitted it. But if we desired to prove, and in a manner the most irresistibly convincing to competent judges, how emphatically capable he was of close, and subtle, and intricate discussion, when his purpose did properly call for it, we should unhesitatingly refer to his most masterly, admirable, and we might add, his affectingly noble and magnanimous examination of the ordinary or Benthamic form of the utilitarian theory. Perhaps its only defect is, that, feeling, as he approached the precincts of a topic in connexion with which his name as he knew had suffered much and grievous indignity—feeling, with a proud but sorrowfully indignant consciousness of inward and unalterable nobility, his immeasurable elevation of spirit above the very thought of a mean and miserable revenge, ashamed even to think of disclaiming this littleness, and much more of stooping to the humiliation of personal defence—he had hastened to lose all remembrance of real or fancied wrong in the direct contemplation of an elevating subject, and, heated and stimulated unconsciously to a high exercise of his powerful faculties, with the long familiar thoughts of many years crowding back upon him again for utterance, he strides swiftly and smoothly onward from bold and comprehensive statement to statement, until he has traversed in every direction and fairly enclosed and occupied the whole territory by a series of strong but distant positions, his own strength and sweep of regard rendering him apparently insensible to the wide interval which must often seem to separate them—the great amount of reflection required to understand fully the skill and connexion with which they have been planted—upon the part of feebler and less practised thoughts. It is indeed a fine and instructive example of his best manner, ex-

hibiting in epitome some of his most characteristic excellencies, with distinguishable traces also of his chief occasional defects; displaying the unrivalled candor, and gentleness, and mild dignity of his nature, in union with the full force and penetration of his capacious intellect, and a minute and searching delicacy of remark combined with a ruling and powerful propensity to generalize so highly, that in the very comprehensiveness of the ultimate statement we seem not unfrequently to perceive the outline of the thought beginning to lose its edge and distinctness, and to break up and melt away gradually from our view. We have, however, at least two marked passages from his pen, in which he adverts deliberately to points so purely mental and psychological as the sources and foundation of human knowledge generally, or the celebrated question—in what sense and to what extent it can be said to be derived from experience, and to rest upon it. And as this very question is pretty plainly on the point of being revived with a new interest and importance attached to it, and of being subjected afresh to a keen examination in the light of British—as it has long been scrutinized in that of continental—modes of thinking, we make no scruple of inserting one of them—even though not proposing to enter into the controversy—not only as a sample of our author's talent for strict investigation, but as a restatement, which may not at the present moment be without some value besides its mere curiosity, of the latest shape which this question may be said to have assumed to the native philosophical mind of this country. It is taken from a paper on the philosophical genius of Bacon and Locke, in the first of the volumes before us; the other we can here only refer to as contained in a rapid notice of Horne Tooke's celebrated work, inserted, from Mackintosh's private journal, in the first volume of his *Life*. The first part of the subjoined extract relates to the doctrine of innate *Ideas*, the second to that of innate speculative *Principles*, or principles of belief.

“It will be found very difficult, after the most careful perusal of Mr. Locke's first book, to state the question in dispute clearly and shortly, in language so strictly philosophical as to be untainted by any hypothesis. As the antagonists chiefly contemplated by Mr. Locke were the followers of Descartes, perhaps the only proposition for which he must necessarily be held to contend was, that the mind has no ideas which do not *arise* from impressions on

the senses, or from reflections on our own thoughts and feelings. But it is certain, that he sometimes appears to contend for much more than this proposition; that he has generally been understood in a larger sense; and that, thus interpreted, his doctrine is not irreconcilable to those philosophical systems with which it has been supposed to be most at variance.

"These general remarks may be illustrated by a reference to some of those ideas which are more general and important, and seem more dark than any others. . . . If we confine ourselves merely to a statement of the facts which we discover by experience concerning these ideas [viz. of space and time], we shall find them reducible, as has just been intimated, to the following;—namely, that they are simple; that neither space nor time can be conceived without some other conception; that the idea of space always attends that of every outward object; and that the idea of time enters into every idea which the mind of man is capable of forming. Time cannot be conceived separately from something else; nor can any thing else be conceived separately from time. If we are asked whether the idea of time be innate, the only proper answer consists in the statement of the fact, that it never arises in the human mind otherwise than as the concomitant of some other perception; and that thus understood, it is not innate, since it is always directly or indirectly occasioned by some action on the senses. Various modes of expressing these facts have been adopted by different philosophers, according to the variety of their technical language. By Kant, space is said to be the *form* of our perceptive faculty, as applied to outward objects; and time is called the *form* of the same faculty, as it regards our mental operations;—by Mr. Stewart, these ideas are considered 'as suggested to the understanding' by sensation or reflection, though, according to him, 'the mind is not directly and immediately furnished' with such ideas, either by sensation or reflection;—and, by a late eminent metaphysician, they were regarded as *perceptions*, in the nature of those arising from the senses, of which the one is attendant on the idea of every outward object, and the other concomitant with the consciousness of every mental operation. Each of these modes of expression has its own advantages. The first mode brings forward the universality and necessity of these two notions; the second most strongly marks the distinction between them and the fluctuating perceptions naturally referred to the senses; while the last has the opposite merit of presenting to us that incapacity of being analyzed, in which they agree with all other simple ideas. On the other hand, each of them (perhaps from the imperfection of language) seems to insinuate more than the mere results of experience. The technical terms introduced by Kant have the appearance of an attempt to explain what, by the writer's own principles,

is incapable of explanation. Mr. Wedgwood may be charged with giving the same name to mental phenomena which coincide in nothing but simplicity; and Mr. Stewart seems to us to have opposed two modes of expression to each other which, when they are thoroughly analyzed, represent one and the same fact."

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"A principle in science is a proposition from which many other propositions may be inferred. That principles, taken in this sense of propositions, are part of the original structure or furniture of the human mind, is an assertion so unreasonable, that perhaps no philosopher has avowedly or at least permanently adopted it. But it is not to be forgotten, that there must be certain general laws of perception, or ultimate facts respecting that province of mind, beyond which human knowledge cannot reach. Such facts bound our researches in every part of knowledge, and the ascertainment of them is the utmost possible attainment of science. Beyond them there is nothing, or at least nothing discoverable by us. . . . What the number and nature of the ultimate facts respecting mind may be, is a question which can only be determined by experience. . . . Whether it be among the ultimate facts in human nature, that the mind is disposed or determined to assent to some propositions, and to reject others, when they are first submitted to its judgment, without inferring their truth or falsehood from any process of reasoning, is manifestly as much a question of mere experience as any other which relates to our mental constitution. It is certain that such inherent inclinations may be conceived, without supposing the ideas of which the propositions are composed to be, in any sense, innate; if, indeed, that unfortunate word be capable of being reduced by definition to any fixed meaning. 'Innate,' says Lord Shaftesbury, 'is the word Mr. Locke poorly plays with, the right word, though less used, is connate. The question is not about the time when the ideas enter the mind, but, *whether the constitution of man be such*, as at some time or other (no matter when), the ideas will not necessarily spring up in him.'"

But whatever may have been Mackintosh's aptitude for the strict cultivation of mental philosophy, nakedly and properly so called—an aptitude arising partly from the combined vigor and refinement of his intellect, and partly from his decided unchangeable bias towards reflex subjective contemplation, of some sort or any sort, rather than what may be termed direct and objective exercise—he must have been early drawn aside from an application of his faculties comparatively narrow and monotonous, by certain other peculiarities of mental conformation. His eye, though steadfast and keen enough to have become readily micro-



scopic, had that been necessary to furnish it with interesting employment, was unquestionably, in a far higher degree, for the generalities, the great features and marking lines; the relief, in short, rather than the details of a subject. So strikingly indeed was this the case, that even with respect to feelings, opinions and mere mental operations, we find his curiosity, at a very early age, by no means confined to the nature and composition of these, or the grounds on which they rested, or the laws which they followed, when considered merely as interesting phenomena of his own mind: on the contrary, they had already struck him under an aspect still more general, and more engaging therefore, although greatly more than proportionally difficult. He had observed—or rather his earliest reading had made him aware—that on the same points and subjects, opinions and feelings, notwithstanding some general appearance of correspondence, varied nevertheless to an extent exceedingly remarkable, with difference of situation and circumstances. The modifying power of these circumstances, its mode of operation, its possible amount and its limits, assumed instantly a greater consequence in his eyes than probably the direct influences, on which the convictions and sentiments primarily and substantially depended. From that moment it became less interesting to a mind so prematurely, disproportionately, and excessively speculative in its propensities, to enlarge the number of its own positive beliefs, having, if we might say so, an objective reference; or to examine the grounds, ascertain the validity, determine the classification, and investigate generally the tests or criteria of the soundness and certainty of those it already possessed; or even to compare, with a view to the attainment of such a firm criterion, or to its practical and discriminative application, the differing convictions or feelings of other men—all this became matter of indifference in comparison with an occupation still more reflex and shadowy, but more fascinating to Mackintosh on account of the boundless extent and variety of cloud scenery, with which it rendered his imagination, fully as much as his intellect, familiar, namely, theorizing on the origin, causes, and decline of theories. We use very nearly the identical terms employed by himself, when he confesses, in a review of his college life, that so early as his sixteenth year, the investigation of—not the grounds, nor the validity, nor even the va-

rieties of human opinion, but of all the causes that had affected it so as to produce that variety, had been a ruling passion with him; although the speculation, as he justly remarks, is one that on account of the unlimited width of the field of survey, the countless multitude of the phenomena and influences to be comprehended, and the enormous diversity of relation under which they present themselves, would require “the most arduous exertion of the human intellect,” being nothing less than the magnificent attempt, after truth has been reached, separated, built up into a whole, its theory drawn out, and its permanent criteria furnished for all future trial or discovery, to close the labors of philosophy by constructing the theory of theories.

Still more influential, however, than even this disposition to the utmost possible comprehensiveness of view—this natural eye for the *summa fastigia rerum*—in withdrawing him from the drier and narrower precision of mere mental research, must have been his deep, fervent, paramount relish for moral beauty and grandeur. This, joined to his irrepressible tendency towards generalizing, constitutes, in one word, the peculiarity and the strength of his philosophical genius—the key to his cast and habits of mind as a thinker—the elevated charm of his character as a man—and, to truthful, calm, and affectionate spirits, the noble and purifying power of his writings, as the mingled and graceful reflection of both.

He had early been saved from mere pragmatical subtlety, by the perusal, while a boy, of the profound, manly, and simple discourses of Butler, from the first three of which he modestly professes to have drawn all his philosophy. They may readily be believed to have helped to determine the permanent direction of his musings towards the moral region of man's nature rather than the intellectual, and the bent of his preference for those exercises of thought, of which the character is wisdom in a still higher degree than ability. They cannot but have conspired with the native tendencies of a discursive imagination, prone of itself to the entertainment of wide analogies, to favor the habit of lookingly constant abroad on truth as a whole and in all its bearings,—as a scheme, of which it was always of greater moment, in the conduct of whatever particular inquiry, that the several parts should be preserved in harmony, than that any should be energetically explored and prosecuted while the great guiding lights

furnished by the general nature of the subject itself were in danger of being lost sight of, or abandoned. And, like Butler too, his generality of regard was, after all, restricted and peculiar. It fell short of universality. He had manifestly much of what Bacon attributes to Plato, and calls with picturesque beauty a wit of elevation, situate as upon a cliff in surveying objects; but it was for surveying objects spread out beneath him on the single level, as it were, of one great comprehensive field or scene, and tinged alike with kindred hues of moral grandeur or loveliness. The generality of his genius was not like that of Bacon himself, or of Aristotle, or d'Alembert, comprehensive of all the sciences: it did not aim at rising to a height so naked and so great as to descry the relations of all, to mark out their several places and bounds upon the map of knowledge, to open up new views of each by looking down upon it in turn from the level of a contiguous but loftier science, or to prescribe at once to the laborers toiling in all, the proper paths and methods of successful inquiry in their respective departments, from the central and commanding watch-tower of the First Philosophy.\* This, the grand legislative function of the philosophical intellect in relation to the universal field of human knowledge and its various cultivators, the distribution of its provinces, and the methods of research pursued in them, and so unspeakably important now to the material enlargement of discovery in each and all equally, demanded for its safe exercise an amount of accurate acquaintance with their results, and of practical familiarity with at least their more characteristic and fundamental processes, of which Mackintosh had never had the relish or the patience to possess himself. His taste was for a region of speculation lying much more closely in the vicinity of the business and feelings, the profound and abiding interests of humanity: not for the sciences at large, but for that group of related ones,—affording, however, within their own separate compass, scope and variety enough for the largest exercise both of the observational and the generalizing faculties,—which cluster round the science of human nature in any of its complete individual specimens, as their centre and master key—round the science, that is, of its main actuating principles, whether universal convictions or sentiments, their composition, their relations of force and adjustment, the

chief laws of growth or disturbance to which they are subject, with the manner and degree in which they severally tend to modify character, influence happiness, and affect the progress of the individual or of society. Among these the moral sentiments, and the emotions of taste, which in many points so closely resemble and so readily amalgamate with them, together with the influence exerted on either or both by certain very common situations or combinations of circumstances, occupy manifestly a position of great prominence. It would not be easy to specify all the actual, or the conceivably distinct, sciences, that spring from this common root; we have a little above enumerated or alluded to a very few of them—criticism, morals, the philosophy of taste, jurisprudence, the theory of opinion, the laws of social progress, and of the formation of national as well as individual character. It were a task more difficult still, to separate and distinguish precisely their respective boundaries; and yet, while they are easily seen to have each its complexional discriminating peculiarities, they are, or ought to be, no less distinctly felt to have much in common, both as respects the material they work in, and the turn of mind that bids the fairest for success in the cultivation of any one of them. And why? Because, as we conceive, the great influential constituents of human character are, after all, but few in number. The more important relations subsisting among them are also few and determinate. The effect of different degrees of one upon the rest, and of certain observable situations and circumstances on all or on some in particular, with the general influence exerted, or perceptibly tending to be exerted, by any considerable variation in their usual proportions, or by any marked alteration of outward condition, on the equilibrium, soundness and energy of character, and thereby on well-being and happiness—these are all more or less familiarly felt, and at one time or another in the course of life more or less distinctly recognized also, by all men, in their own immediate experience. He, therefore, who sits the closest to these few actuating springs of life and movement in his own character, and has habitually the clearest, most naked, and deliberate view of these in their varying play within his own bosom, is truly studying in miniature, and most simply and successfully, the complex scene of human life, the grand guiding forces in the larger mechanism of society. And this will hold true, although

\* See *Bacon de Augment. Scien.* Lib. i.

what enables him to bestow so cool, correct, and systematic an inspection on the internal stage of consciousness, should be the languid movements of his own passions, that do not agitate and absorb by their direct energy, nor elude and defy review by their vehement rapidity. If the mechanism be but a complete one as respects its parts, the theory of its action, the laws of its evolution and effects, may be deduced as correctly from observation of the feeblest model as of the most powerful and admirable machinery. The power of situation, too, and circumstances, and opinions—which is the other great element in all such problems, may in like manner be equally judged of by observation of their tendency to affect the same feeble instrument, whether in proportion as approach is actually made to the external conditions in question, or the situations and opinions supposed are mentally and vividly realized.

A true knowledge, then, of these principles, relations, and influences, no matter how dull the nature from the study of which it has been drawn, or how small the direct force of the passions which it ought to impel, if it be but in skeleton and as regards its proportions a just and a true knowledge, constitutes the grand cipher for the interpretation of all human life, as well as of each particular character. To be curious about inquiring, still farther back, into the foundation, nature, and origin of the principles themselves, so far at least as to discern the reason of their being thus universal, permanent, and to a considerable extent uniform, is the indication of course, and a necessary one, of a truly philosophic cast of mind, and of a spirit properly and rigorously analytical. To be less occupied, however, with this inquiry into the amount and grounds of their absolute uniformity, than in contemplating the extent, the principal varieties, and the laws of their modification; in deducing from them their legitimate consequences—turning constantly to the facts of life for instant verification or correction of these temporary and empirical conclusions; or in applying them to the explication of the complex phenomena actually before us, and ascertaining thereby the right amount of allowance to be made for small peculiarities of individual temperament, the power of very particular conjunctions of circumstances, or the force of accidental impulse—this constitutes the habit, and success and rapidity in it the skill, requisite alike for the philosophy of

life and for the business of the philosophical historian. Much observation, no doubt, or much information derived from history as to the influence of positions and combinations—either so rare as to be beyond our power of repetition, or so intricate as to render conjecture of their effects exceedingly precarious, must be added to this accurate and personal knowledge of the essential structure of humanity; for there are laws of social progression of which the keenest self-inspection, and the closest study of the few more immediately around us, could hardly suggest to us even the remotest conception. Still the knowledge we have specified must always constitute the main, by far the most important, and indeed in every case the one altogether indispensable prerequisite. And to be not only constantly rising in thought from particular phenomena, to the consideration of laws and general principles such as we have just alluded to, of which the phenomena are mere examples, and in which they find their full explanation, but further to be struggling always to ascend from these laws and principles themselves to the most generalized maxims, respecting the determining influences of human conduct, and the entire extent of those modifications of which man's constitution is susceptible, with their various effects upon his dignity and happiness, respecting human nature's laws of progress hitherto, and hence its probable ulterior advancement and destiny, is the highest characteristic of a mind eminently formed by nature for pursuing the philosophy of man and of society. Add, then, to this a paramount value, in all its contemplations, for the *moral* elements of humanity, for the good and the fair co-ordinately with the true, and for the surpassing dignity and delight which it is theirs only to shed over a nature raised in its aims, emancipated in its higher powers, and rejoicing in the full play and freedom of faculties elevated and passions harmonized, and to the meditative cast of such a mind there is at once imparted, in addition to the sobriety of truth, the mild majesty and authority of wisdom. This was emphatically the cast of Mackintosh's genius—the hue, with which were richly colored and engrained all its highest meditations. How unequivocally, and how beautifully at the same time, does he himself reveal it, when he avows his admiring sympathy with the great writers of antiquity, in the fervor of their language and the sublimity of their conceptions when expatiating on



the majesty of law or the beauty of virtue; and when he stoops to designate precision of statement or accuracy of analysis with regard to either, by no higher description, in comparison with the eloquence of their philosophy, than that of mere elementary and almost puerile or pedantic speculations. "Let not," he exclaims—"let not those who, to use the language of Hooker, talk of truth without ever sounding the depth from whence it springeth, hastily take it for granted, that these great masters of eloquence and reason were led astray by the specious delusions of mysticism, from the sober consideration of the true grounds of morality in the nature, necessities, and interests of man. They studied and taught the principles of morals; but they thought it still more necessary and more wise—a much nobler task, and more becoming a true philosopher, to inspire men with a love and reverence of virtue. They were not contented with elementary speculations: they examined the foundations of our duty; but they felt and cherished a most natural, a most seemly, a most rational enthusiasm, when they contemplated the majestic edifice which is reared on these solid foundations. They devoted the highest exertions of their minds to spread that beneficent enthusiasm among men. They consecrated as a homage to virtue the most perfect fruits of their genius. If these grand sentiments of the good and fair have sometimes prevented them from delivering the principles of ethics with the nakedness and dryness of science, at least we must own that they have chosen the better part—that they have preferred virtuous feeling to moral theory, and practical benefit to speculative exactness. Perhaps these wise men may have supposed that the minute dissection and anatomy of virtue might, to the ill-judging eye, weaken the charm of beauty." "I know not," he adds, "whether a philosopher ought to confess, that, in his inquiries after truth, he is biassed by any consideration—even by the love of virtue. But I, who conceive that a real philosopher ought to value truth itself, chiefly on account of its subserviency to the happiness of mankind, am not ashamed to confess that I shall feel a great consolation at the conclusion of these lectures, if, by a wide survey and an exact examination of the conditions and relations of human nature, I shall have confirmed one individual in the conviction, that justice is the permanent interest of all men, and of all commonwealths. To discover one link of that eternal chain,

by which the Author of the universe has bound together the happiness and the duty of his creatures, and indissolubly fastened their interests to each other, would fill my heart with more pleasure than all the fame with which the most ingenious paradox ever crowned the most eloquent sophist."

The mode and proportion in which the two elements of the speculative or purely intellectual, on the one hand, and the tasteful or the moral, on the other, are conjoined and commingled, go far to determine the precise character and complexion of philosophical writings. When the speculative greatly preponderates, and truth is valued simply and nakedly as such, or because of the exhilarating pleasure attending on the strenuous exercise which it costs the intellect, and without any high or conscious relish for the morally excellent, the result is a philosophy, as respects human nature, not merely jejune and disappointing, but positively deformed and exceedingly inaccurate. When sentiment, again, however noble or pure, is in visible excess—when it is manifestly sought for its own sake, and is lingered over and enjoyed, not as a refreshment after toil in the pursuit of truth and a stimulant to renewed activity,—it becomes a luxurious indulgence, and tends to relaxation and turgidity. To both these charges it cannot but be allowed that Mackintosh's style of writing and of thought is occasionally, and in some measure, liable. He could not, indeed, be exposed to any danger of the intellectually meagre, shrunk, or repulsive, but he was not so exempt from all risk of the evanescently fine, airy, and illusory. His high faculty of generalization furnished inexhaustible aliment to a relish for the beautiful and the grand, of itself sufficiently keen and urgent; while the appetite for beauty, thus rarely and delicately ministered to, impelled his soaring intellect, for more refined gratification, upon generalizations still more magnificently wide, but proportionally more attenuated. His maxims, in consequence, often bordered very closely on the *axiomata suprema* of Bacon, the third and highest class of propositions, so very abstract and general as to be merely *notional*, and to contain nothing solid or practically applicable. His excessive value for that only which could be reduced under laws, and stated as an exemplification of some general principle, took off from the individuality of his perceptions, or if not of his perceptions, at least of his descriptions—his mode of stating them, and deprived

his style of that variety, liveliness, and flexibility, which are the result of a keen interest in the characteristic points of individual objects, and of a quick perception of their minutest differences; while stateliness, on the other hand, and a degree of abstraction unfavorable to graphic pictorial effect, are natural results of a taste for noting only their resemblances. To discriminate is the talent of the observer of nature; but to generalize, or discern resemblances and analogies, is the higher gift of the philosopher, to which the exercise of the former is but subsidiary and preparatory. The vividly graphic and minute in style, forms the natural utterance of the former; the comprehensive and general, that of the latter. A similarly unfavorable influence was exerted on our author's style by the very fulness and depth of his moral taste, and its reigning ascendancy over every other exercise of his faculties. As in music a fine ear for the plaintive or the elevated may so possess itself with the single tones most appropriate to each of those emotions, as to be irrevocably filled with the sad or solemn echo of them, and incapable of escaping from their bondage into the mazes of harmony, or of admitting any other so long as even to enhance by variety the pleasure of return, so the taste for one particular style of beauty or excellence may become so exclusive, and domineer over the imagination so imperiously, as, though not absolutely to destroy its ability to abandon itself to any other, yet strongly and constantly to draw the powers of execution into the expression of itself alone. The result in Mackintosh was a stated tendency to a species of sustained rhetorical grandeur, incapable of falling much below the level of a lofty monotony.

We must not, however, in justice forget, that what might be considered as a somewhat disproportioned indulgence of admiration, and of the benevolent feelings connected with it, arose, in his case, not so much from any inordinate excess of the sentimental element in his natural constitution—far less from any weak and vicious tendency to ostentatious common-place, or the want of a proper strength of thought—as from a cause that was in a great measure peculiar. The remarkable mildness and fairness of his disposition, and that minute attention to the processes of his own mind, which fitted him so admirably for the office of an enlightened and impartial critic—by enabling him to enter exactly into the sentiments and opinions of other men, indis-

posed him on the one hand for the continued contemplation of what could only awaken disapprobation or impatience, and on the other, furnished him with so many ingenious and plausible grounds for the utmost possible forbearance in judging, as probably to have permanently somewhat affected the force and keenness, or at any rate the confidence, not of his expressions of censure alone, but, except in certain cases of flagrant and altogether unjustifiable iniquity, of his very feelings of condemnation.

That it may tend, and naturally does tend, in a greater or less degree, if not otherwise counteracted, to produce this latter consequence, may readily be perceived. Sir James's faulty propensity to a lavish bestowal of praise ought, most probably, to be ascribed in part to each of the causes just adverted to; but far more, undoubtedly, to the operation of his mildness and love of excellence in drawing him to the contemplation and praise of the good alone, than to the effect of his ingenuity, and of his knowledge of the various possible motives of conduct, in rendering him unduly or dangerous tolerant of evil. Would it be refining too far to suppose, that another reason for this proneness may have been the the greater immediate luxury of admiration indulged—not without some tacit complacency perhaps, in the thought of unusual candor, and some real though momentary glimpses of the admiration and praise, to which it would be felt by others to be justly entitled. Surely one cannot at all events be greatly mistaken, in ascribing to a nature at once so humble and so tender, as a motive for the avoidance of any unnecessary mention of moral delinquencies, and for gentleness in condemning them when inevitably forced upon its view, the humbling remembrance of its own offences or frailties, even although they should be such as coarser and more callous consciences might scarcely record as matters of self-reproach. Nor are such reserve and gentleness incompatible with a renovated sense of the authority and excellence of the law of duty, or with sincere expressions of cordial esteem and attachment. They are inconsistent only with the conscious baseness of deliberately casting at another the first stone—of assuming the self-imposed office of censor, or, when forced at any time into the seat of judgment, of exercising its functions with a depraved severity. He that feels himself to have been forgiven much, may indeed love much, not him only who

has pardoned, but the very virtue likewise against which he has sinned; assuredly, however, he will of all men be the least disposed to manifest his zeal by *censuring* much. Nor is it at all necessary, as a reparation to any violated interest whether of virtue or society, any more than it were seemly, that the stricken and humbled should evince the sincerity of their contrition by execrating or denouncing their fellow men. No: let those take to themselves the office of reproof, if it be needful that it should indeed be executed, who are strong in the consciousness that their own hands are clean. Far more befitting on the part of the lowly mind, and infinitely more graceful and affecting, as well as appropriate, is the touching tribute of a silent tear or passing sigh; and this impressive homage to the rule of purity and goodness, any one who has read the striking sentences, so deeply expressive of the most humble estimate of himself, which are scattered over Mackintosh's life and works, and who compares with these his uniformly generous indulgence to the faults of other men, will at once acknowledge that he accorded with profound sincerity. But this brings us, we find, to speak of his religious views and sentiments.

We had intended mainly, at the outset of this article, to enter into an examination of Sir James Mackintosh's chief philosophical performance—his dissertation on ethical philosophy; with the view of attempting, among other things, to estimate the value of his positive contributions to this department of science: and in connexion with our consideration of the higher bearings of his treatise on some of the questions of natural theology, the religious opinions of the author would have most properly presented themselves. This, the stricter part of our design, must for the present, of course, be relinquished. Our time and limits are already exhausted, and on what remains—his religious character—we can bestow but a very cursory notice ere we close.

It is observable, then, that although the dissertation is pervaded throughout by the purest, most elevated, and most ardent moral tone, and although the author, towards its conclusion, professes his conviction that, by the method of inquiry and proof which he has followed, the authority of morality may be vindicated, the disinterestedness of human nature asserted, the first principles of knowledge secured, and the hopes and consolations of man preserv-

ed, without the multiplied suppositions and immense apparatus of the German school, yet the dissertation exhibits no attempt to make out the last of these positions, (to say nothing at present of the sense in which it establishes the first,) although the last is obviously of unspeakable importance, and is that for which the method of the Scottish school is maintained by the Germans to furnish no tenable basis, and has by them been accordingly abandoned. One might have expected to find the validity of their objections to it examined and disproved, or to see the peculiarity of his own proof, which should specially exempt it from the force of their arguments, distinctly pointed out. All that we find, however, upon this head, is the expression of an "unwillingness to abandon the arguments by which, from the earliest times, the existence of the supreme and eternal mind has been established," and a protest, that after the being of such an eternal mind has been made out, "we, as well as the German philosophers, are entitled to call in the help of our moral nature (that is, to avail ourselves of whatever properties or convictions the Deity may have bestowed on it) to lighten the burden of those tremendous difficulties which cloud his moral government." Are we to suppose, then, that though unwilling to surrender, as indefensible, the existence of a Deity and the certainty of immortality and retribution, he was content to cling to them as beliefs having too manifest a root in some quarter of man's nature, and too indispensable to his happiness and dignity, to be hastily abandoned, even though their precise foundations might not hitherto have been laid open, nor their connexion with other beliefs, equally authoritative, have been successfully harmonized? If this were the case—and, from many passages, we suspect that the representation comes fairly up to the strength of any settled persuasion he entertained on the subject—might we not have anticipated, with confidence, in a mind so prone to speculative difficulties and so wavering in its choice, an amount of doubt, hesitation, and perplexity, which should keep the whole group of kindred tenets suspended over the fancy as an airy vision, or as the objects of an occasional faint and hopeless wish, and should prevent them from ever settling down upon it closely, and sinking into its convictions, and quickening, by and by, into lively and powerful practical principles? And should we not



expect this the more especially as in him the faint notion was not gradually vivified and strengthened into a real belief, by the borrowed force of some earnest practical pursuit, more or less plainly proceeding on it; nor studiously, energetically, and habitually, kept up, by strong representations of its actual importance to social or individual welfare? We had marked some striking and ingenious passages—particularly one, too long for quotation—in which he appears to have gone a great deal further—to have proceeded a good way toward satisfying himself that the beliefs or anticipations referred to, were beneficent illusions, the origin of which could very simply be accounted for. And yet, notwithstanding this—although it were as easy as it would be unwelcome and unprofitable, to gather from his writings manifold proofs of his exceedingly defective religious views, and of his still more defective religious sentiments,—the inbred goodness, benignity, and sweetness of his nature never ceased to attend him; the candor, the charity, and the truthfulness, which were emphatically his, could not, by any possibility, be separated from him. They marked him out for the affection of all on whose own spirits, as on his, the seal of truth was never laid, without imprinting, at the same time, some lines of beauty and goodness. They shed around him, at least to our imagination, a mild grace, a tranquil charm, an interest so very peculiar that it was natural to regard one constituted with such singular gentleness, fairness and moral serenity of temperament, as having, perhaps unconsciously, been treading during a lifetime on the very border and boundary line of Christianity—yet without ever fairly crossing it; as having even caught upon his features some faint reflection of its brightness: and, whatever might be the ultimate and mysterious destiny, as regarded an interest in supernal truth, of a spirit so gifted and so amiable, it was scarcely possible to think that any one, himself of pure and elevated mind, could steadfastly look on him without also loving him. If he wanted the consolation and the support of truths more replete with tenderness and power, than any that shed down their pale radiance from the distant region of philosophy, it must, alas, be acknowledged, that even without them his character presented a fairer draught and pattern of whatever is accounted among men as lovely and of good report, than tens of thousands of those who profess to be

moulding themselves—and with the help of an agency invisible and divine—upon the model of an excellence not of this earth, and altogether faultless.

One could not but follow with earnest interest the progress of such a mind towards the farthest margin of life, in order, if possible, to mark what might be its feelings in the immediate anticipation of the unseen world, and whether before its departure, any glimpses would even yet be afforded it, of the truth and grandeur of that revelation which professes darkly to adumbrate some of its broken outlines and parts. Even if this much should not be granted, how mournfully soever our regrets might be stirred, and our awe excited, by a destiny so unfathomably mysterious, we still should not dare to murmur: and there is something so profoundly incomprehensible to us, in the circumstance of these things being revealed to any and yet not to all, that there is little additional to confound us, in the thought of their being hidden from the wisest while they are unveiled to babes. And so it seemed likely to prove in the case before us. By a trivial accident the stage of life was suddenly, but decisively, darkened, as for his departure; and gradually, amidst its gloom, the opening of that passage more and more distinctly disclosed itself, which must conduct him to that region whence no traveller ever returns. For many days his spirit labored in silence with the weight of deep thoughts, and uncommunicated perhaps incommunicable musings, and dread anticipations. A solemn, yet not terrifying, awe of the great Moral Governor, before whom he was about to appear, had fallen upon him. He was filled with reverence; but the counsels of the King Eternal were a perplexing maze, and futurity lay shrouded before him in impenetrable obscurity. Burthened in spirit, and bowed down under thoughts too deep and high for him, we seem to see him descending solitary into the dark valley, and as he fades from our view—as he approaches the curtain, whose folds are opening to receive him, that they may then hide him from us for ever, one gleam, one bright ray, as from a serener sphere, breaks transiently upon the pilgrim, and reveals him to us journeying now in immortal company; for another is with him, and as they pass together within the veil, we seem to hear, as the last accents of a warfare at length accomplished, the name of a Glorious One pronounced with adoring and devoted love,

in whose presence all mysteries shall indeed vanish, and all sorrow shall be no more known, unless it be the tender and chastened sorrow of having ever been estranged on earth from the love and the adoration of so blessed a Name.

From the Eclectic Review.

### PHILOSOPHY AND PHILANTHROPY.

DAVID HUME AND DAVID NASMYTH.

[This fine contrast of two Scotchmen, each eminent in his way, forms a part of an article in the philosophical writings of Hume, and all of it that would be new to our readers. An admirable lesson is educed.—Ed.]

It is pleasant occasionally to be treated to the life of a philosopher, provided he be a genuine specimen of the class, not a *would-be*, or charlatan, but one who has with manly energy, and in sober earnestness, essayed to reach the utmost verge of metaphysical abstraction, and even to push the frontiers of that uneasy and dusky region some degrees beyond its admitted geography. Only let him be an accredited proficient in his favorite science, endued with microscopic and telescopic vision, who has made real discoveries beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, or at least thinks so, and whether he has opened up any new vista into the wide wilderness of mystery which lies on all sides round the limits of common sense, or not, we shall be sure to find something both amusing and instructive in the history of his mental adventures. To see a man laboring magnanimously by dint of reason to dispel the thick mist with which our present being is surrounded, is, at any rate, exciting and ennobling. He may have travelled far and brought home little, wrought hard and perfected nothing, soared high and returned only to tell us that, the higher he ascended the less he could see, and the less distinctly, all he had ever seen, or thought he had seen before; and yet his aeronautic circumnavigation around the vulgar sphere of human knowledge, if it only issues, like the flight of Noah's dove, in proving that there is no resting-place for the sole of his foot, may surely enhance the value of that Ark where still and exclusively safety and rest may be found. We confess that after we have endeavored to follow such lofty and erratic wanderings,

as closely as common faculties will allow, we feel it a relief and a refreshment to get again into the region of common humanity; and have always felt more reconciled to bear its imprisonment until it shall be given us to come forth to brighter light and ampler liberty. We aver, then, that it is a useful lesson, a most salutary lesson, which the world, the every-day, drudging world, ought to learn from the balloonist of every sort, whether he descend again safely to his legs, or, after exhibiting ridiculous gyrations, is precipitated headlong, like another Phaeton, to the earth—if it amount to no more than this—that man is not made for the aerial ways, and that if he ever attempts to tread them, it should be modestly and cautiously, and with the reserved consciousness that he can never find safety and rest till he returns to his proper home on *terra firma*.

It is far from our intention to say or to insinuate, that there is no direct improvement to be obtained from the life and labors even of such a philosopher as Hume; or that no accession is made by men of that class to our knowledge of first principles. We believe, however, it is much more in a negative way than in a positive,—that is, they do us more good by showing what we cannot know, than by revealing to us any thing we did not know; and most assuredly a large part of their vocation, as they seem to have understood it, has consisted in obscuring and bringing into doubt what ordinary minds always thought they did know.

Some considerable advantage, however, may be always gained by comparing such characters with other eminent men of another class, and of a more practical genius. Indirectly the career of the merest speculator may be serviceable. He may save other men's time though he wastes his own. He may contribute to other men's security by his own perils; and to their content by his disappointment. Though the survey of such a history may add little to our absolute knowledge, to our practical wisdom, or the strength of our moral sentiments; and though it may show us grievous malversations of talent and influence, yet it can hardly fail to throw into bolder relief that class of minds which are always striving to make their moral power bear upon the improvement and happiness of the world.

For instance: let the results of the life of a mere philosopher be compared with

those of the life of any distinguished, or even ordinary philanthropist; and it cannot fail to be highly instructive and beneficial. The reader may, if he please, take Hume and Howard, or the two Scotsmen and Davids, Hume and Nasmyth, and go carefully over their mental history, viewing them, if he will, by the tests of the Utilitarian philosophy; let him contrast, first their pursuits and achievements; next, the amount of their influence for good or evil upon their respective ages; and, lastly, let him estimate the debt of gratitude due respectively for their services, and to be placed to their credit with the world. There would be no great difficulty in deciding to which the palm of merit should be decreed; but, if any hesitation should arise, or any demur be made, it could only be, we suspect, in young minds, or those inordinately disposed to speculation, and sanguine of its fruits; and in such a case we should beg to lay before the doubter such an outline of the two characters as the following.

The career of this eminent philosopher, David Hume, began with a decent though limited patrimony; and with a respectable education so far as mere literature could go. His intellect was disciplined, but not his heart. That was evidently destitute from his youth up, not only of all sympathy in devotional feelings, but of all decent respect for those who professed them. In fact, all the natural emotions were reduced as near to the freezing point as humanity could bear. Whether this was the result of his collegiate education, the development of original bias, or of revulsion against the religion of his country and his times, or of all these combined, acting upon the boundless ambition of his intellect, it might be difficult to determine, and here cannot be essential. His first destination was to the legal profession, in which, no doubt, his talents would have secured success, if he could have lowered them, to bear the toil of learning technicalities and precedents. But he was making haste to be rich and great, and this profession offering no immediate prospect either of gain or fame, his attention was directed to commerce. The first effort of application to business was made at Bristol, but was speedily found to be so utterly uncongenial to the tastes and habits of a young and ardent scholar, that he hastily renounced it, and retired to France, for the purpose of making his narrow income comport with

his love of intellectual pursuits. Thence he returns in a comparatively short period, to make his *debut* in the literary world, by publishing that, in all respects, extraordinary production, for a young man in his twenty-seventh year,—the ‘Treatise upon Human Nature.’ It was replete with subtlety, as well as with hostility to the settled opinions of mankind upon the most sacred of subjects. The author expected to reap from it both fame and riches. But the world was not to be so easily caught, nor so soon won. The failure was complete. It did not produce a ripple upon the tide; and, as he says himself, ‘never literary attempt was more unfortunate.—It fell *dead born from the press*, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots.’ Shortly after he becomes guardian or companion to the young and half-crazy Marquess of Annandale, with the hope of securing to himself a handsome provision and literary leisure. But the office proved, as might have been expected, utterly irksome, and he quitted it in disgust. Waiting for what might next turn up to his advantage, he is allured by the prospect of promoting his fortunes in connexion with state affairs, into the office of secretary to General St. Clair, whom he accompanies on an expedition, as was alleged, to Canada, but which proved to be a secret attack upon the French coast at Port L’Orient, issuing in disgrace to all parties except the secretary. Subsequently he attends his patron-general on an embassy to the courts of Vienna and Turin. Between these diplomatic engagements he brought out his ‘Essays, moral, political and literary,’ the success of which, in good measure, compensated for the failure of his first effort, and encouraged him to attempt its resurrection, by revising, improving, and popularizing it, under the title of an ‘Inquiry concerning Human Understanding.’ After completing his engagement as secretary to the embassy, he retires for two years to his native country, where he is vigorously engaged in pursuing his studies, but always on the scent after novelties of opinion and paradoxes in all departments, by which he might startle the thinking world into the belief that he was *some great one*. At the end of this period, he arrives in the metropolis to publish his ‘Political Discourses,’ and, in a short time after, his ‘Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals.’ We believe he deemed this his *chef-d’œuvre*; but it attracted little attention, and again renewed



his mortification and disappointment. He had, however, by this time so well husbanded his affairs, so well employed his talents, if not in authorship, yet in secretaryship, that he congratulated himself in having secured a small fortune, and no small reputation among that class of literary men for whom skepticism had more charms than either religion or morality. The philosopher had aspired to the post of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and been, it seems, very sanguine of success; but failing through the laxity of his opinions, and his offences against the religion of his country, he deemed himself persecuted by 'the zealots,' because the authorities, with whom rested the appointment, did not choose to commit the education of youth to a man who taught universal skepticism, and openly repudiated the very fundamentals even of natural religion. Yet they must have been, and ought to have been, branded as traitors to their trust, if they had given him the post; for assuredly it would have been difficult to find a less suitable man. To compensate him, however, for this disappointment and felt disgrace, a very few years after, the situation of Librarian to the Faculty of Advocates was procured for him; and to this appointment, most probably, is owing his fame, whatever it may be, as historian of the house of Stuart, and afterwards of Great Britain.

After publishing the first volume of his 'History of the Stuart Dynasty,'—every where received with disgust and execration,—he brought out his 'Natural History of Religion;' that was followed by successive portions of his historical work, which gradually gained upon the public, and slowly extended the author's fame. His fellow-countryman, Lord Bute, being now prime minister, a man pre-eminently gifted in discovering meritorious Scotsmen, Hume managed to procure a handsome pension from the crown; though no living mortal, not to say conjuror, could divine what claim he had either upon crown or people. Besides this, he is selected as the fittest person to accompany Lord Hertford, the British ambassador, to Paris, most probably because his well-known principles comported better with those of the court and coteries of that country, than with those of his own. Subsequently, he was made secretary. At Paris, he becomes the star of all the literary and fashionable circles; is flattered by the ladies, courted by the *savans*, honored by the princes. He seems

now to have arrived at the very goal of his ambition, when he came to be consulted as an oracle by the young philosophers of France, among whom he unquestionably sat upon a higher pinnacle than was ever conceded to him among his own countrymen. But his continuance at Paris was not protracted. Political changes called him back to England within three years, having under his wing that most genuine son of genius, Jean Jacques Rousseau. This celebrated, fitful, paradoxical, brother philosopher, had been outlawed in France, exiled from Switzerland, and harrassed by his self-provoked misfortunes into a state bordering sometimes upon misanthropy, and sometimes upon madness. Hume was moved, by his misery and poverty, generously to offer him an asylum in England, which the eccentric Frenchman embraced with extravagant gratitude. The issue of this act of humanity and friendship proved, probably, the greatest source of pain and vexation which the grave philosopher ever experienced. It might, if he had philosophized upon it, have corrected some of his favorite notions of human nature; for, after providing a comfortable residence at Wootton, in Derbyshire, for the unhappy and intractable Frenchman, and after securing from the same friend who had granted him the residence a decent provision for himself and his maid, La Vasseur, the ungrateful Frenchman chose to take umbrage, professedly at some desperate plot formed against him, but *really* at the phantasms of his own distempered brain; and, without grace or ceremony, quitted his abode and returned to France, pouring forth volcanic torrents of eloquent execration upon his benefactors, whose whole conduct had been characterized by equal generosity and delicacy. But what else could have been expected from that strange compound of brilliant sensibility, bloated vanity, and hoary vice.

Mr. Hume's association with political men had given him a pleasant relish of those more gainful pursuits to which he had always had an eye, and the year after his return from France, his friends obtained for him the appointment of under secretary of state. His political chief, General Conway, however, soon after abdicated, and two years were the limit of Hume's official service. He was now in his fifty-eighth year, and had secured an income of £1,000 per annum, upon which he retired to Edinburgh, where he had long possessed

a convenient house, though subsequently he built a new one, and where his ample fortune enabled him to attract men of learning and genius around him, in whose society he determined to spend the remainder of his life, and where, at last, he died seven years after—we cannot say, in sadness, though it was sad enough to die joking about old Charon, and the spelling of the family name. William Strahan, to whom he committed his papers, was the only one of all his friends, though they were aware of his approaching end many months before, and though among them were several distinguished clergymen of the Church of Scotland, who had the courage to question him, at the last, as to the consolations of his philosophy. Thus he wrote faithfully, yet tenderly, to the philosophic skeptic, just six days before his death:—

‘MY DEAR SIR,—Last Friday I received your affectionate farewell, and therefore melancholy letter, which disabled me from sending an immediate answer to it, as I now do, in hopes this may yet find you, not much oppressed with pain, in the land of the living. I need not tell you, that your corrections are all duly attended to, as every particular shall be that you desire or order. Nor shall I now trouble you with a long letter.

‘Only, permit me to ask you a question or two, to which I am prompted, you will believe me, not from a foolish or fruitless curiosity, but from an earnest desire to learn the sentiments of a man who had spent a long life in philosophic inquiries, and who, upon the extreme verge of it, seems, even in that awful and critical period, to possess all the powers of his mind in their full vigor, and in unabated tranquillity.

‘I am more particularly led to give you this trouble, from a passage in one of your late letters, wherein you say, ‘*It is an idle thing in us to be concerned about any thing that shall happen after our death; yet this,*’ you added, ‘*is natural to all men.*’ Now, I would eagerly ask, if it is *natural to all men* to be interested in futurity, does not this strongly indicate that our existence will be protracted beyond this life?

‘Do you *now* believe, or suspect, that all the powers and faculties of your own mind, which you have cultivated with so much care and success, will cease and be extinguished with your vital breath?

‘Our soul, or immaterial part of us, some say, is able, when on the brink of dissolution, to take a glimpse of futurity; and for that reason I earnestly wish to have your last thoughts on this important subject.

‘I know you will kindly excuse this singular application; and believe that I wish you, liv-

ing or dying, every happiness that our nature is capable of enjoying, either here or hereafter; being, with the most sincere esteem and affection, my dear sir, faithfully yours.’

Mr. Burton, the editor of the present ‘Life,’ observes, that ‘this letter, if ever it reached *him* for whom it was designed, must have done so too late to receive an answer. But if he did peruse it, with his mind so collected and clear, yet so close on the point of being severed from those objects of literary ambition which had been its chief glory and occupation, how valuable would have been the first thought that passed across it, when the great question was brought so distinctly before his understanding.’

Thus closed the brilliant career of this great philosopher, the result of all whose studies was a metaphysical philosophy which manifestly tended to diffuse universal skepticism; an ethical system which tended to weaken virtue and strengthen vice; a history of his country, which, though well written, was a tissue of misrepresentations, designedly intended to sully the glory both of patriotism and heroism, and to reprove the resentment of mankind against tyrants and arbitrary power.

Let us now take the other side of the proposed contrast, and fix upon the salient points. David Nasmyth was a moral reformer and philanthropist from his youth, a philosopher of the best and purest class. His career was much shorter than that of Hume, but it was all devoted to the improvement of the intellect, the heart, the character, and condition of his fellow-men. He was no mere speculator in ethics, but a sturdy practitioner.

His life was spent neither in constructing nor demolishing theories, which when constructed or demolished add nothing to the virtue of actions, or the strength of conscience. The philosopher spent his long life in refining upon principles and ideas, till truth itself evaporated in his philosophic alembic, or became so subtilized that he doubted whether he held it himself, or whether any one else could ascertain its existence. The philanthropist surely was the truer disciple of the Inductive Philosophy, and pursued it to better purpose. He grappled with things as they are, and possessed an intuitive perception of the causes of human misery, against which he brought to bear all the resources of strong good sense, heroic firmness, in-

ventive genius and a benevolent heart. The degraded and suffering condition of human nature presented to his energetic and comprehensive soul a grand sphere for the exercise of all his energies. This was noble, self-renouncing, and worthier of perpetuation in perennial brass, or monumental marble, than all the achievements of David Hume. The ruling passion of the philosopher was, probably, the love of fame, and it was 'strong in death;' and next to this was the love of wealth. Self was uppermost in all he wrote and all he did, and yet he was neither an envious, vicious, nor unamiable man. The philanthropist's sphere was as far above that of the philosopher, as a moral nature is above mere intellect. He proceeded to his great work of improving his species with the courage of a hero, the tenderness of a woman's heart, the purity of a saint, and the devotedness of a martyr. His magnanimity was not limited even by his own powers, for he aimed at large, almost universal, schemes of usefulness, with no resources of his own, save such as pertained to a scheming head, a loving heart, and an inflexible will. It may be said, that he accomplished those schemes to a wonderful extent, and set them fairly on the road to complete success. Yet, in the literary sense of the term, he would be described as utterly destitute of genius; though no philosopher of the Utilitarian School, or any other, ever evinced a bolder genius for great and philanthropic enterprises, or greater skill in executing what he designed. True, he wrote no philosophy, yet he possessed and evinced it in his intuitive perceptions of the true and the fair: he composed no poetry, and yet he enacted scenes surpassing fable, and possessed an imagination which was thrilled with rapturous joy, or agonizing grief, amidst the dramas of real life with which he was hourly surrounded: he constructed no schemes of ethical philosophy, but he had discovered the purest, and extensively promoted the best: he employed no time in analyzing the human understanding, or anatomizing human nature; but he came, like the skillful surgeon, opportunely, to cut off the diseased part, and to administer the elixir of life to the drooping spirit: he wrote no histories of his country, and probably understood little of its political economy; and yet he more effectually subserved social improvement, and individual happiness, by his plans and personal labors, and is accomplishing

more at this hour, than if he had followed his namesake to the arena of philosophical speculation, and had acquired an equal or superior fame. His name, while he lived, was little known to his own countrymen, and never heard of in foreign nations; and yet it stands recorded higher in the list of benefactors to the human race, commands a more affectionate reverence in the hearts of the good, and will be more permanently embalmed for future ages, than that of the man of philosophy, whose renown once filled the civilized world.

This eminent philanthropist may be said to have lived and died in comparative poverty. He had no revenues to dispense, and yet he opened and directed perennial springs of benevolence, which have fertilized thousands of desert fields, and made fruitful in virtue and benevolence tens of thousands, where, but for the energies of his genius, nothing would have been brought forth but briars and thorns. The fields that he cultivated, and the seeds that he planted, are still producing fresh and progressive harvests. Thousands have blessed his name who understood neither his philanthropy nor his philosophy; and thousands more are reaping the fruits of both, who never heard of his name, and never will hear of it, till they reach that blessed immortality, where they will be permitted to trace the causes of their felicity through its human agents up to its Divine source. Yet the philanthropist, who has thus improved human understandings which he probably could not analyze, and purified human hearts which he only knew were human and depraved, and by whose schemes these incalculable blessings will be perpetuated through ages to come, received no pension for his services to the state; but bequeathed a wife and family to be saved from pauperism by the practical influence of that charity which he had so eminently taught and practised.—The philosopher, however, whose pernicious skepticism has probably wrecked the moral principles of thousands, was flattered and rewarded while he lived, and, when dead, finds a conspicuous place in the records of fame. But there is a better record than that of fame; and better kept; where the name of the philanthropist has found a place, and where it would be a real joy to think that the philosopher had found one also, however humble.

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From Tait's Magazine.

# LIFE OF THE DOST MOHAMMED KHAN OF KABUL.

*Life of the Dost Mohammed Khan of Kabul: With his political Proceedings towards the English, Russian, and Persian Governments, including the Victory and Disasters of the British Army in Affghanistan.* By MOHAN LAL, Esq. Two volumes octavo, with numerous portraits. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans.

AFTER all that has been said and written upon the Affghan branch of recent Anglo-Indian history, Mohan Lal's work will, we think, be found of interest. In some respects that interest is of the deepest kind, as it lays bare springs of action and certain untoward causes for the disasters in Affghanistan, which have not been hitherto generally known, nor indeed at all suspected, in England. The recklessness of English sailors, and the insults and outrages offered by them to the women of savage or uncivilized tribes, have been the frequent, if not the most frequent, cause of fatal encounters with the natives, and the greatest obstacle to a good understanding and the establishment of peaceful and friendly relations; but the public of this country were not prepared to learn that something of the same sort either led to the insurrection at Kabul, and the retreat of the British force, with all its deplorable consequences, or was a main element in that unhappy affair. The light thrown upon this matter, of which nothing whatever could be gathered from the Journals of Lady Sale, Lieutenant Eyre, and the other writers on the Affghan War, is an original and not the least important part of a work curious from its parentage, as well as from its specific information, and the new views of society presented, by a spectator, who, though writing in English, looks on most objects with the eyes, understanding, and prepossessions of an oriental. The first part of the work is devoted to the early history of the Dost, who, after the late Ranjit Singh, or perhaps his over-celebrated and warlike son Akhbar Khan, is the most remarkable Chief that has figured in India during the present century. The account of his early vicissitudes, perils, and achievements, his romantic and chivalrous enterprises, and of his intrigues and craft, make up a strange and truly eastern history. A good deal of Dost

Mohammed's story was already known; but many new anecdotes are given by Mohan Lal, which are not only illustrative of the able and heroic character of the Dost, but of the manners of the Affghans, and the condition of the countries in which he has acted and borne sway. Sarfraz Khan, the father of Dost Mohammed Khan, was the minister of Shah Zaman, the sovereign of Affghan; and was murdered through the intrigues of another minister, who had supplanted him in the good graces of the Shah. He left twenty-one sons and several daughters; Dost Mohammed being his son by his favorite wife, as the mother of Akhbar Khan is now said to be his favorite wife and prime counsellor. His large family connexions were to the crafty, able, and ambitious Dost, at once a source of strength and also of trouble; but not of weakness, for there seems to have been nothing weak about him. One of his amiable or humanizing traits was reverence for the memory of his father. We are told that

As soon as Dost Mohammed Khan gained distinction, and became chief of Kabul, he stamped the following verse on the coin, and thus honored and gave permanence to the name of his affectionate father:—

"Simo tila be shams o qamar medahad naved."  
"Vaq te ravaj Sikhai Payandah Khan rasid."

"Silver and gold give the happy tidings to sun and moon that the time has arrived for the currency of Payandah Khan's coin."

It would certainly be wonderful if Sarfraz Khan could hear with his own ears that his enterprising son Dost Mohammed had become as celebrated as one of the kings, and that the ambassadors of the British, the Russian, the Persian, and the Turkistan governments waited in his courts.

The Dost was trained by the stern discipline of adversity. Of his early years we find this account; which, if not minutely accurate, must be substantially true, as Mohan Lal has had excellent opportunities of acquiring information, and even while in Kabul began to gather materials and write his *Life of the Dost*. His papers were indeed seized and lost, but the facts were deeply imprinted upon his memory.

Although the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan received kindness and honor from his principal brothers, as the Vazir Fatah Khan, &c., yet being born from a mother of a different creed, and not of a high Affghan family, he was looked upon with contempt by the

other brothers, who boasted that they were descended from pure and noble parents. On several occasions the jealousy of the brothers threw him into all the distresses of poverty. His dependents and horses have often passed nights and days without a piece of bread for the human being or a blade of grass for the horses.

In spite of this cheerless state of life, Dost Mohammed Khan never departed from the perseverance of his mind, combined as it was with all the external appearances of sincerity, and real internal hypocrisy. He was trying to gain ascendancy by all means possible, and therefore, in return for all the animosity of his jealous brothers, his behaviour towards them was at all times civil and obliging. This sometimes made them exceedingly ashamed of their own conduct, and at the same time astonished at his superior wisdom and management. His sweet words were supported by flattery, and he showed himself regardless of that respect which his own age was entitled to receive from his younger brothers, who were prosperous while himself was poor; and by these means he had created and organized such sound schemes for his own success that none could dare to hope to annihilate him. I have heard with my own ears from the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, that he had gone without food for three or four days successively, and several nights, after taking only a morsel of dry bread or a handful of half-fried grain: that in the mean time he had often laid himself down on the bare ground, making the stone his pillow; and also, having no means to maintain servants, he had many times saddled his own horse. While his heart was wounded with these painful wants, his conversation was always refreshed by a lively wit and a smiling countenance, leaving behind an impression of admiration in the hearts of the chiefs under his brothers.

The Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan was excessively fond of drinking, and carried it to an extreme excess. It is said that he has emptied several dozens of bottles in one night, and did not cease from drinking until he was quite intoxicated, and could not drink a drop more. He has often become senseless with drinking, and has on that account kept himself confined in bed during many days. He has been often seen in a state of stupidity on horseback, and having no turban, but a skull-cap on his head.

It has been stated by the early companions of the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, and confirmed by his own mouth, that he had, and still has, an extraordinary taste for music. When pleased with drinking wine, he has often sung ballads and played upon the "Rabab," a kind of fiddle. His intimate friend and supporter was Gholam Khan Populzai; and both these persons were considered in Afghanistan the first players on the "Rabab." The fort of Nanchi was the favorite seat where Dost Mohammed Khan formed his pleasure parties.

It was on the evening of a beautiful day in spring that the eldest son of the Sardar Dost Mohammed Khan, named Mohammed Afzal Khan, drank wine with his younger brother, Mohammed Akhbar Khan, and both of them met him drunk. He was incensed at their conduct, and determined to punish them. He seized and bruised them severely; and at last, taking them up to the roof, threw them down on stony ground, by which he had nearly endangered their existence. On this, his favorite wife, the mother of Mohammed Akhbar Khan, who is wiser than the other wives of the Sardar, was informed of the dangerous state of her son. She went to her husband, and stated that he himself is desirous of drinking, while he punishes the sons, and persuades them to the contrary; and that this is not just, as the wise of former days have said, that a son cannot well inherit the property unless he follows the example of his father, and that, consequently, they imitated him in drinking. Hearing these words from the lips of his favorite, the Sardar felt ashamed, and then swore not to drink wine any more.

The chiefs in Afghanistan do not value education as the first quality, for they must only know how to ride, fight, cheat, and lie; and whoever excels in these acquirements gains the renown of the time. Amongst the sons of Sarfraz Khan, the brothers of the Amir Dost Mohammed, few knew the letters of the alphabet. Their early life was spent in poverty, danger, treachery, and bloodshed; but when they came to power, the constant sight of the orders submitted by the Mirzas (Secretaries) for their signature at last enabled them to read plain writing. Mehardil Khan, one of the Quandhar chiefs, qualified himself more than the others. He composed poetry, and made himself distinguished by his literary taste in Persia; yet there are some of his brother chiefs who can neither write nor read. The Amir Dost Mohammed Khan learned the "Qoran" only at the meridian of his glory, and Nayab Amir Mohammed Akhundzadah was his tutor. However, his local knowledge, and the information he possesses in ancient and modern history, in proverbs, and in adventures, as well as in the administration of various distant kingdoms, will not fail to show him as being well stored with extraordinary talents and science. He speaks Persian, Pash-to, Turkish, Panjabi, and the Kashmir languages.

Many very bad instances of the extortion and even cruelty of the Amir are related, and also of the intrigues of his harem, and the crooked methods of adding to his wealth and the number of his wives and slave girls. This altogether forms very curious reading; but is less weighty than the detail of some of the alleged causes of the conspiracy and revolt of the Afghan chiefs, which, though long whispered about in In-

dian circles, are only now first laid before the British public. Mohan Lal gives the long list of the names of those who took a share in the insurrection, and describes the various schemes they formed to expel the British; but the introduction to his narrative of the disgraceful proceedings in Kabul previous to the outbreak, is all that at present concerns us, painful as it is to see the names of Burnes and others in any way brought into question.

Before I commence the narrative of the insurrection, I feel compelled to touch on a subject which has so often been talked of, and believed in the circles of the high authorities both in Europe and in India. This is a most unjust and misrepresented accusation against Sir Alexander Burnes, for intriguing with the ladies of Abdullah Khan, the Achakzai chief. I know well that the exposure of the truth on this subject will cause the animosity of many persons towards me; but I feel assured that the vindication of the character of that deceased officer in a just cause, and that the performance of this duty, will not cause that feeling in the impartial and pure mind. However, I shall not mention the names of the persons, and shall not hesitate to say how far Sir Alexander Burnes was to be blamed in this matter, which sadly terminated in the loss of his life on the fatal morning of the 2d of November.

Abdullah Khan Aekzai could not bear the treatment we gave to the chiefs when they visited Sir Alexander Burnes. They were kept waiting for hours near the door-keeper, and then referred to me, as he did not like to see them, for fear of being supposed desirous of interfering with the business of the Envoy, as he notes himself in these words:—"I am hardly to be blamed, for I have no responsibility, and why should I work?" In the mean time our old friend Phokar Shikarpuri, a broker in Kabul, had some claim for debt against Abdullah Khan; and to show his own influence, he asked Sir Alexander Burnes to give him two of his attending servants (peons) to go with the message to the chief that he must pay immediately his debt. The Achakzai chief justly replied that his allowances and followers are diminished, and that he cannot pay his creditor in one sum. Again the peons went with the broker with fresh orders that he must sell his horses to pay his debt, and not think to show himself a great man. They spoke to him with some sharp words and in an insolent tone; and of course no Afghan chief would bear insults even though his head was placed in danger. Neither did Abdullah Khan forget the disgraceful conduct of the bearers and the tone of their message; nor did Sir Alexander Burnes drop from his memory that the Achakzai chief never waited upon him, nor acted as ordered; and hence it came that their misunde standing grew daily stronger.

After a few days one of the favorite concubines of Abdullah Khan left his house, and took shelter in the house of a "Sahab Log,"\* residing between his house and the Chandaul. He could not get her back through polite applications to that officer, and he therefore sent his nephew to complain to Sir Alexander Burnes. He did not wish to write, but ordered one of his peons to go with the complainant, and restore the lady to him if she is there. On his approaching the house, she was concealed, and the gentleman of the house turned furious, and accused the Aekzai of a false complaint, notwithstanding they saw her running into the back room. They returned to Sir Alexander Burnes, who, instead of giving soft words to the sufferer, said angrily that he was making false accusations against "Sahab Log," and then turned him out of the presence.

Another case was similarly brought to the notice of our authorities. A gentleman who had taken up his quarters at the house of the Navab Jabbar Khan won the heart of the favorite lady of his neighbor Nazir Ali Mohammed; and she, crossing the wall by the roof, came to him. The Nazir waited upon me, and I reported the circumstance to Sir Alexander Burnes while the defendant was breakfasting with him. He of course denied having ever seen the lady; on which the Nazir was dismissed, and I myself was always disliked from that day by that gentleman for reporting that fact. The Nazir then complained to the minister of the King, and he sent us a note demanding the restoration of the fair one. The constable saw her in the house, and gave his testimony to this as a witness; but Sir Alexander Burnes took the part of his countryman, and gave no justice. One night the very same gentleman was coming from the Bala Hisar, and abused the constable for challenging him; and next day stated to Sir Alexander Burnes that he was very ill used, on which Sir Alexander Burnes got the man dismissed by the King. The lady was openly sheltered at the house of the same gentleman after some time, and came to India under the protection of his relatives. Nazir Ali Mohammed and the constable (Hazar Khan Kotval) never forgot these acts of injustice of Sir Alexander Burnes, and thus they were stimulated to join with Abdullah Khan Achakzai, and to strike the first blow in revenging themselves on that officer.

A rich merchant of Nanchi, near the city, had two years previously fallen in love with a lady at Hirat, and after great pains and exorbitant expense he married her, and placed her under the protection of his relations while he went on to Bokhara to transact his commercial business. In the absence of the husband a European subordinate to the staff officer contrived her escape to his residence in the cantonment. The wretched man, on hearing this catastrophe, left all his merchandise unsold,

\* All the English were addressed after this name.



and hastened back to Kabul; and there were no bounds to his tears and melancholy.† He complained to all the authorities, and offered a very large sum to the King to have his fair wife restored to him; but she was not given up. He at last sat at the door of Sir William Macnaghten, and declared that he had resolved to put an end to his own life by starvation. When that authority appeared partly determined to order the lady to be given to her lawful husband, she was secretly removed to a house in the city. Hereupon the envoy appointed two of his orderly men to enter the house, and to give her into the charge of the plaintiff; but now the very officer who had offended Nazir Ali Mohammed and Hazar Khan Kotval came to Sir Alexander and begged him to pacify the Envoy, which he agreed to do. On this a sum of four hundred or five hundred rupees was offered to the husband if he will give up his claim to his wife; and Sir Alexander Burnes employed Nayab Sharif and Hayat Quaslahbashi to persuade the poor husband of the lady to accept these terms, stating that otherwise he will incur the displeasure of that authority. The poor man had no remedy but to fly to Turkishtan, without taking the above-mentioned sum. When her paramour was killed during the retreat of our forces from Kabul, she was also murdered by the Ghazis, with the remnant of our soldiers who had succeeded in making their way forcibly as far as Gandumakh.

Two other gentlemen lived opposite to the house of the Navab Mohammed Zaman Khan, and Quddos Khan, and wrought a change upon the affections of their respective favorites. When all endeavors failed to get them back, the good Navab wrote a civil note to the possessor of his fair one, saying that he himself had no need for her, and that he (the Englishman) had better keep her for ever. That gentleman having now been joined by his own wife has at length left her, I think, in an unprovided and destitute condition. But the other one, belonging to Quddos Khan, is well and respectably treated by her paramour, who has made a will to say that she was to claim his property in case of his death, in preference to any of his own relatives.

Mir Ahmad Khan, brother of Abdullah Khan Achakzai, was returning from Quandhar to marry a lady with whom he was engaged a long time before in Kabul. On his arrival near Ghazni, he heard from his friends that she had left the roof of her parents, and taken shelter in the house of a "Sahab Log." He was incensed beyond all description, but could not show his face in Kabul; wherefore he turned back from the road, and afterwards joined his brother in the insurrection, in order to gain his revenge upon us; and the woman is now, I think, left unprovided at Lodiannah.

These instances of gallantry in the gentlemen, with numerous cases of the same nature, were disgraceful and abhorrent to the habits and to the pride of the people whom we ruled;

and it was the partiality of Sir Alexander Burnes to his friends in these circumstances which made him obnoxious to dislike, and wounded the feelings of the chiefs, who formerly looked upon him as their old friend and guardian. It was not he who committed himself in any sort of intrigue; but yet it was his duty to restore the ladies to their relations, and not to sacrifice his public name and duty through any private regard to his friends,—who, in return, never contradicted the accusations which were attached to him personally instead of to them. All of those friends knew well that Major Leach, Sir Alexander Burnes, his brother, and those who were subordinate to him, had Kashmerian females in their service, ever since he proceeded on a mission to Kabul; and no just man will deny this, and allow that they were persons to intrigue with the ladies in Kabul. Sir Alexander Burnes, indeed, bitterly suffered, or I may say lost his life, for the faults of others, as far as he appears concerned at all in such intrigues.

Exasperated and disgraced as the chiefs felt by the whole line of conduct, they resolved first to attack the house of Sir Alexander Burnes.

The details of the horrible catastrophe of Kabul, so often related, will once more be perused with thrilling interest in the simple narrative of Mohan Lal, an anxious spectator and a sufferer in these complicated disasters. We may add, that he speaks in high and warm terms of Sir William Macnaghten, whose memory has not been too delicately treated by other contemporary writers. The adventures and perils of Mohan Lal himself after the retreat, and while he remained a prisoner, are briefly and modestly related, and are not without interest. The portraits of all the leading characters that figure in the narrative, whether native or British, give additional interest to the relation of their exploits. In looking on the handsome and haughty countenance of the Dost, and the yet more beautiful features of his more gallant and famous son, Akhbar Khan, one questions if these are the crafty and cruel though brave and clever men that they are described to be, and which too many of their acts proclaim them.

From the British Quarterly Review.

LIFE OF WOLLASTON, THE PHILOSOPHER.

- (1.) *The Bakerian Lecture for 1828. On a method of rendering Platina malleable.*  
By W. H. WOLLASTON, M.D., V.P.R.S.  
(2.) *Philosophical Transactions for 1829. A Description of a Microscopic Doublet; On a method of comparing the Light of the Sun with that of the Fixed Stars; On the Water of the Mediterranean.*  
By W. H. WOLLASTON, M.D., V.P.R.S.

WILLIAM HYDE WOLLASTON, one of the ablest and most renowned of English chemists and natural philosophers, was born August 6, 1766, and died in December, 1828. Seventeen years have passed away since his death, and yet no biography has appeared, although he has as wide a reputation among men of science as Sir Humphrey Davy, of whom lives innumerable have been written. This has in part arisen from the comparatively retired life which Wollaston led, and the reserve and austerity of his character. He was not, like his great contemporary, a public lecturer to a highly popular institution, and thereby an object of interest, not only to men of science, but likewise to students of literature, and even to people of fashion. His life was spent in his laboratory, from which even his intimate friends were excluded; and the results of his labors were made known only by essays, published for the most part in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. His discoveries, however, were so many, and of so important a kind, and made his name so widely known, that we cannot but wonder that no biography of him has yet appeared. Two of his publications, the one containing the description of his reflecting goniometer, the other explaining a process by which platina may be rendered malleable, would alone have entitled Wollaston to a place in the roll of natural philosophers worthy of lengthened remembrance. Had he been a German, some patient, painstaking, fellow-countryman would long ago have put on record all that could be learned concerning his personal history. Had he been a Frenchman, an eloquent Dumas or Arago would have read his eulogy to the assembled men of science of the French capital, in language acceptable to the most learned, and intelligible to the most unscientific of men. His fate as an Englishman is, to have his

memory preserved (otherwise than by his own works) only by one or two meagre and unauthenticated sketches, which scarcely tell more than that he was born, lived some sixty years, published certain papers, and died.

With the exception of some faint and imperfect glimpses of an austere taciturn solitary, perfecting wonderful discoveries in a laboratory hermetically sealed against all intruders, we learn almost nothing of the individuality of the worker. A few anecdotes, incidentally preserved in the lives of some of his contemporaries, contain nearly all that has been published concerning his personal history.

We have been informed that, soon after Wollaston's death, all the documents and materials necessary for his biography were placed in the hands of a gentleman well qualified for the task of writing it. The expected work, however, has not appeared, and, so far as we are aware, no progress has been made towards its production. We trust that the idea of publishing a life of Wollaston has not been abandoned, and that we shall yet see his personal history placed on permanent record.

Meanwhile, we think we shall do our readers a service, by bringing before them such a sketch of the philosopher, as the scanty materials at our disposal enable us to furnish. Imperfect and fragmentary as it necessarily is, it will give them some idea of a very remarkable man. An experienced crystallographer can tell from a few sandlike grains, or a single detached and rounded angle, that the crystal of which they once were parts was a perfect cube, a many sided prism, or a symmetrical pyramid. The geologist can infer from a tooth or claw much concerning the whole animal to which it belonged. We trust that our readers will in like manner be able to piece our biographical fragments together into 'one entire and perfect chrysolite;' and that they will find the palæontologist's guiding mottos, 'Ex ungue Leonem,' 'Ex pede Herculem,' lead them to the conclusion that they are dealing with one of the *megatheria* among men of science.

William Hyde Wollaston belonged to a Staffordshire family, distinguished for several generations by their successful devotion to literature and science. His great-grandfather, the Rev. William Wollaston, was author of a work famous in its day, entitled, 'The Religion of Nature Delineated.' His father, the Rev. Francis Wollaston, of

Chiselhurst, in Kent, from his own observations, made an extensive catalogue of the northern circumpolar stars, which, with an account of the instruments employed, and tables for the reductions, was published under the title of '*Fasciculus Astronomicus*,' in 1800.

The subject of our memoir was the second son of the astronomer, and of Althea Hyde, of Charter-house square, London. He was one of seventeen children, and was born at East Dereham, a village some sixteen miles from Norwich, on the 6th of August, 1766. After the usual preparatory education, he went to Cambridge, and entered at Caius College, where he made great progress. In several of the sketches published of him, he is said to have been senior wrangler of his year; but this is a mistake, arising out of the fact, that a person of the same surname, Mr. Francis Wollaston, of Sidney Sussex College, gained the first place in 1783. Dr. Wollaston did not graduate in arts, but took the degree of M.B. in 1787, and that of M.D. in 1793. He became a fellow of Caius College soon after taking his degree, and continued one till his death. At Cambridge he resided till 1789, and astronomy appears to have been his favorite study there, although there is evidence to show that at this time, as at a later period, he was very catholic in his scientific tastes. He probably inherited a predilection for the study of the heavenly bodies from his father, and it was increased by his intimacy with the late astronomer royal of Dublin, Dr. Brinkley, now Bishop of Cloyne, and with Mr. Pond, formerly astronomer royal of Greenwich, with whom he formed a friendship at Cambridge which lasted through life.

In 1789, he settled at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, and commenced to practice as a physician, but with so little success, probably on account of the peculiar gravity and reserve of his manner, that he soon left the place and removed to London. He succeeded, however, no better in the metropolis. Soon after reaching it, a vacancy occurred in St. George's Hospital, and Wollaston became candidate for the office of physician there. The place was gained, however, by his principal opponent, Dr. Pemberton, 'who, it is said, either by superior interest, or, as is commonly supposed, by his more pleasing and polished manners, gained the situation.' It is added in several of the notices of Wollaston, 'that on hearing of his failure, in a fit of pique, he

declared that he would abandon the profession, and never more write a prescription, were it for his own father.' This statement must be received with hesitation. So staid and sedate a person as Wollaston was, is not likely to have given utterance to the hasty and intemperate expressions attributed to him; and so prudent a man would not have bound himself by a rash vow to abandon his profession, unless he had seen the prospect of occupying himself more pleasantly and profitably in another way. This account, indeed, is in direct contradiction to another; which is so far authentic, and entitled to greater credibility, that it is contained in the report of the council of the Astronomical Society of Great Britain, presented at the anniversary meeting in 1829. In the obituary notice of Wollaston, given in that report, it is mentioned, 'that he continued to practise in London till the end of the year 1800, when an accession of fortune determined him to relinquish a profession he never liked, and devote himself wholly to science.'

He had no occasion to regret the change even in a pecuniary point of view, the only one in which his abandonment of medicine was likely to have injured him. His process for rendering crude platina malleable, which conferred so great a service on analytical chemistry, to said to have brought him more than thirty thousand pounds, and he is alleged to have made money by several of his minor discoveries and inventions.

The remainder of Wollaston's life must be referred to in terms like to those in which the sacred writer of the Book of Chronicles finishes his brief record of each Jewish king: 'Now the rest of his acts and his deeds first and last are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah.'—What the book of the Jewish kings is to their lives, the archives and records of the Royal Society are to our scientific men.—Dr. Wollaston became a fellow of that society in 1793, and was made second secretary in 1806. He was for many years vice-president, and in 1820, between the death of Sir J. Banks and the election of Sir H. Davy, he occupied the president's chair.—There were not a few indeed, among the influential members of the society, who would have preferred him to Davy as permanent chairman; but Wollaston having signified his fixed intention to decline competition, gave the whole weight of his influence to Davy, and the latter was elected.

His communications to the Royal Socie-



ty are thirty-nine in number, and, along with his contributions to other scientific journals, refer to a greater variety of topics than those of any other English chemist, not excepting Cavendish. In addition to essays on strictly chemical subjects, they include papers on important questions in astronomy, optics, mechanics, acoustics, mineralogy, crystallography, physiology, pathology, and botany, besides one on a question connected with the fine arts, and several describing mechanical inventions.

We shall endeavor to give the reader some idea of certain of the more important of these papers, discussing them, however, not in their chronological order, but according to a classified list.

Five are on questions of physiology and pathology, and do not admit of popular discussion. The most curious of these is a paper on 'Semi-decussation of the optic nerves,' and single vision with two eyes.— Besides its interest as a scientific essay, it is important as having been occasioned by speculations concerning the cause of a remarkable form of blindness from which Wollaston suffered, during which he saw 'only half of every object, the loss of sight being in both eyes towards the left, and of short duration only.' This peculiar state of vision proved in the end to have been symptomatic of a disease of the brain, of which he died.

Eight or nine papers are on optics, but our limits will not allow us to discuss them.

Wollaston published two papers on astronomy, one 'On a Method of Comparing the Light of the Sun with that of the Fixed Stars,' of which we can only give the title; the other is, 'On the Finite Extent of the Atmosphere,' and is one of the most interesting physical essays on record. It was published in January, 1822, in the May preceding which, a transit of Venus over the sun's disc took place. Wollaston was induced in consequence to make observations on this rare and interesting phenomenon.— None of the larger observatories were provided with suitable instruments for watching it; but our philosopher, with that singular ingenuity both in devising and in constructing apparatus which we shall afterwards find to have been one of his great characteristics, succeeded by a few happy contrivances in making a small telescope completely serve the purpose. His special object in watching the passage of Venus, was to ascertain whether or not the sun has an atmosphere like that of the earth. He

satisfied himself that it has not, and embodied his results in the paper, the title of which we have given.

It is a very curious attempt to decide a most difficult chemical problem by reference to an astronomical fact. The chemical question is, do the elements of compounds consist of indivisible particles, or atoms, or do they not? It is a branch of the great problem which has occupied physics and metaphysics since the dawn of speculation, in vain attempts to decide either way, viz., is matter finitely or infinitely divisible?— Our author undertakes to show, not only that this difficulty may be solved, but that in fact it was solved, though no one was aware of it, as early as the discovery of the telescope, and Galileo's first observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons.

His mode of reasoning is as follows. If our air consist of an infinite number of particles, then as these are known to be self-repulsive, there can be no limit to the amount of its expansion. It will spread out into space, on every side, and be found surrounding each of the heavenly bodies.

If, on the other hand, the atmosphere consist of a finite number of molecules or atoms, it will find a limit at no great distance from the earth. For the force of repulsion between the atoms will rapidly diminish as they recede from each other, till it become insufficient to oppose the counteracting force of gravity. The air will then cease to expand, and present a row of bounding molecules, prevented from falling towards the earth by the repulsion of the particles between it and them, and from receding from the earth by their own weight. The conclusion from this reasoning is, that if astronomy can show that any one of the heavenly bodies has not an atmosphere of the same nature as ours, chemistry will be entitled, and indeed compelled, to infer, first, that our atmosphere, and then that all matter, consists of finitely divisible particles or true atoms.

The astronomical problem is easily and speedily solved. The moon is *too near* us, to permit of observations of the necessary kind being made, as to her possession of an atmosphere similar in constitution to ours; but according to telescopic observation, she is a naked globe. The phenomena presented when Venus or Mercury passes close to the sun, certify that he has no atmosphere like that of the earth; but his high temperature, and its possible effect on an atmosphere, if he have one, somewhat lessen the

value of the fact. Jupiter, however, and his five moons, admit of observations which make it certain that our aerial envelope has not reached to that heavenly body.\* When his satellites suffer eclipse by passing behind him, they appear to a spectator on the earth, to move across his disc till they reach its edge, when they instantaneously disappear. When they reappear, after moving round him, they emerge in a moment from behind his body, and start at once into full view. Had Jupiter an atmosphere like ours, the occultation of his satellites would not occur as it is observed to do. Our sun, when he sinks below the horizon, remains visible to us by the light bent up or refracted to our eyes, through the transparent air, and twilight slowly darkens into night. In like manner, long before the rising sun would be seen, if our globe were naked, the air sends up his rays to our eyes, and he becomes visible.—If Jupiter had an atmosphere like that of the earth, each of his moons, instead of disappearing at once behind his disc, would exhibit a twilight recession, and slowly wane away. When it returned, it would be seen much sooner, after being lost sight of, than it is at present, and would gradually wax brighter and brighter till it came fully into view. In other words, the atmosphere of Jupiter would send back the light of the satellite to us, after the latter disappeared behind the planet; and would send forward that light before the moon reappeared. Wollaston shows that, in the case last supposed, the fourth satellite would never be eclipsed, but would remain visible when at the very back of the planet.

It is certain, then, that the earth's atmosphere is limited, and according to Wollaston it is equally sure that matter is only finitely divisible.

The paper we are discussing excited great attention among men of science; and for a long period, though few implicitly assented to the validity of the argument, no one appeared able to detect any fallacy in its reasoning. It was commented on by Faraday, Graham, Turner, and Daubeny,

\* The reader will observe that the argument is based, not on the fact of the heavenly bodies lacking atmospheres, which some of them may possess, but on their wanting atmospheres of the same nature as ours. We cannot apply chemistry to ascertain whether oxygen and nitrogen, or the other gases of our atmosphere, envelope distant globes; but we can bring optics to discover whether a power to refract light such as our air possesses, exists around any of these spheres. From the text it will be seen that no such power has been observed in any case.

as an important contribution to chemistry; and referred to by Dumas as the only attempt which had been made in modern times to decide by physics the question of the finite or infinite divisibility of matter. More recently, it has been shown that the fact that the atmosphere is limited will not justify the conclusion which Wollaston deduced from it.

It has been suggested by Dumas, following out the views of Poisson, that the low temperature which is known to prevail in the upper regions of the atmosphere, may be such at its boundary as to destroy the elasticity of the air, and even to condense it into a liquid or freeze it into a solid. The outer envelope of our atmosphere is thus supposed to be a shell of frozen air. If this view be just, our atmosphere is limited, not because it consists of atoms, but simply because a great cold prevails in its upper regions.

Professor Whewell has shown that Wollaston was not entitled to assume that the law which connects the density of the air with the compressing force is the same at the limit of the atmosphere, as it is near the surface of the earth. He suggests a different law which may prevail, and which would terminate the atmosphere without the assumption of atoms.

Lastly, it has been pointed out, that though all Wollaston's postulates were granted him, they would only entitle him to infer that the atmosphere consists of a finite number of repelling molecules. To establish this, is to establish nothing. We are still on the threshold of the argument. Each molecule supplies as good a text whereon to discuss the question of divisibility, as the whole atmosphere out of which it was taken. The point which most of all demanded proof, namely, that the molecule was an atom, was the very one which Wollaston took for granted.

Beautiful, then, and certain as are the astronomical facts brought to light by Wollaston, they supply no decision of the question of the divisibility of matter. That problem still presents the same two-fold aspect of difficulty which it has ever exhibited. If we affirm that matter is infinitely divisible, we assert the apparent contradiction, that a finite whole contains an infinite number of parts. If, pressed by this difficulty, we seek to prove that the parts are as finite as the whole they make up, we fail in our attempt. We can never exhibit the finite factors of our finite whole; and the so-call-

ed atom always proves as divisible as the mass out of which it was extracted. Finiteness and infinity must both be believed in; but here, as in other departments of knowledge, we cannot reconcile them.

The greater number of Wollaston's strictly chemical papers, with the exception of those referring to physiology and pathology, are devoted to the exposition of points connected with the chemistry of the metals. He was the discoverer of palladium and rhodium, once interesting only as chemical curiosities, but now finding important uses in the arts. He discovered, also, the identity of columbium and tantalum. He was the first to recognize the existence of metallic titanium in the slags of iron furnaces; and he is the deviser of the important process by which platina is rendered malleable. He published, also, analyses of meteoric iron, and showed that potash exists in sea water.

The majority of the essays in which these discoveries were made known, are of too limited and technical a character to admit of notice in the pages of our journal. There is one of them, however, that, 'on a process by which platina may be rendered malleable,' which cannot be dismissed without a word of explanation.

It must seem curious to a general reader, that much value should be attached to a mere metallurgical process, however ingenious. He will be further perplexed by learning that the Royal Society, passing over Wollaston's claims to reward, as the author of important speculative and purely scientific papers, selected this essay as the object of their special commendation. The strong words used by the council of the Society are, 'Your council have deemed themselves bound to express their strong approbation of this interesting memoir by awarding a royal medal to its author, and they anticipate with confidence a general approbation of what they have done.' It may help the reader to understand why the paper in question is esteemed so highly if he be made aware of the following facts.

Among other bodies which the alchemists of the middle ages thought it possible to discover, and accordingly sought after, was a Universal Solvent, or *Alkahest* as they named it. This imaginary fluid was to possess the power of dissolving every substance, whatever its nature, and to reduce all kinds of matter to the liquid form. It does not seem to have occurred to these ingenious dreamers to consider, that what

dissolved every thing, could be preserved in nothing. Of what shall we construct the vessel in which a fluid is to be kept, which hungers after all things, and can eat its way through adamant as swiftly as water steals through walls of ice? A universal solvent must require an equally universal *non solubile* in which it may be retained for use.

The modern chemist's desire has lain in the opposite direction from that of his alchemical forefather. It is the *non solubile*, not the solvent, that he has sought after, and Wollaston supplied him with that in malleable platina. Long before the close of the last century, the chemical analyst found the re-agents he had occasion to make use of, alkahests or universal solvents enough, for the vessels in which he could contain them. For the greater number of purposes, glass and porcelain resist sufficiently the action of even the strongest acids, alkalies, and other powerful solvents. In some cases, however, they are attacked by these, and cannot be employed in accurate analysis. Whenever, moreover, it is necessary to subject bodies to a high temperature along with active re-agents, as, for example, in the fusion of minerals with alkalies, porcelain can seldom be employed, and is often worse than useless.

It was in vain that chemists had recourse to silver and gold, as substitutes for the insufficient clay in the construction of their crucibles. These metals melt at comparatively low temperatures, and before a sufficient heat can be attained to fuse the more refractory substances enclosed in them, they run into liquids, and the crucible and its contents are lost in a useless slag.

In consequence of this insufficiency of his tools, the analytical chemist was brought to a complete stand. Whole departments of his science lay around him unexplored and unconquered, tempting him by their beauty and their promise. He could only, however, fold his arms and gaze wistfully at them, like a defeated engineer before a city which his artillery and engines have failed to subdue.

It was at this crisis that Wollaston came forward to put a new weapon into the hands of the chemical analyst. Several years before he turned his attention to the subject, scattered grains of a brilliant metal had been found in the sands of certain of the South American rivers. To this, from its resemblance to silver, or in their language Plata, the Spaniards gave the name of Pla-



tina, or little silver. This metal was found to resist the action of nearly every substance except Aqua Regia; to suffer no change, nor to become rusted by protracted exposure to the atmosphere; and to be perfectly infusible by the most powerful forge or furnace.

Here then was a substance for the chemist's crucible, could a method of working it only be discovered. But the very properties which made its value certain, if it were wrought into vessels, forbade its being easily fashioned into them. It occurred in nature only in small grains which could not be melted, so that it was impossible, as with most other metals, to convert it into utensils by fusion. Neither was it possible by hammering to consolidate the grains into considerable masses, so that vessels could be beaten out of them, for the crude metal is very impure. Accordingly, it happened, that for years after the value of platina had been discovered, it could not be turned to account. Whole cargoes of the native metal, although it is now six times more costly than silver, are said to have lain unpurchased for years in London, before Wollaston devised his method of working it.

That method was founded upon the property which platina possesses of agglutinating at a high temperature, though not melted, in the way iron does, so that, like that metal, it can be welded, and different pieces forged into one. This property could not, however, be directly applied to the native grains owing to their impurity and irregularity in form.

Wollaston commenced by dissolving the metal in aqua regia; purified it whilst in solution from the greater number of accompanying substances which alloyed it; and then, by the addition of sal ammoniac, precipitated it as an insoluble compound with chlorine and muriate of ammonia. When this compound was heated, these bodies were dissipated in vapor, and left the platina in the state of a fine black powder, which was further purified by washing with water.

It was only further necessary to fill a proper mould with this powder well moistened, and to subject it to powerful compression. By this process the powder cohered into a tolerably solid mass, which was gently heated by a charcoal fire, so as to expel the moisture and give it greater tenacity. It was afterwards subjected to the intensest heat of a wind furnace, and hammered while hot, so as completely to agglu-

minate its particles, and convert it into a solid ingot. This ingot or bar could then be flattened into leaf, drawn into wire, or submitted to any of the processes by which the most ductile metals are wrought.

We have passed over unnoticed many practical minutiae essential to the success of Wollaston's process. The reader is more concerned to know that the platina crucible has been one of the chief causes of the rapid improvement which chemistry has recently undergone, and that it is an indispensable instrument in the laboratory. The costliness of the metal has not forbidden its application to manufacturing operations even on the largest scale. In the oil of vitriol works, stills of platina are made use of for distilling sulphuric acid, each of which, though holding only a few gallons, costs above a thousand pounds. A coinage of platina was introduced into the Russian dominions, which possess valuable supplies of its ores; but though roubles and other coins struck in it, occasionally reach this country as curiosities, we understand that the coinage has been withdrawn by the imperial government, in consequence of the fluctuations that occur in the value of the metal.

In our own country, from the great consumption of platina in chemical processes, its value has rapidly risen even within the last few months; but it is constantly shifting.\* Nothing but its rarity and costliness prevent its application to the construction of every kind of culinary vessel, for which its purity, cleanliness, and enduringness especially fit it. A thousand other uses would be found for it, if it were more abundant.

Were it now the custom to honor men after death according to the fashion of the Greeks and Romans, Wollaston's ashes would be consigned to a gigantic platina crucible, as to a befitting and imperishable sepulchral urn.

His other chemical papers are all important. One of them, 'on the chemical production and agency of electricity,' proved, by singularly ingenious and beautiful experiments, that identity of voltaic and friction electricity, which Faraday has since confirmed by still more decisive trials. The

\* Platina costs at present, in the state of ingot or bar, from 30s. to 35s. per ounce, wholesale. Manufactured articles from 32s. to 42s. per ounce, also wholesale. The retail prices are from 5s. to 10s. higher. Virgin silver sells at 5s. 8d. per ounce, wholesale; at 9s. per ounce, retail, when manufactured. Sterling silver is worth 4s. 11d. per ounce.

others had reference chiefly to the atomic theory, which Wollaston was a great means of introducing to the favorable notice of chemists. One was 'On superacid and subacid salts,' and contained one of the earliest and most convincing proofs which can be given of the existence of such a law of multiple proportion, as Dalton had announced. The other on 'A synoptical scale of chemical equivalents,' first brought the laws of combination within the reach of the student and manufacturer.

Wollaston published three papers on the shapes of crystals, and on the mode of measuring them. No branch of science is less inviting to the general student than crystallography. Nevertheless, we must be allowed to refer briefly to one of Wollaston's essays on that subject. The most superficial sketch of the philosopher whose works we are considering, would be inexcusably defective if it passed it by.

The paper we refer to is entitled, 'Description of a reflective Goniometer,' and, next to that containing the account of the platina process, is perhaps Wollaston's most important contribution to science. It is much more difficult, however, to convey an idea of its value, than it was in the case of that essay.

There are no bodies, perhaps, more interesting to a greater number of persons than crystals. The rarer native ones which we name gems, rank with the precious metals in expressing by the smallest bulk the greatest commercial value. The precious stones have been hallowed in the minds of many from their earliest days, by the terms in which they are alluded to in the Bible. The lavish use made of them in adorning the dress of the Jewish high priest; the manifold references to them in the books of the prophets, and in the more impassioned writings of the old Testament; and most of all the striking and magnificent way in which they are referred to by St. John as types of the glories of the world to come, must satisfy even the most careless reader of the Scriptures, that God has marked them out as emblems of indestructibility, rarity, worth, beauty, and purity. Their appropriateness for this purpose must strike every one. The painter has counted it a triumph of his art to imitate even imperfectly their colors and brilliancy. Poets have all loved to sing of them. Beauty, in every age and clime, barbaric and civilized, however much she has loved caprice in other things, and has complained of ennui and

satiety, seems never to have tired of her rubies and emeralds, or to have grown weary of admiring her 'family diamonds.'

And if the symbolical, æsthetical, fictitious and commercial value of crystals has been great, their worth to the man of science has not been small. The mineralogist counts them the most precious treasures of his cabinet. The geologist defines and marks out rocks by them. The electrician has detected curious phenomena by means of their aid. The investigator of the laws of heat finds them of indispensable service in studying his subject. The optician is indebted to them for the greatest generalization of his science, and for the discovery of many of its most delightful, though most intricate departments. Recently they have been declared to present remarkable and hitherto unsuspected relations to magnetism. The chemist considers a knowledge of crystallography absolutely requisite, not merely as enabling him to identify substances without the trouble of analyzing them, but likewise as unfolding analogies of the greatest importance in relation to the classification of chemical compounds. Medical men have discovered that, in many dangerous disorders, crystals show themselves in the fluids of the body, and now study their shapes with the utmost care as a means of detecting and alleviating disease. Finally, the greatest mathematicians have counted it a worthy occupation to investigate the forms and geometrical relations of crystals. We need only remind our scientific readers of the labors of Huyghens, Young, Fresnel, Arago, Brewster, Sir William Hamilton of Dublin, Herschel, Mohs, Weiss, Mitscherlich, Faraday, not to mention a multitude of others, to satisfy them that we have not overstated matters. The undulatory hypothesis of light, the laws of its double refraction, and those of its polarization, have been suggested or discovered by observations with crystals. The same remark applies to the laws of the radiation and polarization of heat, and with limitations might be extended to other branches of natural philosophy. There is not, indeed, a single physical science which has not an interest in crystallography.

From this brief statement it will appear, that nearly every class of scientific men was certain to gain by the invention of an instrument which promised greatly to facilitate, and to render more accurate, the study of crystals. We will not say that the poet, the painter, or the beauty owed Wollaston

any thanks. They did not, at least, immediately; but in the end it may appear, and it would not perhaps be difficult to demonstrate, that they are all gainers by the progress of science. We return, however, to the reflective goniometer.

A goniometer, as its name implies, (*γωνία*, an angle, *μέτρον*, a measure,) is an instrument for measuring angles. The appellation, though susceptible, of course, of much wider application, is restricted to an apparatus for measuring the angles of crystals. Different goniometers were in use before Wollaston invented his, but they were comparatively rude, and could only be applied to large crystals. This limitation of their employment was doubly disadvantageous. Many substances can be obtained only in minute crystals. In every case, small crystals are *ceteris paribus* more perfect than large ones. Wollaston's instrument not only applied to very diminutive crystals, but gave more accurate results the smaller the crystal was, provided only it were visible. It was able to do this from the peculiarity of its principle, which lies in this, that instead of measuring the angle formed by the meeting of two faces of a crystal directly, it measures the angle formed by the meeting of rays of light reflected from them. It requires, in consequence, only that the crystal shall be large enough to have visible faces, and that these shall be sufficiently smooth to reflect light.

When Wollaston published the account of his goniometer, he stated as an evidence of its superiority to those previously in use, that whereas a certain angle of Iceland spar was reputed to be of one hundred and four degrees, twenty-eight minutes, forty seconds, it was in reality of one hundred and five degrees.

It cannot but seem surprising that it should be of interest to a mineralogist or chemist, to know that the angle of a crystal is by half a degree greater or smaller than it has been supposed to be. The importance of the observation arises out of the fact, that a great number of substances which assume the solid form affect perfectly regular shapes, or, as we say, crystallize. The figures which they thus present are not inconstant and uncertain, but, within prescribed and narrow limits, are perfectly fixed and invariable. Common salt, for example, the greater number of the metals, and many other bodies, when they occur as crystals, show themselves as cubes, or solid six-sided figures, with all the faces

squares, and all the angles right angles. The well known doubly refracting Iceland spar (carbonate of lime) crystallizes in an equally regular and perfect but different shape. Its crystals are six-sided, but the faces are rhombs, or resemble the diamond on a pack of cards, and its angles are not right angles. From extended observations on the crystalline shapes of bodies, the important law has been generalized, that 'the same chemical compound always assumes, with the utmost precision, the same geometrical form.' This enunciation of the law must be accepted with certain important qualifications and exceptions, which our limits do not permit us to dwell upon. This one point, however, we are anxious to explain: the constancy of form affirmed to exist in crystals does not manifest itself 'in equality of the sides or faces of the figures, but in the equality of the angles.' It is the angle, therefore, and not the face of a crystal, which is important, the latter *may* vary, the former *must* not; hence the value of a goniometer, or angle measurer.

Again, many crystals have the same general shape. A very common form, for example, is an octahedron, or double four-sided pyramid, arranged like two Egyptian pyramids placed base to base. But though the general configuration is similar, the angles at which the faces of the pyramids incline towards each other are different in different substances, and distinguish each crystal from all its fellows. Yet the differences in angular inclination, though constant, are often very small; hence the importance of the reflective goniometer, as enabling the observer to detect the slightest difference in angular value between apparently similar crystals. For the trouble of a tedious analysis, and the sacrifice of perhaps a rare substance, we are thus frequently able to substitute the simple device of measuring the angle of its crystals.

The fact has a general interest, also. To the law which the goniometer has discovered, we are indebted for the exquisite symmetry and perfection of shape which make crystals, like flowers, delightful objects merely to gaze at. They may be crushed to fragments, or dissolved in fluids, or liquefied by heat, or dissipated in vapor, but they grow up again like trees from their roots, or flowers from their seeds, and exhibit their old shapes with a fidelity and exactitude of resemblance, which no tree or flower ever showed or can show. We heard much of the restoration of the recumbent



warriors in the Temple church of London, and still more of the skill shown in piecing together the broken fragments of the Portland vase; but all such restorations are poor and faint imitations of the art with which nature not only restores but reproduces the works of her chisel.

Were all the crystals in the world reduced to dust, in good time they would each reappear. The painter and the poet would not only find the tints, and play of color, and sparkle, exactly as before, but the mathematician would try in vain to discover the smallest fractional difference in the value of their angles. Unity in variety is the voice of all nature; but in the case of crystals, the unity almost pushes the variety aside.

To descend from these speculations, the reader will understand, that as every crystallizable substance has an unchangeable form peculiar to itself, the crystalline figure of a body is an important character by which it may be recognized and identified.

But this is the lesser service which the reflective goniometer has rendered to science. Early in this century, a great German chemist, Mitscherlich, comparing the results obtained by Wollaston's instrument, with those procured by analysis, in the case of crystalline bodies, discovered a very curious and unexpected law. It appeared, that when substances resemble each other in chemical characters, their crystalline forms are also similar. When the similarity in chemical properties is very great, the shapes become absolutely identical. It is a very singular circumstance, which no one appears to have in the least anticipated, that where two closely allied bodies, such as arsenic and phosphorus, unite with the same third substance, they should produce identical forms when the respective compounds are crystallized. Each face of the one slopes at the same angle as the same face of the other. A mould of a crystal of the one would fit a crystal of the same size of the other. A goniometer set at the angle of the one, would exactly measure the angle of the other. Such crystals are named isomorphous, a Greek word synonymous with the Latin one, *similiform*, also made use of.

Taught by this law, the chemist, to his astonishment, found himself able to ascertain chemical analogies by measuring angles of crystals, and supplied with a means of controlling and explaining the results of analyses, which otherwise seemed only to

lead to contradiction and confusion. Crystalline form is now one of the first things attended to in classifying chemical substances, and is the basis of most of our attempts to arrange them into groups and natural families.

We cannot delay on this curious subject. Suffice it to say that the announcement by Mitscherlich of the law of isomorphism at once overthrew the prevailing systems of mineralogy, and demanded their complete reconstruction. It changed, also, the aspect of chemistry, and where its influence on that science will end we cannot yet tell.

It deserves especial notice, but has never obtained it, in histories of the progress of chemistry, that he who, by his gift of the platina crucible, enabled his brethren to extend the whole science, and especially to subject every mineral to analysis, by his other gift of the reflective goniometer showed them how to marshal their discoveries. The latter instrument has been to the chemist like a compass-needle or theodolite to the settlers in a strange country. By means of it, he has surveyed and mapped out the territory he has won, so that new comers may readily understand the features of the district; and has laid down pathways and roads, along which his successors may securely travel.

A mere list of papers is a dull thing, of no interest to those acquainted with the papers themselves, and of little value to those who are not. The reader, however, must bear with us a little, whilst we bring briefly before him three other essays by Wollaston; they are all curious, and, besides their intrinsic value, are important as illustrating the versatility of his mind, and the singular accuracy of all his observations.

One of them is on the interesting and poetical subject of 'Fairy rings.' Most persons in this country must be familiar with the circles of dark green grass which are frequently seen in natural pastures, or on ground which has long lain unploughed. They are particularly abundant on commons and in sheepwalks, such as the chalk-downs in the south of England. Their dimensions are so great, and they are so symmetrical, and so much darker in color than the surrounding herbage, that they never fail to attract the attention of even the most careless passer-by. These circles a beautiful rural superstition supposes to have been marked out by the feet of fairies, whirling

round in their midnight dances : they have, in consequence, been named fairy rings. It is well known, also, that they gradually increase in dimensions : in certain cases, even by as much as two feet in a single year. A believer in elves might suppose that the fairies, from time to time, admitted their children to their pastimes, when they were done with the dancing school and fit for presentation, or in other ways added new guests to their parties, and required more spacious waltzing-ground.

These beautiful and mysterious circles the chemist would not leave to the poet. Keats has complained that—

“ There was a glorious rainbow once in heaven ;  
 ‘Tis number’d now amongst the catalogue  
 Of common things.”

Science, which would not spare the rainbow, has had no mercy on the fairy rings ; though, in truth, both the one and the other still are, and ever will be, as truly the possession of the poet as they were of old. There is no one, we suppose, who does not sympathize with the poetical rendering of the fairy ring ; and no one, probably, who does not at the same time wish to know what the scientific version is also. Wollaston furnished us with the latter. He was led to form the opinion we are about to state, by noticing ‘that some species of fungi were always to be found at the margin of the dark ring of grass, if examined at the proper season.’ This led him to make more careful observations, and he came to the conclusion that the formation of the ring was entirely owing to the action of the fungi in the following way. In the centre of each circle, a clump or group of toadstools or mushrooms had once flourished, till the soil, completely exhausted by their continued growth on it, refused to support them any longer. The following year, accordingly, the toadstools which sprang from the spawn of the preceding generation, spread outwards from the original spot of growth towards the unexhausted outer soil. In this way, a barren central place came to be surrounded by a ring of fungi, year by year increasing in diameter, as it exhausted the earth it grew upon, and travelled outwards in search of virgin soil. But this was not all. The toadstools, as they died, manured or fertilized the ground, so that, although for a certain period the place where they had grown was barren, by-and-bye the grass flourished there more luxuriantly than elsewhere, and manifested this by its greater

length and deeper color. In this way, each circle of mushrooms came to be preceded by a ring of withered grass and succeeded by one of the deepest verdure, and as the one increased the others did also.

On Salisbury plain, near Stonehenge, where, as in a hallowed and befitting locality, fairy rings abound, we have tested the truth of Wollaston’s view. The sides of the low mounds which cover that plain are variegated by the circles in question. A few are imperfect ; quadrants and semicircles ; the greater number wonderfully symmetrical, and to appearance completely circular. The latter exhibit with great uniformity the phenomena which Wollaston describes. A plot of grass, resembling in tint and appearance the ordinary herbage of the down, stands in the centre of a dark green ring five or six feet in diameter. This is fringed by a forest of fungi, and they in their turn are bounded by a circle of stunted, withered grass. This last phenomena was quite in keeping with Wollaston’s theory of the origin of fairy rings. He observes that ‘during the growth of fungi they so entirely absorb all nutriment from the soil beneath, that the herbage is often for a while destroyed, and a ring appears bare of grass surrounding the dark ring ; but after the fungi have ceased to appear, the soil where they had grown becomes darker, and the grass soon vegetates again with peculiar vigor.’ These views of Wollaston have been beautifully confirmed by the recent researches of Professor Schlossberger of Tübingen, into the chemical composition of the fungi, by which it appears that they contain a larger quantity of nitrogen, of phosphates, and of other salts, than any of our cultivated vegetables. In consequence of this, they must exhaust the soil more when they grow on it, and on the other hand, fertilize it more, when restored to it, than any other plants. Dr. Schlossberger has accordingly recommended the employment of the fungi as manures.\*

We conclude this subject by remarking that our great poet, who had an eye for every thing, connects fairy rings and mushrooms together, almost as if he had anticipated Wollaston. Our readers will remember the passage in the *Tempest* :

\* We have seen fields lying fallow in the south of England, because, as was alleged, they would not bear crops, although they were thickly covered with edible mushrooms. Where the latter grow freely, wheat, and the other grains, are certain to flourish also.

"You demy-puppets, that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose  
pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms."

In another, and one of the most curious of his papers, Wollaston again plays the part of disenchanter of a poetical fancy.

It is entitled, 'On the apparent direction of the Eyes of a Portrait.' Into this essay we cannot enter at length, but it deserves a word of notice. One large part of it is occupied in showing that we are unconsciously guided in our estimate of the direction in which the eyes of another are turned, not merely by the position of the iris (or colored circle) and whites of these eyes, but likewise by the direction of the concurrent features, particularly those which are more prominent, as the nose and forehead. However unexpected this statement may be, or perplexing the explanation of it, Wollaston puts it out of the power of the least credulous of his readers to deny the fact, by the plates which accompany his paper. In these he shows that the same pair of eyes may be made to look up, or down, or to either side, merely by altering the direction of the nose and forehead which accompany them. In this paper, also, he supplies an explanation of the familiar fact, that 'if the eyes of a portrait look at the spectator placed in front of the picture, they appear to follow him in every other direction.'

We need not remind the reader how many allusions are made to this optical phenomenon in the words of our poets and novelists, with whom it has ever been a favorite engine for cheering, terrifying, or instructing their heroes. Here, for example, is one of Sir Walter Scott's many references to it. When Colonel Everard visited Woodstock lodge, where an ancient family portrait hung upon the walls, 'He remembered how, when left alone in the apartment, the searching eye of the old warrior seemed always bent upon his, in whatever part of the room he placed himself, and how his childish imagination was perturbed at a phenomenon for which he could not account.'

It did not escape Shakspeare. To take a single case. When Bassanio opens the leaden casket, and beholds Portia's portrait, he exclaims

"Move these eyes?  
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion?"

A beautiful poem of Mrs. Southey's, 'On the removal of some Family Portraits,' turns almost entirely on the subject we are discussing. The explanation is very simple. The only portraits which exhibit the ubiquity of look referred to, are those which have the face and eyes represented as directed straight forwards. A certain deviation from absolute straightforwardness of look may occur, without the phenomenon disappearing, although in that case it will be less apparent; but if the face and eyes are much turned to one side, it is not observed. In a front face, the same breadth of forehead, cheek, chin, &c., is depicted on either side of the nose, considered as a middle line. The eye, also is drawn with its iris or colored ring in the centre, and the white of the eye shown to the same extent on each side of the iris. In a countenance so represented, if the eye appear fixed on the spectator when he stands in front of the portrait, it will continue to gaze on him, from whatever point he regards the picture. If, for example, he place himself far to one side of the painting, the breadth of the face will appear much diminished. But this horizontal diminution will tell on the whole face equally, and will not alter the relative position of its parts. The nose will still appear with as much breadth of face on the one side as on the other, and therefore stand in the centre. The iris will still exhibit the same breadth of white to the right and to the left, and continue therefore to show itself in the middle of the eye. The countenance, in fact, will still be directed straight forward, and its expression remain unchanged.

One other reference will conclude our discussion of Wollaston's Essays. The last paper we mention is, 'On Sounds inaudible to certain Ears.' Its object is to point out, that while, in the natural healthy state of the ear, there seems to be no limit to the power of discerning low sounds, in many persons who are otherwise quite free from deafness, there exists a total insensibility to high or shrill notes, so that they are quite deaf to these. The hearing of different persons was found by Wollaston to terminate at a note four or five octaves above the middle E of the pianoforte. His own hearing ceased at six octaves above that note. Those who were thus deaf to high notes were, in consequence, quite insensible to the chirping of the grasshopper, the cricket, the sparrow, and the bat.



With these observations Wollaston connects a beautiful speculation as to the possibility of insects both emitting and listening to shrill sounds which we never hear; whilst they, in like manner, are totally deaf to the graver notes which only affect our ears. We quote his own words:—

‘The range of human hearing includes more than nine octaves, the whole of which are distinct to most ears, though the vibrations of a note at the higher extreme are six hundred or seven hundred times more frequent than those which constitute the gravest audible sound.

‘As vibrations incomparably more frequent may exist, we may imagine that animals like the grylli, (grasshoppers, crickets, mole crickets, &c.,) whose powers appear to commence nearly where ours terminate, may hear still sharper sounds which we do not know to exist; and that there may be insects hearing nothing in common with us, but endued with the power of exciting, and a sense that hears the same vibrations which constitute our ordinary sounds, but so remote, that the animal which perceives them may be said to possess another sense, agreeing with our own, solely in the medium by which it is excited, and possibly wholly unaffected by those slower vibrations of which we are sensible.’

This seems to us a striking and beautiful idea, and suggests many thoughts. It is in a fine sense a fulfillment of St. Paul’s declaration, ‘There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification.’

Such is a most imperfect list of the additions made by a single philosopher to the scientific literature of our country; and he a private gentleman, working without help from government or any other extrinsic aid. Several of the essays we have referred to, were read before the Royal Society of London in the last year of the author’s life, under circumstances which invest them with peculiar interest. Towards the latter part of the year 1828, Wollaston became dangerously ill of the disease of the brain of which he died. His complaint was a painful one, and it speedily showed such symptoms as satisfied the sufferer himself that death was at hand. He acted on the information as if the warning of coming dissolution had been accompanied by the same advice which was given to king Hezekiah in similar circumstances, ‘Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.’ Finding himself unable to write out an account of such of his discoveries and inventions as he was reluctant should perish with

him, he spent his numbered hours in dictating to an amanuensis an account of some of the more important of them. These parting gifts of a dying philosopher to his brethren, will be found in the papers bearing his name which are printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1829. We have placed their titles at the head of our article. In one of them he makes a touching allusion to the unaccustomed haste which he had been obliged to exhibit in drawing it up. No indications of haste, however, appear in the essay in question, or in any of the others referred to. One of them is the account of the process for working platina, and, like Wollaston’s other papers, is a model of what a physical essay should be.

These were not his only legacies to science. Shortly before his death, he wrote a letter to the secretary of the Royal Society, informing him that he had that day invested in the name of the society, stock to the amount of £1000. The interest of this money he wished to be employed in the encouragement of experiments in natural philosophy. A Wollaston medal is accordingly given periodically by the Royal Society.

In the June before his death, he was proposed as a member of the Astronomical Society of London; but, according to the rules of that body, he could not have been elected before their last meeting for the year. When the society met in November, 1828, however, the alarming situation of his health, and the great probability of his dissolution previous to the December meeting, induced the council at once to recommend to the assembled members a departure from the established rule, and that the election should take place at that sitting. This was done, and received the unanimous sanction of the meeting, which insisted on dispensing with even the formality of a ballot. Dr. Wollaston, then within a few days of his death, acknowledged this feeling and courteous act by presenting the society with a valuable telescope, which he greatly prized. It originally belonged to his father, and had been subsequently improved by the application to it of an invention of his own, that of the triple achromatic object glass, a device on which astronomers set great value.

It is impossible to turn from the record of these incidents, without a feeling of strong admiration of the old Roman-like resolution and calm courage with which the suffering philosopher waited for death. We are all too apt to admire only the active agonistic courage of the battle-field, or

other arena of energetic and laborious warfare or struggle; and are prone to let our imaginations kindle over pictures of warriors dying at the moment of victory, covered, as we are pleased to say, with glory. It is well that we should admire these, for so noble a quality as courage must be honored in all its rightful manifestations. Nevertheless, there are not a few who would prove heroic enough before a visible foe, but would quail before the solitary approach of the 'Last Enemy.' They could endure even to the death, when surrounded by hundreds involved in the same peril, and stirred by the same impulse as themselves; but would lack something of their courage if the influence of numbers and the sympathy of fellow-sufferers were gone, and the excitement of active and manifest struggle were wanting. There are not many who, laid on a sick bed as Wollaston was, and certain that recovery was hopeless, would have so risen above the terror of death and the distraction of pain, as to work as if health were in possession, and long life in prospect. The great majority would think they did well if they submitted to their fate with some show of decent gravity, and made no unmanly complaint; whilst every solace that could be furnished was applied to smooth the way to the tomb. We cannot, therefore, but highly honor the resolute man of science, who did not permit sickness, or suffering, or coming death, to prevent him from putting on record the otherwise lost knowledge, which he thought might serve the cause of truth and benefit his fellow-men.

It would have been in the highest degree interesting to have known what were the grounds of this notable courage, and with what feelings Wollaston not only prepared to leave this world, but looked forward to a world to come. We long to learn whether it be but constitutional calmness and stoicism such as a Greek or Roman might have shown, or fortitude such as only a Christian can display, that we are called on to admire in the dying philosopher. But none of those who alone were entitled to speak on this point have given us information concerning it, and we forbear to form any conjectures. Whencesoever derived, Wollaston's steadfast resolution continued to the end. When he was nearly in the last agonies, one of his friends having observed, loud enough for him to hear, that he was not at the time conscious of what was passing around him, he immediately made a

sign for a pencil and paper, which were given him. He then wrote down some figures, and, after casting up the sum, returned them. The amount was right. He died on the twenty-second of December, 1828, aged sixty-two, a few months before his great scientific contemporaries, Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr. Thomas Young. After death, it appeared that that portion of the brain from which the optic nerve arises was occupied by a large tumor. If we are right in thinking that the singular one-sided blindness from which he sometimes suffered was an early symptom of this malady, it must have proceeded very slowly, for his paper on the semi-decussation of the optic nerves was published in 1824. It is interesting for the sake of psychology to know, that in spite of the extensive cerebral disease referred to, Wollaston's faculties were unclouded to the last.

There remains but little to be told. No picturesque incidents or romantic stories adorn Wollaston's biography, and but few characteristic anecdotes have been preserved. His days were spent with entire devotion to science, between his laboratory and his library. For it was little better than an extension of this, that he was a diligent attendant on the meetings of the Royal, the Geological, and other societies, and took a keen interest in their proceedings. Occasional excursions to the country appear to have been his only recreation. These afforded him an opportunity of prosecuting geology, which was a favorite study, and, during the last twelve years of his life, enabled him to gratify the love for angling with which Sir H. Davy had infected him.

His reluctance, or rather positive refusal, to admit even friends to his laboratory has already been referred to. Plato is said to have written above the door of his study, 'Let no one who is not a mathematician enter.' Had Wollaston placed an inscription, or rather a proscription, above the door of his laboratory, it would have been still more brief and comprehensive. 'Let no one enter.' It is related that a gentleman of his acquaintance, having been left by the servant to ramble from one room to another till he should be ready to see him, penetrated into the laboratory. The doctor, on coming in, discovered the intrusion; but not suffering himself to express all he felt on the occasion, took his friend by the arm, and having led him to the most sacred spot in the room, said—'Mr. P., do you see that furnace?' 'I do.' 'Then make a pro-

found bow to it, for as this is the first time, it will also be the last time, of your seeing it.'

This hermetically sealed laboratory is known to have been of small dimensions. It did not require to be large, for Wollaston's researches were systematically prosecuted on a scale of nearly microscopic minuteness. He was celebrated for the almost atomic quantities of matter on which he wrought to as much good purpose as other men on hundreds of grains. His demonstration of the identity of columbium and tantalum was founded upon the examination of a very few grains of two rare minerals. His detection of titanium in the iron slags was effected on equally small quantities.

Dr. Paris mentions, in his life of Davy, that a foreign philosopher once called upon Dr. Wollaston with letters of introduction, and expressed an anxious desire to see his laboratory. 'Certainly,' he replied; and immediately produced a small tray containing some glass tubes, a blow-pipe, two or three watch-glasses, a slip of platina, and a few test-tubes. It is added by the same gentleman, that Wollaston appeared to take great delight in showing by what small means he could produce great results. Shortly after he had inspected the grand galvanic battery constructed by Mr. Children, and had witnessed some of those brilliant phenomena of combustion which its powers produced, he accidentally met a brother chemist in the street. Seizing his button, (his constant habit when speaking on any subject of interest,) he led him into a secluded corner, when, taking from his waistcoat pocket a tailor's thimble, which contained a galvanic arrangement, and pouring into it the contents of a small vial, he instantly heated a platina wire to a white heat.

Wollaston was fond of amassing money: there have not, indeed, been wanting accusations to the effect, that if he had sought less after wealth, he would have done more for science. How far these charges are true, we have no means of judging, as it does not appear from the published accounts, in what exact way he made his money. That it was chiefly by the platina process is certain, but whether he engaged in the manufacture himself, or only superintended it, we do not know. On this point we would only remark, that there is something, to say the least of it, very partial and unfair in the way in which obloquy is cast upon men of science, if they appropriate to

themselves some of the wealth which their discoveries procure for others. If a successful naval or military hero is lavishly pensioned out of the public purse, no one complains. It is not thought strange that a great painter or sculptor, whilst he justly declares his productions are worth untold gold, should nevertheless demand a modicum of coin from his admirers. Neither is the poet or musician blamed who sells his work to the highest bidder. But if a chemist, for whom there are few pensions and no peerages, think to help out a scanty or insufficient income by manufacturing gunpowder like Davy, or magnesia like Henry, or malleable platina like Wollaston, or guano like Liebig, the detractors assail him at once. He has lowered the dignity of his science, and, it would seem, should starve, rather than degrade his vocation. That vocation, so far, at least, as the practical fruits of his own labors are concerned, is to be a kind of jackal, to start game which others are to follow, a beagle, to hunt down prey which others may devour. Surely there is but scanty justice here, and some forgetfulness of a sacred text, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.'

We are no advocates of a sordid spirit in men of science, neither do we lament that government is less liberal to them in this than in other countries. When we look at the roll of our illustrious men, we see little reason to regret that they have not the grants which France, Germany, and Russia, so freely bestow. Neither system is perfect, and our own, with all its faults, works well. But private enterprise must manifestly supplement the deficiencies of government aid. It is therefore unfair to blame an unpensioned, unplaced chemist like Wollaston, if he secure an income by his independent labor. To manufacture platina may be, in the eyes of the world, a less dignified occupation than practising medicine, but it left the man of science much more leisure for his studies than physic would have done, and paid him a great deal better.

We will not, however, take it on us to affirm that Wollaston might not have been content with less than 30,000*l*. Perhaps, and probably, he might have been, though we know too little of his circumstances to be able to judge exactly on that point. That he did not selfishly hoard his money may be gathered from the following anecdote, which is declared to be authentic. Having been



applied to by a gentleman who was involved by unexpected difficulties to procure him some government situation, Dr. Wollaston's reply was—'I have lived to sixty without asking a single favor from men in office, and it is not after that age that I shall be induced to do so, even were it to serve a brother. If the enclosed can be of use to you in your present difficulties, pray accept it, for it is much at your service.' The enclosed was a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

In attempting further to illustrate Wollaston's character, we must have recourse to the device so common with biographers, of comparing him with some of those who were engaged in the same pursuits as himself. A natural and admirable occasion for doing so, such as Plutarch would have delighted in, is afforded by the fact that Wollaston and Davy were contemporaries and friends. It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the eager, imaginative poet-chemist, on the one hand, and the austere, unimpassioned, monk-philosopher on the other. Davy was a man of sanguine, enthusiastic temperament, overflowing with life and animation; Wollaston's nature was as still and unmoved as the bottom of a lake hidden from the wind in the recesses of a cavern. The former was a spoiled child of nature and of fortune, and greedy of applause. He delighted in the approving smiles of ladies, and was flattered by the notice of the great. It was a source of pain to him that he was not of good family. Wollaston was a disappointed man. He begged one boon from his brethren, the physicianship of an hospital; when that was refused him, he shut himself up in his laboratory, and rejoiced, when sixty years old, that he would not ask a favor, even for a brother. He was indifferent to the notice of all but scientific persons, and avoided every occasion of attracting popular attention.

Their characters as philosophers were as different as their tastes and habits as men. Davy had far greater originating power, boldness of speculation, and faculty of generalization; and he showed great skill in realizing his ideas. Wollaston excelled Davy in extent of scientific accomplishment, in minute accuracy of observation, and in closeness of reasoning. He wrought out his conceptions with singular ingenuity, and brought the utmost mechanical experience and dexterity to the solution of difficult questions. Both were good artists and

manipulators, but Wollaston was much the better of the two. Davy was very ingenious in devising, but reckless and inexperienced in constructing. Wollaston excelled him in ingenuity, and, moreover, was a first-rate workman.

The mode in which they reached their discoveries was as dissimilar as the subjects which they selected. Davy considered the faintest analogy worth pursuing. Possibilities were with him probabilities; probabilities truths. Wollaston's idea of a truth was not so much something proved true, but something which could not be proved not to be true. His most positive yes was often a *not* no, rather than a hearty yea and amen. When Davy took up an inquiry, it was with the highest hopes and visions of success. If he gained his end, he was greatly elated, if he failed, he was correspondingly depressed. Wollaston set about a scientific undertaking more as if it were a matter of duty, than an occupation which by its result could possibly give him pain or pleasure. His pulse probably never quickened or slackened a beat in consequence of success or failure. When Davy discovered potassium, his delight and agitation were so great, that he enrolled the fact in his note-book in an almost illegible scrawl. Wollaston would have written the announcement in his roundest hand. With Davy, the end of the inquiry was the great object; the shortest way by which it could be reached was the best. The means by which it was arrived at, were in themselves indifferent. He hastened impetuously to reach the goal. For Wollaston, the journey had interest, whatever might be its conclusion. He hated to make a false or doubtful move, though it might advance him towards his ultimate object. Each stage of the undertaking was, for the time, the entire subject of concern. He travelled leisurely along, breaking new ground with the utmost caution, fastidious about every step of the journey. A sufficient pathway would not content him, though no one might follow his steps. He must stop, and make it a perfect road. The one philosopher was like the stag-hound running down the game his keen eye got sight of, by speed of foot and nimbleness of limb, or missing it altogether. The other resembled the blood hound following leisurely on the trail of his prey; slow, comparatively, in his movements, and with eyes fixed upon the ground, but certain never to quit the chase, or to make one false step till he was up with his victim. Davy's genius was

like the burning thunderbolt whose forces he did so much to explain. Attracted only by towering and lofty things, it smote down from the zenith, prostrating maiden citadels, and scattering in dust, or dissipating in fiery drops, whatsoever opposed it. Wollaston's genius was like the light, whose laws he so much loved to study. It was not, however, the blazing light of day that it resembled, but the still moonlight, as ready with clear but cold radiance to shine in, on a solitary obscure chamber, as able to illuminate with its unburning beams every dark and stately hall of the closed fortresses where Nature keeps her secrets.

In their habits of laboratory working and manipulation, Davy and Wollaston have been compared to the painters, Michael Angelo and Tenier's; the former, reckless, impetuous, and turbulent in his mode of producing results; the latter, minute, microscopic, precise, and accurate, even in the smallest details. The comparison is just so far, but it either elevates Davy too high, or degrades Wollaston, too low. Davy devising his safety lamp, after a few rapidly performed experiments, may be the Michael Angelo, contrasted with Wollaston, the Teniers, slowly perfecting a process for drawing out a capillary gold wire. But Wollaston, solving by means of a little telescope of his own adaptation, the problem of the existence of an atmosphere round the sun, contrasted with Davy discovering potassium by means of a gigantic voltaic battery, and every other aid and appliance to boot, must be called (as an artist friend suggests) at least a Correggio, whilst the latter is styled rather a Titian than a Michael Angelo. Davy and Wollaston were men of most marked individuality of character, and giants both. The youthful student will do well who accepts the guidance of either. He will do better if, like Faraday, he unite the excellences of both.

To these attempts to bring out Wollaston's character by contrast with that of his great contemporary, we would add a word or two concerning his likeness in disposition to another of our distinguished men of science. Those who are acquainted with the life of the Honorable Henry Cavendish will acknowledge that he and Wollaston resembled each other greatly. In both there was the same austerity, taciturnity and reserve; the same extreme caution in drawing conclusions, and exact precision in stating them; the same catholicity of tastes as regarded their philosophical pursuits; the

same relish for scientific society and dislike to any other; the same indifference to applause; the same frugal habits; the same candor and justice towards other men of science; and the same strong love of truth and perfect integrity. And as in life they were alike, so in death they were not divided. The closing moments of the one were marked by the same kind of calm courage and serenity which distinguished the death-bed of the other. Cavendish and Wollaston might in truth have been twin brothers.

In contrasting Wollaston with Davy, and in comparing him with Cavendish, we have not willingly overstated matters. But all such attempts partake more or less of rhetorical artifice, and convey at best but a partial and imperfect idea of the character of any individual. No man is exactly the opposite or exactly the image of another. If his name be worth preserving at all, his individuality must be marked, and should be susceptible of definition and demonstration. It seems to us that three predominant qualities determined the scope of Wollaston's genius. The statement of these will perhaps in some degree explain the comparatively slight impression which he has made on science, and the partial oblivion into which his name has already fallen.

We remark first, that, in common with all great observers in physics, he possessed a keen intellect, a well balanced judgment, a most retentive memory, rapidity and readiness in discerning analogies, great power of analysis and also of generalization, perseverance in working out ideas once started, and practical skill in effecting their realization.

To hold in check these estimable qualities, there existed in the first place a quite inordinate caution, which never permitted them to range freely over the domains of science. Wollaston's caution was of a peculiar kind. It was not the wariness of timidity or self-distrust. He was in all respects a courageous man, and had much more self-reliance than Davy. The boldness of a speculation would not have deterred him from entertaining it. It would, in truth, have been neither a recommendation nor an objection to any suggestion. Fearlessness or timidity, as evinced in a hypothesis or theory, were qualities intangible to science, which was only concerned with the question, was the speculation true, or was it not?

It was untruth that Wollaston so greatly dreaded; and the fear of it made him prone to underestimate the positive worth of any

fact. An inquiry thus became for him a very tedious and protracted affair. It was not sufficient that a fact, perhaps quite incidental to the main object, and what other men would have called trivial, was true enough for the use he had to make of it. It must be true enough for every purpose it could be applied to: in a word, positively and absolutely true. Wollaston was thus like a man crossing a river by casting in stepping-stones, but who would not be content, that, with here and there a pretty long leap, and now and then a plash and wetting, he should get across. He must stop and square and set each stone, before he stepped on to the next, and so measure his way to the other side. Yet the stones were no more to him than to other travellers. To cross the river was his object as well as theirs. The stepping-stones were only the means to that. But they were doubtful and uncertain means, if carelessly arranged. Many would reach the opposite side in safety, but a single pilgrim might be washed away and drowned. Wollaston made a pathway safe even for the blind.

Davy, when he discovered potassium, argued somewhat thus: It is probable for several, or (as he would say) for many reasons, that potash and soda are the oxides of metals. It is also probable that electricity, which can decompose so many things, will be able to decompose them. He tried if it would, and discovered some dozen new metals. Wollaston would have said, it is possible that the alkalies contain metals, and possible also that electricity could separate them. But at that point he would have stopped to array the probabilities against both ideas proving true; and these would have appeared so strong that he would never have gone further.

All discoverers, with the exception of the very highest, such as Newton, take a great deal for granted. They advance not by steps, but by strides, and often gain their ends in strange ways. The new country in which they land themselves and their brethren, is reached by some bold attempt which is soon stigmatized as illegitimate and unworthy. The new country, however, is there for all that, and more legitimate and worthy methods of approach are soon discovered. We have Liebig for example, in our own day, accused of assuming doctrines that he cannot prove; and of giving us hypotheses as thoroughly established generalizations. Now and then he is provoked to return some indignant rejoinder to the

bitter denunciations of his angry critics. But they made no abiding impression on the eager German, who replies with fresh assumptions and new hypotheses, more aggravating than before. His successors will doubtless weed out of his system as useless many things which he counts as essential to it, and establish as only partially just much that he believes to be absolutely true. But if Liebig had stopped like Wollaston to render each step in his progress incontrovertible, organic chemistry would be infinitely less advanced than it is at the present day.

Had Wollaston been a man of as grand and as fine intellect as Newton, his caution would not have prevented him being a great discoverer; but with faculties much more limited than his, he had caution equally great. Accordingly, although he had the start of Davy in electricity, and knew that science thoroughly, he allowed the latter to carry off the greater number of the trophies in galvanic discovery. He detected for himself the law of combination in multiple proportion, and might have extended it into such a scheme as Dalton embodied in his atomic hypothesis. Wollaston was infinitely better qualified than Dalton to investigate, by experiment, laws of combination. But he stopped with the discovery of the one law, and did not even publish that, till Dalton had made it known along with several others.

But characteristic as caution was of Wollaston, it may be questioned whether it was more strongly marked in him than in many other philosophers. Black, and still more Cavendish, were as cautious as he was. We must look farther, before we can sufficiently account for the apparently small amount of fruit which his life of scientific labor yielded.

We would indicate as the second feature in Wollaston's mind which prevented his effecting greater achievements, the versatility of his tastes. There was scarcely a science which he had not studied and was not competent to extend. His Cambridge education gave him a taste for mathematics and the mathematicophysical sciences. From his father he inherited a fondness for astronomy, and by him he was probably initiated into its mysteries from his earliest years. No man can be long an astronomer without feeling it necessary to study geology. Wollaston accordingly became a geologist. Neither will any one make much use of telescopes without becoming anxious to



understand and to improve their construction: all astronomers, accordingly, are students of optics. Wollaston was a most diligent one. None of these sciences, however, will support their votaries: our philosopher accordingly studied medicine. This introduced him to anatomy, physiology, pathology, botany, and chemistry, on each of which he published papers.

Davy had a most imperfect acquaintance with all the sciences, except chemistry and electricity. Wollaston knew them all, and worked at them by turns. A list of some of his papers which we have not commented upon will show how impartially he distributed his attention. The Bakerian lecture for 1803: 'Observations of the quantity of horizontal refraction; with a method of measuring the dip at sea.'—The Bakerian lecture for 1806: 'On the force of percussion.' The Croonian lecture for 1810: 'On muscular motion, sea-sickness, and carriage exercise.' The Bakerian lecture for 1813: 'On the elementary particles of certain crystals.' 'On a method of freezing at a distance.' 'On a method of drawing extremely fine wires.' 'On a periscopic camera obscura and microscope.' 'On a method of cutting rock crystal for micrometers.' 'On gouty concretions.' 'On the concentric adjustment of a triple-object glass,' &c. &c. &c. The reader will add to these, those named or discussed in our article already.

Davy was obliged to confine himself to the two sciences he knew, and in consequence, greatly extended them. Wollaston had the 'open sesame' to them all, and the result was that he did a little for every one. He who divides his fortune into a number of small bequests, and leaves one to each of those who have a claim on him, is thanked for the time, but speedily forgotten. But when a man gives his all to a single great object, it embalms his memory. Wollaston has passed from men's notice. Davy is immortal.

There remains, however, a third characteristic to be noticed before we can understand all that biassed Wollaston, and turned his thoughts away from great scientific actions. We allude to his wonderful inventiveness and mechanical ingenuity. We call it wonderful, because, with the exception of James Watt, Hooke, and a very few others, Wollaston surpassed all his scientific countrymen in this respect, and there are not many foreign natural philosophers who could be placed above him. Without en-

tering into any detailed proof of this, we only remind the reader that he was the inventor of the reflecting goniometer, the camera lucida, the dip sector, the cryophorus of a micrometer, of various improvements on the microscope, on the common eye-glass, on the camera obscura, and of one most important one on the telescope; of the method of rendering platina malleable, of a method of drawing extremely fine wires, of a method of comparing the light of the sun with that of the fixed stars, and of many others which we cannot stop to mention. In addition to these special inventions, his papers are filled with descriptions of the most ingenious and original contrivances for securing the ends he had in view. When he became an angler, he astonished his friends by many curious devices for overcoming difficulties in the new art he had taken up.

It must have come within the observation of most persons, that very ingenious mechanical contrivers find the greatest pleasure in giving birth to inventions, and, where no other and higher taste divides their inclinations, and no pressing duty occupies their time, often devote themselves entirely to the gratification of their talent. It is most natural that they should do so. There are few intellectual pleasures greater than that of being creators, even to the extent that man may be one. The feeling of exultation with which the poet, the painter, or the musician, rejoices over the offspring of his genius, is shared, though in a lower degree, by the inventor, whose new instrument or method is as much a creation, the embodiment and monument of an idea or ideas, as the poem, or the picture, or the oratorio. In many men, ingenuity goes no further than devising. They are not craftsmen, to execute their plans; and to give them to workmen would involve too costly a gratification of their wishes. But Wollaston was an excellent workman; his hand was as ready to construct as his brain to invent; and they went together. There was thus a twofold temptation to gratify his inventive powers; and he did gratify them to the utmost: but time so spent was often little better than thrown away. We rejoice that he invented a reflecting goniometer, and supplied an achromatic object-glass for the telescope, and we do not grudge the camera lucida; but as for the not very important improvement of spectacles, microscopes, and camerae obscuræ, they might have safely been left to be made by a duller man, when it appeared they were wanted. It was put-

ting Pegasus in the yoke, or setting Samson to grind at the mill, to waste Wollaston's energies on such work. His case should be a warning to young scientific men who have a great mechanical turn, to take care that it does not warp them aside from higher objects, and convert them into mere instrument-makers. When we think how many inventions are only works of superelevation, no better than Rob Roy's self-acting pistol, which was to protect the entrance into a leather purse; or useless toys, like the recent Eureka machine, for making nonsense Latin hexameters, or of the most circumscribed application, like patent needle-threaders: we cannot but wish that each inventor would pause, and ask whether there is, or will be any need or demand for what he is about to devise, before he proceeds to execute his project. Many of Wollaston's inventions are now forgotten or superseded.

The restraint and distraction of faculty which these three influences occasioned, were fatal to Wollaston's being a distinguished or systematic discoverer. His inordinate intellectual caution kept him from giving to the world any great generalization. Had he attempted one, he would have spent a lifetime in establishing it to his own satisfaction. His acquaintance with most of the physical sciences induced him, instead of dedicating his life to the establishment of some one great theory in a single branch of knowledge, to pursue many inquiries in each; these were sufficiently limited in scope to be brought to a conclusion, satisfactory even to his fastidious, skeptical spirit, in a reasonable time. His mechanical ingenuity constantly tempted him to improve some one of the thousand instruments of physical science which are not perfect.

He must nevertheless be counted great, on the ground of the multitude of single works which he executed so ably. He will stand in the second rank of great physical philosophers, along with Black and Cavendish, Davy and Dalton.

The portraits of Wollaston represent him as a grave, silent, meditative man: one who would excite much sincere respect, but little enthusiastic affection, among those who knew him. He led a solitary life, and was never married.

His senses were peculiarly acute, a valuable possession to a physical philosopher. Some, indeed, have dwelt upon the acuteness of Wollaston's senses as the source of

his greatness as an inventor and discoverer. Others have indignantly affirmed that it was wronging a great philosopher to ascribe his triumphs over nature, merely to his having had a sharp eye and nimble fingers. The dispute seems a needless and a foolish one. That Wollaston had very acute bodily senses, has been certified to us by himself, and by those who were his associates. But if any one think that the mere possession of these will make a man a Wollaston, let him only consider that there is not a Red Indian or an Esquimaux who can distinguish a white hare from the white snow around it, who does not at least equal, if not far surpass, the philosopher in acuteness of bodily senses.

On the other hand, it would be in the highest degree unwise to despise the gifts of sensitive bodily organs, and to leave out of consideration the influence of the physical element in determining the character of men. Soul and body must be present in certain though varying proportions, to suit us for our special vocations; and the elements must be as kindly, though differently mixed, to give the world assurance of a physical philosopher as of a poet or statesman. Wollaston, like most of his distinguished fellow-men, owed a great deal to his body, but a great deal more to his soul.

From what has been already stated, it will be manifest that our philosopher was not what most people would term an amiable person. He was, however, a just and most honorable man; candid, open, and free from envy. Of this, many proofs might be given. We have already seen that he freely lent his influence to secure Sir H. Davy the chair of the Royal Society. His papers, also, afford incidentally many evidences of his candor. In the one on the finite extent of the atmosphere, he mentions, that after making his own observations on the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, he discovered that results equally accurate had already been obtained by M. Vidal of Montpellier, to whom, accordingly, he assigns the priority. In his essay on the forms of the elementary particles of certain crystals, he points out that he had been anticipated by Dr. Hooke. He states, as a reason for publishing his paper on super and sub acid salts, that he wished to furnish Dr. Dalton with a better means of proving the truth of his doctrine of combination in multiple proportions than the latter's analysis of certain gases had supplied. He had occasion to point out that the chemist Che-

nevis had committed a great blunder in reference to the properties of the metal palladium: he did it in the most delicate and courteous way.

Altogether, the combination of reserve with perfect straightforwardness; the relish for acquiring money, with the generosity in parting with it when it could be worthily bestowed; the clear intellect, the self-reliance, the aversion to interference or intrusion on the part of strangers; the impartial justice to rivals, and the business-like method of all his habits, seem to us pre-eminently to mark out Wollaston as, *par excellence*, The *English* Philosopher.

From Tait's Magazine.

### LEIGH HUNT.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "A GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS"

IT is singular to notice how some men "achieve greatness" by the very act of living. Eclipsed and crushed at first by successful rivals, they are fortunate enough to survive them, and to shine forth as stars in the twilight of their departed glory. How picturesque yonder solitary pine, yielding its dark cones to the wind reluctantly, as if loth to bend its aged and reverend head to a blast but newly born! Some years ago, it was lost in the crowd of the forest, till the woodman's axe cut its passage into perilous prominence. So with certain authors: they gather around them the added interest of those who have outlived a generation of giants, and who mingle with the admiration of the present somewhat of the awe of the past. Last of a noble race, the homage they receive is given ungrudgingly, and with the feeling of discharging a debt of gratitude long due, not to one, but to many benefactors. Sometimes, as in the case of Wordsworth, the merit thus tardily acknowledged is of the highest order, but which detraction, and the success of more popular writers, have unjustly veiled. Sometimes it is of minor, though real value, which, amid the blaze of contemporary genius, has been overborne and drowned. In the year 1820, such men as Croly, De Quincey, Wilson, and Leigh Hunt, were content to be *dii minorum gentium* in the literary Pantheon. We now, in 1846, regard them as a race of

"elder gods," Titans partly, because they have outlived a Titanic family.

And yet we feel, that in applying the term Titan to Leigh Hunt, we are bordering upon the ludicrous. No such magnificent epithet will fit him. He is no "giant angel:" he is nothing better than an inspired and perpetual child. He is not great, nor even large; but he is the perfection of elegant and airy littleness. He flits about like an Ariel among the sons of the mighty. Ariel, indeed, the most imaginative and succinct of skyey messengers, full of playful earnestness, is an apter emblem of Hunt's genius than the tricky Puck. He is the down of the thistle floating nowhither, while Ariel is the winged seed blown right onward to the spot where it is to take root and grow. As we have elsewhere said of Moore and Dickens we can never disconnect the idea of Hunt from that of smallness. Perhaps, instead of Ariel, he is rather a genuine brother of the Cobweb, Mustard-seed, and Pease-blossom family: like that redoubted race, tiny, swift, ethereal, with a fire in his eye, and drops of gold sprinkled on his little wing. Moore is, of the three, Mustard-seed—sharp, biting, and mischievous. Dickens is Cobweb—light, dancing, and sunny. Hunt is Pease-blossom—smelling of the fields, and shining with the hues of autumn sunshine.

Earnestness at ease, is the leading characteristic of Hunt's nature. His is not that eternal frown of certain patriots and philosophers, at which "hell grows darker." His genius wears, on the contrary, a gentle smile, to feed which every thing has run—his learning, his philosophy, his imagination, and his tears.

"Sorrows [he sings] I've had severe ones  
I will not speak of now;  
And calmly 'mid my dear ones  
I've wasted with dry brow."

Struggles he has had,—calumnies borne,—imprisonment too known, in those dark days, when looks were watched, and words tortured, and to sigh in some cases was to sin. He has been separated from children dear to him "as the ruddy drops that visit his sad heart." A child-like friend, dearer than a brother, was severed from him; and he saw, under the darkening sky of his own fortunes, the smoke of his funeral pile rising from the sea-shore. He felt, too, the recalcitration of the furious heel of Byron. He committed several grave errors, and had many severe literary trials.



But all ran to fill up the channel of the gentle smile. His heart would not get old. The boy element would not extract. And the author of "Rimini" and "The Feast of the Poets," is, we believe, smiling still—smiling at the memory of his past griefs and sufferings; smiling at the changed treatment he is receiving from the literary world, and from his ancient foes; smiling pity over the dishonored dust of Byron, and over the insolent but retracted ridicule of Moore; and smiling a deeper happier smile at that milder social day which has at length risen upon his path; for him, too, as well as Virgil's shepherd,

*Libertas tanquam sera respexit.*

Hunt, like most writers of the day, has appealed to the public, not only at sundry times, but in divers manners. He has been a critic, a journalist, an essayist, a writer of tales and dramas, a satiric and a serious poet. As a critic, he did at one time yeoman service to the cause of letters. He stood up, in conjunction with Lamb and Hazlitt, for the three objects, first, of vindicating the fame of the Lake poets; secondly, of directing public attention to the forgotten and neglected English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and, thirdly, of establishing a school of criticism independent of the reviews, which at that time lorded it over the world of letters, and were with a high hand abusing their power. To these objects of this triumvirate, Lamb contributed his subtle discrimination, his delicate yet cutting irony; Hazlitt, his fierce passion and vehement declamation; and Hunt, his grace, his tact, his liveliness, his learning, and his fine fanciful quaintness. The public saw with surprise the pages of a weekly newspaper, studded with critical disquisitions, as profound, and much more genial, than any to be found in the great quarterly journals; and began, in the extreme of reaction from former implicit submission, to regard these as blind guides. And although the influence of our literary reformers was counteracted by the furious abuse and victimization which they personally experienced, they in the end gained their object. They shed a new light upon the pages of our elder dramatists; they vindicated the claims of the Lake poets; and they contributed to rouse the public to that spirit of independent judgment which has more or less characterized it ever since, and has compelled

journals to become rather the followers than the leaders of the national taste.

Hunt's criticism is distinguished above that of many, by its joyous geniality.—How he gloats over tit-bits!—How he enjoys a literary *bonne bouche*!—How he chuckles over a quaintness, or a recondite beauty!—He has, on such occasions, all the glee of a school-boy, who has lighted upon some peculiar pot of jam or neglected drawer of sweet-bread. He laughs, rolls, and riots, in the gladness of his heart; and, like the said school-boy, if a fine generous fellow, calls upon all his comrades to share the spoil. He reads a favorite author as a man reads to his adored, giving, in the fullness of his happy heart, beauty, and meaning, and interest to the pages, which come in reality from a sweeter and dearer source. Thus Hunt, between sympathy with his author and with his reader, gilds his refined gold, paints his lilies, and throws a perfume over his violets. Even his affectations, quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles—and they are not few—remind you of the little arts which the eye of love produces, and which it alone will pardon. The gush of genuine gladness must be permitted its little jets, freaks, and fantasies. Better far this than the cool iron composure of those miserable beings called critics by profession, who are doomed to pass from the Dan of each new title-page to the Beersheba of each *Finis*, and find all barren; and are capable of enjoying only the poor luxury of "establishing" when they cannot find a "raw."

Of his criticism, the better specimens, we think, occur in his earlier productions, his "Indicator," "Companion," &c. In what seems to have been an evil hour, he wrote "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries." It awoke an outcry from a large portion of the public, who had not yet recovered from that drunken dream, through the medium of which they had for a long while regarded Byron. As Macauley has well shown, the conduct of the British public to Byron was most extraordinary. First, they idolized him unreasonably; then as unreasonably they ground their golden calf to dust; and then they raised, reconstructed, and set him in a higher shrine than ever. And this latter reaction arose simply from what always seemed to us his chimerical and insincere expedition to Greece; an incident in his history no more deserving moral approbation, than the conduct of the prodigal who in his desperation *enlists*.

Who on that account dreams of canonizing the poor fellow? But, because Byron, disgusted with himself, sick of Italy, satiated with literary fame, or rather afraid of losing the laurels he had gained, exhausted in intellect, and bruised in heart, threw himself into the Greek cause, (instead of returning to England, calmly confronting his calumniators, and resuming his duties as a landlord and a senator, which had been the part of a wise man,) changed his poetic melody into a wild Albanian war-song, and perished prematurely, therefore all the past was to be forgiven and forgotten, and therefore, if an honest man ventured to blame any part of his conduct, he must be torn in pieces, and have his *disjecta membra* thrown in propitiatory sacrifice upon the poet's Grecian grave. We care very little about the charges of ingratitude and violated confidence which have been brought against Hunt. He had been treated by Byron with great liberality; and no wonder, since he had appeared single-handed in his defence, when the howl of all England was up against him. He had been admitted to his confidence, and might, had he been base enough, have claimed a similar honor with the servant who boasted that he was kicked by a Duke. He had been fed and insulted under the same roof with the noble poet. And in exchange for such favors, he was bound to flatter the man when dead, to whom, when living, he had always acted a firm and manly part! We would have preferred, indeed, had he remained entirely silent on the subject. We never think of Byron as a man, without recalling the words of Milton, in reference to the rebel angels.

The other sort,

In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,  
Nor of renown less eager, yet, by doom  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
For strength, from truth divided and from just,  
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires  
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
*Therefore eternal silence be their doom.*

But if Hunt was to speak of Byron at all, he was bound to speak the plain unvarnished truth, avoiding equally the extremes of sycophancy and of spleen. And now, the public, by another, and we suspect a final revulsion of feeling, has come round to his opinion, and unites in writing on Byron's bust, the most fatal of all inscriptions, "A traitor to his own transcendent genius."

Our quarrel, then, with this book, is not

so much its treatment of Byron's memory, as its general spirit and execution. Its spirit is waspish, its execution feeble. In the one, you read disappointment; in the other, dyspepsia. His memoir of himself, must, from its profusion of capital *I's*, have taxed severely Mr. Colburn's printing press, and has the garrulity without the bonhomie of old age. His estimates of contemporary talent are not eminently felicitous, nor, with the exception of his personal friends, particularly candid. You see altogether, in this work, a mind, in an unhappy state of transition from its first fresh, buoyant enthusiasm, to that mild and serene twilight, which has now permanently settled upon its powers. Clinging still to our former image of a gentle smile, as the best emblem of Hunt's nature, we must grant that, in this production, it is but faintly visible, if not entirely concealed.

As a journalist, he exhibits a marked contrast, in the course of his progress, between the dashing, slashing, free and fearless style, in which (conjointly with his brother,) he conducted *The Examiner*, and the meek and almost mawkish tone of his *London Journal*. How changed from the daring libeller, whom Regency honored with its personal hatred and vengeance, and who, like another Camille Desmoulins, shot his bright and bickering shafts at sublime swindlers and crowned imbeciles, the kindly old man babbling of his green fields, looking with dim tearful eye at his old favorite authors, welcoming to his arms books which formerly seemed steeped in the green and livid slime of Bigotry, saying civil things of "The Lights and Shadows,"—ay, of "Matthew Wald," and its author,—shaking (with some tremor) the huge fist of Christopher North, and instead of the bitter sarcasm in which he often indulged, just hinting faults and hesitating dislike, even to the imbecile, the impertinent, and the absurd. We prefer him, we must say, in the latter character. It is more true to his original tendencies. For the tear and wear, the fret and fever, the squabbling and heart-burning of a newspaper life, Hunt was never fitted. Only by nursing and coddling the inferior parts of his nature, could he have qualified himself for discharging its duties. And he did not too soon resign it to the hands of one much better adapted for the craft.

We regret exceedingly that *Leigh Hunt's London Journal* did not succeed. Never did a cheap periodical exhibit a more cath-

olic and genial spirit. Broad-fronted, mild-tempered, with fine imaginative sympathies, holding that "beauty is truth," it did not deny the converse of the creed, that "truth is beauty." Not a mere weekly dispenser of the cold comfort of utilitarianism, to thousands who begin to feel that thus the deeper wants of their spirits are insulted, as egregiously as were a drop to be sprinkled on a burning thirst, or a crumb to be handed to a raging hunger; it delighted in bringing out the poetry of usefulness, and the spiritual purposes which are served by even the mechanisms of the present age. He never speaks with contempt of this age, as a mechanical age; its motion, that of a rattling railway train; its agitation, the tremble of an unmanageable machine. He sees that machines contain in them a stern poetry of their own; that they present forceful and colossal images of power, of iron will and iron necessity; that in annihilating time and space, girdling the globe with Pucklike speed, "yoking their cars with whirlwinds and the northern blast," they gather round them the double interest of fact and fiction; that a railway carriage, which looks tame enough at rest, in two minutes rushes into poetry, and with its flag of flame, passes through the most beautiful country, less like an intruder than a monarch; while in a dream of beauty walks the waters of the summer sea the great steam ship, or wrestles like a demon of kindred power with the angry billows! He asks, "Has mechanism taken color from the grass and warmth from the blood?" and feels that while itself often a coarse Caliban, a strong drudge, it may be taught to do the spiriting and perform the magical bidding of the Prosperos of poetry; that in the varied and vast mechanical powers of the age, there lies over for coming artists a fund of thought and imagination not likely to be soon exhausted; that each railway train seems shrieking with that unearthly scream of its, for the coming of its poet, and shall not always scream in vain! Such views he held, and was beginning to expound, successfully, in his journal, when unfortunately, for want of passengers, it came to a stand-still, and now runs no more.

In the essay, Hunt found himself in his perfect element. Some minds have been as much out of theirs in it as leviathans in a pond. Foster, for instance, lashes his large tail against its narrow limits, till he bursts them asunder. Hazlitt is more at

home in its small circle, only through the sacrifice of much that is peculiar, and of all that is profound in his intellect. Lamb's highest qualities are seen shyly and from afar off in even the "Essays of Elia." But Hunt is as active, and bright, and happy, in it, as a gold fish in its globe of glass. All the finer qualities of his mind,—his vinous liveliness, his *recherché* rather than recondite lore,—his conversational tone,—his gleesome disposition,—his snatches of higher imagination,—his wide sympathies,—the gem-like minuteness of finish he gives to his better things,—the air of fireside ease which waves like a light scarf around all his motions, are to be found in "The Indicator" and "The Companion." With what a light dainty step he conducts us along the "sweet security of streets," from shop to shop, finding incense in the perfumer's, and a dream of Golconda in the jeweller's, and Alnaschar still sitting at the door of his crockery warehouse, and an echo from the stithies of Etna lingering in the brazier's, and his own boy-self standing stealthily at the bookstall, and houri faces smiling on him under the bonnets in the milliner's, and "all the Arabian heaven" opening in the print-seller's, and in the apothecary's a blue and lurid splendor, sending him home to dream of drugs and death. Ye sticks, and hats too, how much do ye owe to his fine idealization! Memories of the metropolis, how has he embalmed you! Even mists and fogs thereof, ye are due him thanks for piercing your thick folds with a ray of poetry. And, happy above all pig-drivers, thou, the immortal genius of thine art, whom his footsteps chanced to follow, in thy difficult but glorious pilgrimage down the Strand, guiding successfully, through direr Scyllas and Charybdes, thy grunting charge! And who, in that sunnier side of the Round-table, which he contributed, has forgotten his "Day by the fireside," where "common things that round us lie,"—the crump and crackle of the hot roll,—the knock of the postman,—the song of the tea-kettle,—the tickling feeling, beneath one's feet, of the hearth-rug,—the music of the flickering flames in the grate,—the drawing in of the evening curtains,—the toasting of one's bed-itching toes,—the tying and smoothing of one's nightcap—become suddenly surrounded with an edge of imagination, and we feel that there is poetry in every thing?

"What's in a name?" asks Shakspeare. Every thing, we reply. Power, delusion,



depth of meaning, the force of fate, are all involved in names. A name cannot raise the dead; but it can start spirits stronger than that which rose at Endor, or met the patriot at Philippi. We have heard the weakness of words deplored; but we know their power—that they are things—that they often contain an omnipotence of mischief in their magic syllables, and that the most vigorous minds are not exempt from their influence. Volumes might be written, for instance, on the nuisance of nick-names—on the mischiefs they have done—the hearts they have broken—the characters they have partially or for ever clouded—the books they have strangled—the currents of progress which they, yes they, poor paltry collocations of foul air! have been able, for a season, to impede. In what a light does it represent the literature of the nineteenth century, that its principal quarrels have been carried on through the medium of contemptuous epithets, possessing neither point nor truth, and which, by *sticking*, only more convincingly proved that they were made of mud! We allude to such terms as “the Lakers,” “the Satanic school,” “the Cockney school,” &c. Will it be believed, in an after age, that the second of these elegant combinations had, at one time, almost the power of the greater excommunication; and that one man at least, mad with the very fanaticism of benevolence, was, through its unscrupulous application, treated as a walking incarnation of the evil one? Or will it be believed, in an after age, that a dexterous ringing of the changes upon this witty epithet, “The Cockney School,” was the means of plucking the bread from the mouth of more than one struggling and gifted man? “What’s in a name?” O Shakspeare, with the inevitable eye, askest thou? Why, the merest misnomer—the most contemptible *alias* affixed by an enemy to a character, has been often as effectually a word of doom, as though it had been uttered in their wrath by those

Airy tongues which syllable men’s names  
On sands, and shore, and desert wildernesses.

Jack Wilkes was never a Wilkite; Coleridge was never a Laker; Shelley did not belong to the Satanic, nor Hunt to the Cockney school. His only title to the term lay in his inextinguishable desire to find the good and the beautiful in the persons and scenes amidst which his lot was cast.

If there were vulgar manners in Little Britain, he felt there were also warm hearts. If there were dirt and drudgery in the city, there were also high and solemn memories shadowing its meanest streets into grandeur, and giving a certain pathos even to the sound of Bowbell. Because Richmond Hill was not the Jura, had it no beauty to be desired? Was Cowper less a poet because he was forced to complain that he had seen no mountains, nor expected to see them, unless he saw them in Heaven? Is not the Cockneyism of the country as detestable as that of the town? Is a rose less a rose because it grows within the sight of St. Paul’s? And wherever stands and waves the English oak, does it not stand and wave in poetry—the poetry of the accumulated associations of two thousand years? Our great matter of offence, indeed, with Hunt is, that he is not enough of the Cockney—that he dips but slenderly into that most awful world of London—that he contents himself with partial, desultory, and outside views; and never, or seldom, descends into those abysses of wild anguish and lurid joy, of fun, fury, and madness, which the smoke of its every evening overcanopies. It was reserved for Dickens to go down in the fearlessness inspired by good-will and good-nature into those sunless chambers of city life, and show that there was a soul of goodness, and a spirit of latent poetry, and an element of hope, moving even amid their all-unutterable abominations. Blessings on the daring child, though for nothing else than for this achievement! And where he has preceded, let us hope that Marion (see Mary Howitt) will, by and bye, in her loveliness, follow.

To Hunt’s contributions to *The Liberal*, we are almost ashamed to allude, they are so totally unworthy of his pen. When writing them he was in a most melancholy plight both of body and mind. Shelley, long a screen between him and pecuniary distress, as well as a link binding him to the moody and uncertain Byron, was newly drowned. Misunderstandings between him and his host were daily multiplying. The climate of Italy was rousing his bile. His “Letters from the South,” accordingly, are weak, querulous effusions, looking almost helplessly insignificant beside Hazlitt’s sounding invectives against the “Spirit of Monarchy;” Shelley’s translations at once rendering and rivalling their originals; and Byron’s “Vision of Judgment,” a lampoon, such as for bitterness was never

thrown into the lion's mouth at Venice, and the blasphemy of which reduces the Satan of Milton to a driveller, and leaves even the Mephistopheles of Goethe limping behind. Hunt's small smiling countenance thrust in between those "dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms," like a stray Peri peeping in amidst the fallen gods in the inner halls of Pandemonium, looks absolutely ludicrous. That fell Titanic warfare, revolved in those dark and mighty spirits aiming on "daring doubts to pile thoughts that should call down thunder," was no scene for our mild, though manful hero.

Of his later specimens of criticism in the "Comic Dramatists," "Imagination and Fancy," &c. &c. we know only enough to convince us that they reveal in him no new powers. We find in them all his generosity of spirit, softness of heart, delicacy of sentiment, refinement of taste, with perhaps less liveliness and brilliance, and with more of those sudden and dyspeptic sinkings down from considerable elevation to weakness and languor of thought, which distinguish all his writings. We agree with a writer in *The Athenæum*, in thinking him too hard upon Dante, for being too hard upon his sinners in the "Inferno." We believe that the man Dante would have shrunk from consigning even the finger that signed his mandate of banishment, to eternal burnings; but this was not to prevent the poet Dante, when elaborating an ideal hell, heating, if he pleased, his furnaces seven degrees, and indulging his imagination in compounding into every tremendous variety the elements of torment. The poet is ever bound to give the brightness of brightness, and the blackness of darkness; to mend, if he can, the air of Elysium, "and heighten the beauties of Paradise;" and, on the other hand, to make "hell itself a murkier gloom." It will never do to argue thence either the benevolence or the cruelty of his disposition. Was Michael Angelo responsible for the awards of his "Last Judgment?" Is the illustrator of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," answerable for the kindling of all those curling, crested, reluctant or rejoicing, eager or slumbering, flames? Was Coleridge less the "Friend," because he appears to exult in the perdition of William Pitt? Is Thomas Aird less one of the most amiable of men, because his "Devil's Dream" contains a most horrific picture of the place of punishment? And has John

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Wilson the soul of a butcher, because in that famous Noctes directed against our friend Dr. Knox, he describes with such dreadful gusto certain unceremonious proceedings in that "other place," about the spirit of William Burke? There are, indeed, persons who exult and express their exultation in the future fate of those whom their narrow sympathies exclude from bliss: but these are fanatics; they are not artists, and we never yet heard of a true artist who was a fanatic. Art is ever too wide, restless, progressive, to remain confined in the sullen brazen furnace of a bigoted and narrow belief.

Of Hunt's contributions to fiction and dramatic literature, we know little, and prefer not speaking at all. It remains only to say something of him in the character of a poet. And it were vain to deny, that he possesses many of the elements of a genuine poet. No man could be such a good critic, and such a fine essayist without a large share of the poetic spirit. But to enable a writer to interweave his poetic power into living verse, requires a "double portion" of that indefinable and incommunicable essence. And that such a double portion has befallen him, we doubt. His great want is not of fancy, nor of feeling, nor of language; it is that of sustained and masculine strength. Beautiful imaginations abound. Fine lines drop down, soft and bright as rosebuds, winnowing their way from their mother-tree. Such is his description of a stream, which seemed

"As if it said  
Something eternal to that happy shade."

Epithets fall, fitting themselves as perfectly to their objects as snow-flakes to the form of the yielding branches on which they descend. Indeed could epithets make an immortality, his were secure. "Scatterry light," for example, what an image that presents of the sails of a ship coming up in the sunshine! Pathos, too, is frequent, always delicate, and sometimes profound. How it sighs in his poem on his children, "like parting wings of cherubim!" How it steepes with tears that fatal page in "Rimini," where the lovers stopped their reading, and stopped for ever! But while of sentiment there is no lack, there is little profound passion. While there is enough and to spare of fancy, the grand unifying influence of imagination is often absent. While there is much poetry, there is no

poem. Deep thought and purpose strike not, like strong trunks, though the luxuriant and clustering foliage. The only uniting principle we can observe in his poetry, is that of a systematic and vicious style. Odd and obsolete phrases, compound barbarisms, an uncommon use of common words, a tasteless selection from the vocabulary of antique writers, deliberate innovations, and false coinages of language, are among the manifold affectations which abound, particularly in his poem entitled "Foliage." This is the most singular, as his prose is generally free from such blemishes. But, as he told Lord Byron, he committed them on system: thus, as Shelley remarks, "permitting a system relating to mere words, to divert the attention of the reader from whatever interest he had created, to his own ingenuity, in contriving to disgust them according to the rules of criticism." But such perverse torturing of language does more than disgust the reader. It impedes the motions, and limits the power of the author. His mind cannot be working with full force and freedom, while compelled by a system to look with such a minute and fastidious eye to the mere verbiage in which his thoughts are clothed. He places himself, in fact, in the false position of one who is thinking in one language and writing in another. The language of elevated conversation is, we think, the language in which poetry should be written. But if Hunt, or John Keats, who hampered, by similar shackles, far more majestic movements, and checked a much profounder vein, had gone through the streets talking in the style of "Endymion" or "Foliage," they would have been sent to Bedlam, and have deserved the translation. Wordsworth's barbarisms are those of a particular county; and, harsh as they are, have much in them that is racy and characteristic. But those of Hunt and Keats, seem artificially twisted beyond the power of pronunciation in any human tongue, and fitted for the inhabitants of some other and still odder world than this. With what severe and smiling scorn did the Grecian culture of the poet of Prometheus teach him, through all his love and sympathy, to regard those little affectations on the part of his friends, and which we regret to say, are still common in the writings of some genuine poets of the age, who, with the poor English language, are playing such "fantastic tricks before high heaven," as might make us weep, were it not for laughter.

Great or good writers may, perhaps, be divided into two classes, the Oracles and the Companions. The first sit, shrouded and folded up in obscurity or in dazzling light, and utter their responses to wondering, and fearing, and far off auditors. The second sit, or stand, or walk by our sides; some moody and speaking only by fits and starts, others scowling and sullen but instructive; a third class, ever cheerful and communicative. Milton or Coleridge may be taken as a specimen of the oracle; Swift was the sulky but sensible, Addison the cheerful, and Hazlitt the moody companion. It was the glory of Shakspeare, that he combined the qualities of both, of all. Where as in him will you find such oracular deliverances? and where such plain homely sense? and where such dreadful moods and tenses? and where such genial gayety? Now he is a Pan, in hoarse whispers telling mysterious tidings from the thickest glooms of nature; now an elf leaping on your back and playfully pinching your nostril; now a calm, grave, Socratic sage, talking to you of matters that concern your business and your bosom; now a misanthrope, looking on all things at a sinister angle; and now a kind, and glad, and babbling companion, as is the lively and lip-full river to the wanderer who walks beside it for a summer's day.

Hunt, need we say, is "*the Companion*." Most easy, and talkative, and good-humored of companions, thou hast, to us, beguiled not a few hours while reading, and not a few while at present writing of thee. Our glad hours owe thee much, for thou hast gladdened them still more. Our sad hours owe thee more, for thou hast soothed and brightened them at times. In the flesh we never saw thee, and never hope to see; but we thank thee for thy company none the less; and now, as our paths diverge, we bid thee a hearty and a grateful farewell.

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FATE AND PROVIDENCE.—Fate, in its perpetual contests with mankind, seems to be really as inexorable and ruthless as it is represented in the classical tragedies. It is but the instrument, however, of a higher power, which, so far from being blind or deaf, like its vicegerent, will see into the heart, and listen to the defences of offenders, and judging of actions according to motives and circumstances, will administer justice tempered with mercy.



From the Dublin University Magazine.

# EVENINGS WITH OUR YOUNGER POETS.

CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL—CAMILLA TOULMIN—R. H. HORNE.

"*Poems*, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." Small 8vo. London. 1846.

"*Poems*, by Camilla Toulmin." Small 8vo. London. 1846.

"*Orion; an Epic Poem*," by R. H. Horne. Sixth Edition, small 8vo. 1843.

OH, ye young Poets! What are the feelings with which we regard ye? what is the temper with which we sit down to peruse ye, and undertake the needful task of pruning your pinions that they may fly the swifter, and by this criticism, which you so abominate, narrowing at times the rush of your fountain, that the jet may be loftier and the curve more graceful? Believe us, in no ungenial spirit. The immortalizing gift is rare; the power of ennobling man by showing him a hallowed and purified image of himself, till gazing he grows like the glorious thing he contemplates; the art to weave a spell in which the marvellous music of verse, and the deeper harmony of symphonious thought shall unite to charm mankind for ages with a magic old yet ever new,—these are endowments we are not so idle as to demand of all; well content if each generation of articulate-speaking men can club together from all the families of the earth, one half dozen of such miracles of mind. But long and gradual is the flower-besprent slope that leads to the awful summits of our English "double-peaked Parnassus;" where, each in sole and unapproached majesty, sit—the myriad-minded man of Avon, and He who, midway between man and angel, heard the infernal parley by the fiery lake, and caught the whispers of the heavenly host in paradise. Many are they who at various points of elevation (but we have no time now for taking their critical altitudes), and with each his own point of prospect, gloomy, gentle, grave, or gay, people the sides of the mighty ascent. And where, upon the *lower* slopes, stretch out those vales of ever-blooming green, where the shade lies thick and the sun rests lovingly—where, in nature's own gardens, crowd her wild flowers (stray children of her summer loves), dog rose and broom, lily and meadow-sweet, harebell, and fox-glove, and sun-dew, and the rest of

these *gipsies* of the floral realm—*there*, think you, we fail to find aught to please, or that, even though with eyes shaded from the day-beam we look *upward* in awful joy, those eyes are never by any chance to droop upon the pretty things about our feet? Poor justice ye do us, if you deem our taste so sublimely narrow, so magnificently exclusive. In truth, we are in heart too hospitably Irish, for such unmerciful canons of criticism; we have never without severe violence to our charitable nature, turned altogether from our door any poor dog of a poet, barked he never so whiningly. We respect his ambition when it is not wholly preposterous; when he can furnish *any* sign or token of the genuine gift; for (we confess it) while we do not demand a Prometheus hot with the fiery theft from heaven, we will not put up with puffs of unmingled smoke. Give us but one twinkling spark of the real illumination—give us but one drop of the native still of Hippocrene, the genuine distillation of the heart, and we will endure much; nay, though the inspiring fluid (to prolong the national metaphor) were drowned in ten waters of diluting verbiage, we willingly acknowledge its presence; and put by for a while, to do good-natured justice to its claims, the glittering *eau de vie* of Moore, or the strong and sterling "parliament" of George Crabbe, or the "half-and-half" of Southey, and Shelley, and Keats.

And even when there is little merit of any kind—nothing more than the old images and the old rhymes, or at best only a new revolution of the kaleidoscope, a new disposition of the old materials—we again confess, it is more to our taste to pass silently by, than to stop short, show our teeth, growl, and spring to lacerate our victim. The poor poetling,—if he does no sort of good, surely does little harm? He forces no man to read him under threats of fine and imprisonment. No action lies for leaving his hot-pressed pages uncut. The author of "*Belisarius*"\* (and yet positively that young gentleman is tempting) does not oblige you, like Richelieu, on pain of losing court favor, to prefer him to Corneille. The young adventurer encloses his twenty-five neat presentation copies to his cousins and his school and college cronies; he gets a friend potential among the magazines to pen him a review in which the

\* *Belisarius*: a tragedy, by W. R. Scott. London. 1846.

question is left undecided between him and Byron, not without hints which way the critic's judgment inclines, did he not too deeply reverence the delicacy of youthful modesty to express it; the public looks quietly on, and the whole thing is forgotten in a month. Meanwhile let him enjoy his little dream of immortality! Which of us is without his own vision, and even half-conscious that it is but a vision—which of us loves to have it too rudely startled away? Ah, there is depth and truth in that old Gaelic song that begins—

“I am asleep, and don't waken me!”

Possibly, indeed, it may be this secret sympathy of personal experience that disposes us to such amiable tenderness. We cannot all at once forget how large an amount of weighty rhymes, legitimate decasyllabics of soft papaverous potency, we have ourselves achieved in our day; and how very pleasing was the childish charm of the task. How exciting to knit together for hours the intoxicating nonsense, and imagine it all we would have it; to dream each stanza very wisdom woven into a golden tissue of bright words; to feel to the heart's core the *anche io son'*, as wandering by some lone stream's bee-haunted bank, we set our thoughts to the music of its waters. In such hours we *are* for the time all we fancy; the mightiest lyrist is seldom read with the excitement with which the feeblest versifier composes. “We are seldom,” writes a great critic, “tiresome to ourselves; and the act of composition fills and delights the mind with change of language and succession of images; every couplet when produced is new; and novelty is the great source of pleasure. Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he first wrote it, or contracted his work till his ebullitions of invention had subsided.”\*

But more than this. In moods, too, when the imagination is active and genial, even indifferent poetry answers as a sufficient *basis* for internal creativeness to build on; it sets the machinery of fancy in motion, if it can do little more. We give more than we receive; the objective poem of print and paper becomes little more than a string of hints for endless *subjective* poems that gather round it. In this way a vivid imagination in a manner equalizes all

poetry; vivifies the dull, reduces the swollen, amplifies the meagre. Of course the advantage in such cases lies with the inferior bard; a great poet may be the sufferer by such capricious superadditions. The process itself, however, seems universal and incessant. How diversified it is every man can estimate, who has read over a romance (suppose) of Scott at different periods of his life, and can so recall and connect his impressions as to observe the utter difference of the imaginative scenery in which he has arranged the persons, and the utter difference of his conceptions of the persons themselves, at these different periods. These differences demonstrate the amount of the purely mental activity in every perusal; though had the reader read but once, he would probably have confounded his own portion of the complex work with the author's. The same thing, in various degrees, takes place in every form of appeal to the imagination; hence, sometimes, in felicitous moments, the very poorest productions suffice to quicken and stimulate the internal faculty; and it is even observable that poetry of an inferior artistic quality at times possesses the power of doing so, much beyond the more exquisitely finished manufacture of the muse. No doubt all this adds greatly to the difficulty of honest *criticism*; the work unaltered alters with the medium it is seen through; the standard by which we measure, itself expands or contracts with the changes of its own *temperature*. When poetry is enjoyed less as expressing than as suggesting, its power will depend on the varying susceptibility of the reader; he will approve or condemn, not as *it* is, but as *he* is.

But the Poet, even the greatest, must not complain of this capricious destiny; he has no right to better terms than his mistress, Nature; and need we insist how *Nature herself* thus varies to the varying mind? That great poem of the Universe, a few of whose innumerable pages we are permitted to scan—that mighty epic, of episodes without number and an unknown catastrophe, who reads in *it* the same unchanged record, for two successive hours? The mountains rear their eternal summits before you, the girdling forests wave around their steepes; below—the rushing river, or the solemn sea; above—the infinite sky; you beheld them yesterday, and your heart swelled with great thoughts, energy incessant and everlasting might, and the spirit of man made for both; you gazed again,

\* Johnson; *Life of Prior*.

and the scene spoke but of softness and peace, sabbath stillness and quietude that loves livingly to die; you were abroad to-day, and that silent gospel of Nature was *wholly* silent, it had no voice, or you no ear; you listlessly looked and looked again, and hastily turned indoors to ask—heard we not the ungracious accents sharp with a reproachful impatience, that boded no mercy to the housekeeper?—to ask, when, oh, *when* dinner would be ready? As many a year since, we penned it in these pages,

“The purpling skies of dawn and eve,  
Streams arrowing from a mountain's brow,  
Fade on the eye, nor reach the heart,  
They are *but* skies and waters now!”

But as this changeful spirit is sometimes irreverent to the majesty of Nature, and unjust to the inspiration of her great poets, so is it palpably fortunate for those minor imitative songsters of whom we discourse. Such a lyrist as one of these will sing us to sleep, but it is that we may dream; he will soothe us with his desultory harpings, even as music itself does (whose vague, mysterious language hints every thing by saying nothing) until when we are brought to the true point of stimulancy, we are independent of him, and make the rest of the poem in a deep inward fashion of our own.

We do not know how “Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell,” will like this treatment, or how Camilla Toulmin will approve of it, or how it will go down with R. H. Horne; but it is our way, and we are now too old and incurable to mend. Meanwhile, we beseech the said triumvirate and the rest, not to take in too literal severity all these hard things. They, and others of our young nightingales, sing no mere mocking-bird melody; and it would be unfair to insinuate it. Their effusions vary, indeed, through many degrees of the scale; they are in a richer and happier vein at some than other times; but we look with fatherly tenderness upon them all; and we already thankfully acknowledge from them a precious hour or two, in which we have happily contrived to forget the world and ourselves.

Yes, it is a glorious gift in *all* its degrees and phases, this Poesy; a mighty and a blessed aspiration even when incomplete and fragmentary only. High and holy is the impulse *itself*, however it terminate; whether it come forth in the golden panoply of the divine Epic, armed at all points like a god for the battle, a gorgeous and ma-

jestic form of power; or murmur its inarticulate breathings from some young heart swelling with thoughts it cannot utter, and whispers from heaven it cannot interpret.—A dim reflection from the eternal reality, and therefore strange, and broken, and shadowy, in a world of more orderly shadows; an echo from the mighty music of the inner heavens, and therefore faint and scarce audible in this far nether orb of ours. But the quivering flame shoots upward to the sun, though it be kindled on an earthly hearth; and the fiery spirit within us, lighted as it is in clay, struggles ceaseless to rejoin its celestial fountain, to be absorbed forever in the light it now shares, possessed by that it now in part possesseth. What then? It struggles—ardent, bright, high-reaching, transient—the struggles of the soul for the pure and perfect, it conceives but touches not, it apprehends but comprehendeth not,—these struggles are *essential* poetry;—governed, embodied, harmonized, moulded by the shaping faculty of Art, they are the *concrete* poetry we read, and hear, and learn.

This high corruption of the nature and essence of the Poetic has been at all times in some degree acknowledged; (who can forget the oracular utterance of Bacon?)—yet it may be questioned whether it *was* ever *fully* realized till later times. The reasons for this involve, perhaps, the deepest and most interesting inquiry in all criticism; but who are we, that over our little gilded duodecimos of expectant verse (what candidate for fame ever stopped to study the preliminary philosophy of a critique on himself?) we should now and here undertake it? To set some readers thinking, we shall merely suggest how the matter must mainly turn on the sure and certain hope of *everlasting life*, the revelation of man's infeasible inheritance of eternity. Why then, you ask—fair reader, whom our mind's ear in fancy hears, veiling in silvery softness of tone the keen archness of thy query—why should this remarkable and impressive development of the poetic spirit have been delayed till these *later* generations? Thus. The ancient heathen poets, marvellous men as they were, surpassingly gifted with bright thoughts and musical words, builders of the lofty rhyme, in all the highest pride of its loftiness—yet confined, except in the mere wanderings of unauthorized fancy, within the world of this life—could never seriously view man in his real attributes of greatness, or apprehend how Poetry was to be the mys-



terious utterance of an immortal nature.—Moreover, they were Southern—sensuous Southern; men of eye and ear. But observe,—when Art arose again, and words once more began to run together into music, she arose chiefly as a copyist in poesy; she hardly dared to think and frame altogether for herself, in sight of the mighty models of Greece and Rome. She arose also in the very same lovely but too voluptuous clime, and again displayed its temperament. All beginnings of poetry too,—all the *primordia poetices*—like the first tendencies of life itself, look outward; they drink in the external, and are satisfied therewith. And so it required a period, a long period, for the modern genius to realize its own independent powers; and during this period it must be remembered that a wondrous parallel growth was advancing, the unequalled *philosophy* of the last three centuries. It was almost inevitable that when Poetry began to utter a distinct and unborrowed tone she should evince the efficacy of these combined influences; that with the great truth of man's *ascertained* immortality ever before her, and with the stimulus of incessant discovery urging her to behold a new universe known at last to stretch above and beyond her to very infinity, and with a race now engaging in her service, grave even to gloom, severe, hardy, thoughtful—the great northern tribes of Europe,—she should gradually become more self-inquiring, reflective, and if you please it, metaphysical; that her utterance should wax deep, and solemn, and oracular; that the sparkling robes of classical imagery should, one by one, drop from around her; that she should feel awed by the now inexpressibly heightened marvel of the whole external system of nature itself, and should come to acknowledge between it and the unfathomable soul of man, the bond of a kindred mystery. For Mystery is the spirit of the new poetry, as distinctness and simplicity of the old. The old bards painted, and bade you see; the modern write, and bid you think. Philosophy took to herself the vision and the dream of old; she will not accept such function now, and Poetry, of old *far more clear, transparent, and definite than philosophy*, is now summoned to give voice to those deep, undefined, but not less potent aspirations of man, which must have utterance somewhere, and which only need utterance the more, the more that man, increasing in knowledge, attains some faint conception of the immensity he cannot know.

In this way of considering the matter, it might, indeed, have been predicted that the exclusive predominance of the philosophy of *observation*, whose sole object is to register and classify ascertained facts—in contrast to the philosophy of *speculation*, which, mainly lying in regions beyond direct observation, deals in hypotheses, analogies, harmonies, consistencies, to which, however vague and uncertain, the infinite importance of their subject gives an interest, in many minds far exceeding that of the happiest physical research; that this predominance, we say, would inevitably lead to the growth of a *meditative poetry* as the chief remaining receptacle for such contemplations, and the powerful emotions they excite.

This gradual revolution has of course (as all) had its occasional and detached precursors—souls in which was prematurely developed that spring which was long after to spread and quicken all; it has many, too, who even now refuse it all allegiance, whose spirit is exclusively formed for the brilliant, varied and picturesque forms of the elder time; (how little for it, for example, in Walter Scott!) but of the change itself, as a general and characteristic fact, no man can doubt, or that its regular and universal accomplishment dates in the Germany and England of the last fifty or sixty years.

It is not surprising that of such a poetry, one main characteristic should be its pervading *melancholy*. Could man live wholly—faithfully, in the future world, his present life would be one long vision of joyous hope; could he limit all his thoughts to the world that now is, he might, under fortunate circumstances—men often do—contrive to persuade himself into ease and fat content. But it is seldom that the poetic spirit can thoroughly do either. On the *one* hand—even in the highest play of a merely earth-inspired fancy, in its wildest anacreontic career, the flutter of its wings bears it beyond the sphere of sense; *all* intellectual exertion tends to this; the very effort to embody the motives and maxims of a sensual life in forms of beauty, betrays the dreamer into nobler worlds of thought. But may it not help and stimulate to the achievement of that *other* and grander task, the habitual realization of the eternal future? Let us crave indulgence while we reply—not wholly, nor without considerable qualification. Religion is a much better thing than poetry; but it is not, or not necessarily poetry. There is a life that may

be too divine for the powers of verse. The poet cannot but to the last retain a lingering love for the world in which his imagination has learned its lovely office; its forms and colorings are dear to his inmost heart—with a love most innocent, indeed, a worldliness most unworldly; but yet with a real, powerful, incessant attraction: the happiness that is erected upon its ruins is hardly the happiness habitually congenial to him. The highest form of abstract religion has a poetry of its own, because every thing great and wonderful has; but it is not the chosen "haunt and main region" of the poetic spirit. No;—the man, as man, ought to labor to do so, but the poet cannot rise wholly beyond the sphere of time, and live absolutely amid the sublime immensities of the unknown future, without, in some degree, forfeiting his peculiar and characteristic function; he cannot breathe "the difficult air of the iced mountain-top" of those mystic truths, where spreads around the thin and formless inane—and above, the lonely stars—without acknowledging the faintness and exhaustion of that high abode, and yearning for the sweet vicissitude of light and shade, below; the brooks and the trees, and the dear familiar flowers of the valley. He looks up habitually, but it is *from below*, upon the gilded clouds—things of earth made heavenly with a light from heaven; you must not ask him to make his own standing-point and dwelling-place *beyond* them. But this being so—if his step be thus on earth, and his heart promptly sympathizing with the forms and powers of earth, and if he be, at the same time, of all men the least in its coarser sense earthly, but rather a student with deep and thrilling interest, of a mystery in man and nature, beyond the common ken—if he thus move midway between divine and human, too exalted to be merely human, and far too human to be wholly divine—what shall be the result but just what we have all witnessed for more than a generation of men? a poetry sadder—a few exceptions apart—than man before has ever known; dealing largely in vague and undefined utterances of mournful feeling, such as with their rude simplicity or still more uncouth abstruseness, shocked and affrighted all traditional criticism (Jeffrey, its exquisitely acute and polished representative\*), but such as the

\* The judgment of this great critic was hardly flexible enough to embrace the modern revolution in its entire compass; but let justice be done him; in power and purity of composition he stands in

great heart of man owned for genuine, and swelled to echo from its deepest depths.

And so now moves the Poet, in so far as he represents the peculiar spirit of the time;—a light, we have granted, from heaven is around him, but his step is still on earth; his eye lingers upon its forms, which to him are charged with elevating mystery and marvel; pensively enamored of its beauty, it is his heart's home, and in its sorrows he is sad. Loving the beautiful, he knows it transitory, and but loves it the more that it is so. He bends over the beauteous ruin, as a young lover would stoop over the fading form of a dying bride. We must not censure him too harshly for this mournful fidelity to the perishable loveliness of Time; we must not censure him for the mournful gift that brings its own sufficing sorrows. To the delighted child, amid his quick creative fancies, the drop-scene alone is *play* enough; our gentle child of nature finds joy sufficient, too, in this great preliminary spectacle, nor urges that the golden-tissued curtain of the skies be undrawn (our eyes are on it at this moment in the flushing west), to unfold to view the far-withdrawing glories of the eternal scenery beyond.

And hence, too, we catch another attribute of the melancholy breathings of the modern muse—the utter and passionate *identification with inanimate nature*. It is in the loveliness of Nature, which never alters but to new beauty, which never disappoints, never betrays, that our later men of the vision seem to find almost alone the peaceful anchorage of their hearts. A great, grave, undisturbed spirit, such as Wordsworth (whose moral gifts are almost as wonderful as his intellectual), can indeed look into Man's nature and its workings with even deeper interest and delight than he can joy in the mountain and the flood;

the highest rank of English writers; and his criticism, if it possess not the searching and prophetic insight which in some rare cases places the penetration of the Critic almost on a level with the inspiration of the poet himself, is admirable in its analytic and expository qualities. More fastidious as to form than substance, essentially the heir of the D'Alemberts and Marmontels, he was easily repelled by merely superficial blemishes, and liable to prejudices of most unhappy tenacity. His estimates of Wordsworth and of Coleridge were great and blameable failures indeed; yet in relation to our immediate subject, it must be remembered, that his appreciation of Byron was thoroughly sympathetic, and that nothing in the literature of criticism can be adduced to surpass those superb essays in which he illustrated the genius of that wonderful poet.

but those alone can do so who have with all else the secret of his matchless equilibrium; and even with that great revealer of all the mutual mysteries of imagination and nature (the Bacon of poesy, teaching and effecting the same wondrous "interpretation of nature" for the Imagination which Bacon taught for the Understanding), even with him, do we not observe how his human agents are themselves but one remove from the simplicity and invariability of inanimate nature itself? The population of his scenes are the creation of the country they dwell in; they are its *growth* as truly as the heath-flower upon its hill-sides. This, or something approaching to this, he has, indeed, himself set forth in the memorable "Preface" to the "Lyrical Ballads" (constituting, with the still more memorable preface and supplement of 1815, the most remarkable contributions to the philosophical criticism of his own art, furnished by any poet since the days of Dryden). "Humble and rustic life was generally chosen," he says, "because . . . in that condition of life our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity . . . because the manners of rural life germinate from those elementary feelings . . . and because, in that condition, the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." Not that he who has so beautifully defined poetry as "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science," would have excluded *any* affecting department of reality from having its correspondent poetry; but that his own meditative spirit, leading him to delight in the sublime communion of the soul with still and solitary nature, led him also to combine with nature those *living* forms, above all others, which, by their intimate connection with nature, would least disturb its unity, would silently blend and mingle with its vast unchangeable repose.

And thus arises—*sit venia verbo*—a sort of refined and imaginative pantheism, purified, indeed, of all the special mischief of that creed (which lies chiefly in its confusion of *moral* good and evil as merely circumstantial manifestations of a single radical principle), but still, like the pantheist's worship, exhibiting, in the bright enthusiasm of enamored imagination, nature as all over animated and suffused with divinity. Thence, since in the soul of man dwells to the poet a kindred principle of deity, an effluence from the eternal reason,—there grows to his thought a fellowship

unspeakably wondrous and profound between the Soul and Nature, insomuch that visible nature—streams, forests, mountain-heights, the blue depths beyond them—all the face of things, flushes with most earnest expression, mirrors man's inmost dreams, becomes pregnant with fathomless meaning, instinct with life and thought, echoes us to ourselves, whispers in the mute solitudes inexpressible secrets, revelations from eternity,—in simpler words, evokes feelings of such thrilling, though vague and mysterious power, as, till these later times, music alone was ever known to create in the souls of men. To these poets the visible landscape is indeed a Music of the Eye, arrested and made permanent; possessing the same sort of strange charm whereby music agitates us with its tender tumults—music that seems as though it were a fragment of the language we lost at the fall, and still, though the full interpretation is hopelessly perished, bore to our spirits the faint echoes and dimly-recalled associations of a forfeited paradise.

At times, in musing over the strange, profound, perplexing pages of Schelling, we seem to catch the *speculative* representation of all this meditative animation of Nature by our later poets; above all in that wondrous hypothesis of the ultimate identity of the conscious and unconscious activities. "The products of nature"—thus spoke the venerable old man, in the vigor of his brilliant youth, near fifty years ago—"dead and unconscious, are but abortive efforts which she makes to reflect herself; what we call dead nature is only an intellectual element which has not arrived at maturity. . . . Nature reaches not her highest aim—that of becoming completely her own object—till she arrives at the highest perfection of her products, namely, in man, or what we style reason, by means of which nature seems first to enter and return into herself. Whence it is manifest that *nature* is primitively *identical* with *that* which we recognize in ourselves, as intelligent and possessing consciousness."\* Or, again, in attempting the solution of the great problem, how our mental representations obey the influence of the objective world, and yet the objective world itself yields (in the operations of the will) to our representations, he proceeds to observe, that "this could

\* *System of Transc.-Idealism*. Introduction, Section 1.



never be, if there did not obtain, between the ideal world and the real world, a sort of pre-established harmony; and that one cannot conceive such a harmony unless the activity which has produced the objective world be primitively identical with that which is manifested in the will, and reciprocally. Now, there *is* a productive activity manifested in the will; every free act is productive—alone consciously productive. The two activities being necessarily, in principle, only one, if we establish that the activity which is consciously productive in free action, is unconsciously productive in the production of the world, the pre-established harmony really exists, and the contradiction is resolved.”\* Every work of Art, as he maintains, combines an activity at once having and not having, consciousness of itself; and similarly, the objective world “is the primitive poetry of intelligence as yet unconscious of itself.”† But we must not dwell further on this, which most of our readers will probably dispatch as somewhat dangerous speculation, so far as they can venture to admit it for intelligible. Only they will see how such speculations seem at least calculated, in their own dark way, to account for and explain the mysterious sympathies that subsist between man’s interior being and the exterior system of nature; how if these be the parallel growth and development of some one ultimate principle, we need not wonder, not merely that self-reflective nature should at last attain the real apprehension of itself—the true intellectual apperception of external realities; but even more than this—that in highly organized mental structures, which by habitual reflection have been brought into closer relations with the forms and laws of nature, *emotions*, kindred and congenial, should arise at the very perception of these forms; that the contemplation of nature, as thus akin to man, should stir man’s soul with the vague but potent thought of that common ancestry from which both lines have diverged, and in which both were one in the unity of some parent primæval principle far away in past eternity; that thus his heart should swell with feelings he cannot define or master, when, in the stillness of contemplation, he

is at last led to realize his fellowship with the immensity of things around him—to feel his own sublime consanguinity with the universe.

Let us descend to nearer and simpler views. The affecting expressiveness of nature becomes obviously more distinct in the face of human kind; the poet—such as we sketch him in this later development of the gift—cannot but fondly recognize its more vivid and animated exhibition *there*. This opens a new topic, but one closely connected with, and largely influenced by, the last; the existing poetic conception of *human affection* in the most emphatic and the most eminently poetical of its forms; the modern poetry of Love.

The transition is obvious enough. The expression of the countenance of Nature, powerful and thrilling as it is, is yet essentially a shadowy and variable expression; it wavers under our very gaze, as images on water shift and sever in the breeze. There can be no mistake of the permanent characters that silently utter and indicate affection in the wondrous human face. It is not strange, then, that the exquisitely sensitive organization of the poet should be eminently moved by that which almost appropriates the name of Beauty. This has ever been so; it has been so, far beyond the established limits of poetry. The sonnet to his “mistress’ eyebrow” is not necessary to make every lover in, at least, the first stages of his affection, at heart and essentially a poet. But the poet of our modern meditative school comes to this region of his art with feelings and associations derived from his more abstract and thoughtful converse with Nature, which exercise a very remarkable and pervading influence upon his representations of the most interesting of human passions. The straining after ideal loveliness, and yet the instant readiness to diffuse it over actual objects, and believe its own creation real; the melancholy discontent with all that is, as inadequate to satisfy the inward appetites of the heart, and yet the almost inconsistent (as one would deem it) willingness of the affections to cling to any support, and welcome any home;—these habits and tendencies, combining with the ordinary constituents of love, result in a character of thought, which is assuredly among the most prominent peculiarities of the poetry of our time; and would reward, what we have now no time to execute, a patient and delicate analysis of its causes

\* *System of Transc.-Idealism*. Introduction, Section 3.

† Compare the entire of Part VI. of the same work, on the Philosophy of Art, which Schelling regards as the last and highest manifestation of conscious Nature.

and characteristics. For we trust we are not subjected to the inspection of any reader who does not consider all inquiries so inward and searching as these would be, profoundly important to the gravest estimate of the character of an age, or, indeed, of the destinies of man.

Let us then reflect a moment on this. Love has in all times uttered itself in imaginative forms. Fable is, in this wide sense, what a well-known passage pronounces it, "Love's world, his home, his birth-place;" it lives in dream and vision, a soft prolonged somnambulism. But as men dream according to their waking, so the forms of beauty that at the summons of this passion gather around the soul and invest its object, will vary according to the soul's habitual conceptions of the beautiful.\* And hence Love's exercise of its imaginative function is endlessly diversified; and the character of love-poesy above all others almost inevitably varies with every latitude and every century. As the natural, so the ideal zenith—the topmost point of perfection, changes with each spot;—thence the difference of local *gods*—which are but the symbols of the received conception of the perfect; and love is a feeling and a token more earnest, and thence more genuine and unequivocal, than even the popular *religion*. Thus, then, it is that this sweet idolatry has varied like any other superstition, and its variations have been as curiously characteristic. In the pensive, profound, and melancholy visionings of our day—for to this we return—it has occupied its place, and imbibed the deepening tinge of all around it. With the gifted dreamers of our epoch, the object of affection receives a tribute assuredly more flattering than the stilted supremacy she held in the code of chivalry; for her image is blended with the deepest musings and the highest aspirations of man. She is beautiful (of course); but her beauty is, after all, most glorious in being the representative of a beauty not of time or earth; as one who stands between the eye and the sun, she is encircled with a luminous halo, but the rays that formed it are from the far heavens beyond her; she is the symbol of an unseen loveliness; the

temporary type of ideal perfection; loved, for she deserves it,—but loved with an affection sad, and pensive, and spiritual. If you desire to feel this (and there certainly are few things more interesting or more characteristic), turn over the fairest love-stories or love-verses of antiquity—take, if you please it, the pure and exquisite Fourth *Æneid* itself; and pass from it—from Dido, or even from Erminia and Clorinda—to the Julia, and the Corinne, and the Medora, and the Hinda, and the crowds of similar impersonations of our time. Passion and sorrow enough there is in all; these are enduring, unchangeable characters; but they have become the loftier passion and sorrow of an immortal nature; the earnest and melancholy devotion of beings who love as eternal may.

So far for the special characteristics of the poetic inspiration of our day. Few and rapid are these hints—somewhat obscure perhaps; but another time we may find leisure and room to interpret our oracles more distinctly.

And now, ere the fading twilight wholly desert our casement, and the everlasting Watchers of Heaven have all assumed their starry stations—the glittering vanguard is already hastening up the grey and glimmering east) we must unclasp the pages of some one or two of our trembling candidates for fame. For we have vowed to read them by this sunset light; we have sworn to concede them the inestimable advantage that their pages shall be bathed in the hues of Nature herself; and who can tell but we may at times mistake for *theirs* the mystic text of the eternal Volume, and ascribe to their pregnant words what is in truth the poetry of sunset skies, and infant stars, and the faint song of waters? We know no higher boon that critic can confer on poet. It stands among our special favors. Alfred Tennyson has been with us before now among the woods. We have looked down from cliff-land upon the broad plane of ocean, with the eyes of Percy Shelley. Not very long ago, we passed a summer day on Windermere with Aubrey de Vere's exquisite "Search after Proserpine" before us, and that divine mother yearning for her lost child, has since strangely woven herself into our thoughts of summer noons and heaving lakes. A true poem comes out in fine relief upon a glorious *background* like that!

\* We have made it a sort of charitable proverb, that "the Devil is not so black as he is painted;" when Burckhardt came suddenly upon the dusky maidens of Nubia, they screamed in horror, and pronounced him the Devil because he was so fiendishly—*white*.

Of the triad of versemen who style themselves "CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL," we know nothing beyond the little volume in which, without preface or comment, they assume the grave simplicity of title, void of *prænomen* or *agnomen*, which belongs to established fame, and thus calmly anticipate their own immortality. Whether—as the Irish Cleon was wont, in his "physical force" days, to say so often and ferociously of his repeal shillings—there be indeed "a man behind" each of these representative titles; or whether it be in truth but one master-spirit—for the book is, after all, not beyond the utmost powers of a single human intelligence—that has been pleased to project itself into three imaginary poets,—we are wholly unable to conjecture; but we are bound, of course, in default of all evidence to the contrary, to accept the former hypothesis. The tone of all these little poems is certainly uniform; this, however, is no unpardonable offence, if they be, as in truth they are, uniform in a sort of Cowperian amiability and sweetness, no-wise unfragrant to our critical nostrils. The fairest course may, perhaps, be, to present a little specimen from each of the three.

The following pretty stanzas are from Currer's pen.

"THE WIFE'S WILL."

"Sit still—a word—a breath may break  
(As light airs stir a sleeping lake)  
The glassy calm that soothes my woes,  
The sweet, the deep, the full repose.  
O leave me not! for ever be  
Thus, more than life itself to me!

"Yes, close beside thee let me knell—  
Give me thy hand, that I may feel  
The friend so true—so tried—so dear—  
My heart's own chosen—indeed is near;  
And check me not—this hour divine  
Belongs to me—is fully mine.

"'Tis thy own hearth thou sitt'st beside,  
After long absence—wandering wide;  
'Tis thy own wife reads in thine eyes  
A promise clear of stormless skies,  
For faith and true love light the rays  
Which shine responsive to her gaze.

"Ay—well that single tear may fall;  
Ten thousand might mine eyes recall,  
Which from their lids ran blinding fast,  
In hours of grief, yet scarcely past,  
Well may'st thou speak of love to me;  
For oh! most truly I love thee!

"Yet smile, for we are happy now.  
Whence, then, that sadness on thy brow?  
What say'st thou? 'We must once again,  
Ere long, be severed by the main.'

I knew not this—I deemed no more  
Thy step would err from Britain's shore.

"'Duty commands!' 'Tis true—'tis just;  
Thy slightest word I wholly trust;  
Nor by request, nor faintest sigh,  
Would I, to turn thy purpose, try;  
But, William, hear my solemn vow—  
Hear and confirm—with thee I go!

"'Distance and suffering,' didst thou say?  
'Danger by night, and toil by day?'  
Oh, idle words, and vain are these—  
Hear me—I cross with thee the seas!  
Such risk as thou must meet and dare,  
I—thy true wife—will duly share.

"Passive, at home, I will not pine—  
Thy toils—thy perils shall be mine.  
Grant this, and be hereafter paid  
By a warm heart's devoted aid.  
'Tis granted—with that yielding kiss  
Entered my soul unmingled bliss.

"Thanks, William—thanks! thy love has joy,  
Pure—undefiled with base alloy  
'Tis not a passion, false and blind,  
Inspires, enchains, absorbs my mind;  
Worthy, I feel, art thou to be  
Loved with my perfect energy.

"This evening now shall sweetly flow,  
Lit by our clear fire's happy glow;  
And parting's peace-embittering fear  
Is warned our hearts to come not near;  
For fate admits my soul's decree,  
In bliss or bale, to go with thee!"

Ellis contributes this touching "Death-Scene."

"O Day! he cannot die,  
When thou so fair art shining!  
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,  
So tranquilly declining.

"He cannot leave thee now,  
While fresh west winds are blowing,  
And all around his youthful brow  
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

"Edward, awake, awake—  
Thy golden evening gleams  
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—  
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

"Beside thee, on my knee,  
My dearest friend! I pray  
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,  
Wouldst yet one hour delay.

"I hear its billows roar—  
I see them foaming high;  
But no glimpse of a further shore  
Has blest my straining eye.

"Believe not what they urge  
Of Eden isles beyond;  
Turn back, from that tempestuous surge,  
To thy own native land.



"It is not death, but pain  
That struggles in thy breast;  
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again—  
I cannot let thee rest!"

"One long look, that sore reproved me  
For the woe I could not bear—  
One mute look of suffering moved me  
To repent my useless prayer;

"And, with sudden check, the heaving  
Of distraction passed away;  
Not a sign of further grieving  
Stirred my soul that awful day.

"Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting;  
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze;  
Summer dews fell softly, wetting  
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

"Then his eyes began to weary,  
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;  
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,  
Clouded, even as they would weep.

"But they wept not—but they changed not—  
Never moved, and never closed;  
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—  
Wandered not, nor yet reposed!

"So I knew that he was dying—  
Stooped, and raised his languid head;  
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing—  
So I knew that he was dead."

And now *loquitur* Acton Bell:

"Yes, thou art gone! and never more  
Thy sunny smile shall gladden me;  
But I may pass the old church door,  
And pace the floor that covers thee;

"May stand upon the cold, damp stone,  
And think that, frozen, lies below  
The lightest heart that I have known,  
The kindest I shall ever know.

"Yet, though I cannot see thee more,  
'Tis still a comfort to have seen;  
And though thy transient life is o'er,  
'Tis sweet to think that thou hast been;

"To think a soul so near divine,  
Within a form so angel fair,  
United to a heart like thine,  
Has gladdened once our humble sphere."

There are pleasing thoughts, too, in Ellis's poem about the "Stars," p. 21; and his "Prisoner," p. 76; and Currer's "Gilbert" is impressively told. Altogether, we are disposed to approve of the efforts of "these three gentlemen aforesaid" (to adopt the old clergyman's substitution in the unpronounceable chapter of the fiery furnace); their verses are full of unobtrusive feeling; and their tone of thought seems unaffected and sincere.

CAMILLA TOULMIN is mighty in anticipations of the march of public opinion, the victories of science, the demolition of outworn prejudices, and the universal cessation of war. The fair *progresista* sometimes seems to contemplate in idea more than she can achieve in words, and sometimes to express in words more than she has distinctly arrested in idea; and the result is occasional obscurity, and a good deal of what Grimm somewhere calls *pur remplissage*. Nevertheless her "Astrology and Alchymy" is striking. She contemplates with respect those two famous delusions, which have had the glory of preparing the way for the two noblest departments of modern physical science; they were the wild imaginative childhood of Astronomy and Chemistry;—

"Speak gently of those two wild dreams, nor  
curl the lip with scorn,  
That ever, wearing human shape, such dreaming  
fools were born,  
As they whose gorgeous errors shook the steadfast  
thrones of kings,  
And shadow'd long the mental world with their  
outspreading wings.  
It was an age of darkness—yea, the mighty mind  
of man

Was struggling 'mid the brambles which its pathway  
overran;  
And feebly shone the star of Truth, which rises  
as we gaze,  
Until at last we fain must hope 'twill shed meridian  
blaze:  
But only near the horizon it glimmer'd to the  
view

Of the earnest ones of olden time—the seekers of  
the True  
Speak gently of those parents old, who, dying at  
the birth,  
Brought forth their marvellous offspring, to shed  
upon the earth  
The truth-enkindled, living light, which never  
shall be lost," &c.

Her poem on "the Hand" has considerable merit; and the following little effusion is touching:—

"THE BLIND GIRL'S LAMENT.

"It is not that I cannot see  
The birds and flowers of spring;  
'Tis not that beauty seems to me  
A dreamy unknown thing;  
It is not that I cannot mark  
The blue and sparkling sky,  
Nor ocean's foam, nor mountain's peak,  
That e'er I weep or sigh.

"They tell me that the birds, whose notes  
Fall rich, and sweet, and full—  
That those I listen to and love  
Are not all beautiful!

They tell me that the gayest flowers  
Which sunshine ever brings,  
Are not the ones I know so well,  
But strange and scentless things !

" My little brother leads me forth  
To where the violets grow ;  
His gentle, light, yet careful step,  
And tiny hand I know.  
My mother's voice is soft and sweet,  
Like music on my ear :  
The very atmosphere seems love,  
When these to me are near.

" My father twines his arms around,  
And draws me to his breast,  
To kiss the poor blind helpless girl,  
He says he loves the best,  
'Tis then I ponder unknown things,  
It may be, weep or sigh,  
And think how glorious it must be  
To meet Affection's eye !"

The " Orion" of Mr. HORNE is a poem of more pretension than any we have yet canvassed. This gentleman, who has been for a long time before the public, and can only in figure be classed among our " younger" poets, is unquestionably possessed of a large fund of real genius ; he is the master of a fine imaginative vocabulary ; and can dream to very considerable purpose. Mr. Horne has lately given to the public a critical work upon the notabilities of our time, which it seems, from an angry retort of the author, has been in its turn severely criticised. His answer presents an exceedingly indifferent specimen of temper and style. But we do not desire to do him the injustice of deciding his merits by any such occasional ebullition. His farthing priced Epic (for such was his ingenious mode of ensuring its sale and circulation) is all which now concerns us ; and we cannot think that any competent judge will deny it to be, on the whole, a very remarkable performance, even in despite of an unhappy proem which invites our attention to it as " a novel experiment upon the mind of a nation." Its great fault will universally be felt to be the obscurity of its general bearing and object—a blemish of the most fatal kind, when books are multiplying so enormously beyond men's powers of perusal ; and when, as unfortunately the ordinary limits of life remain still unchanged amid all the appalling increase of literary claimants, it is quite vain to expect that the attention can be generally afforded which is requisite to penetrate enigmas in nine cantos. Accordingly, the chief real merits of the poem, as it stands, appear to us to be its detached passages of

description, which are certainly worth preserving in every collection of choice poetry ; and if we might venture, at this period of the lifetime of the poem (the edition before us is marked as the sixth), to suggest any alteration in it, our advice would be that the author should add (whether in occasional insertions, or some general *éclaircissement* towards the close), a fuller and clearer statement of the moral scope of his story. In a work whose parts are connected by links so slender and fanciful, this might easily be done ; and there can be no doubt it would add materially to the enjoyment of the reader. Were the poem purely imaginative, we would receive and enjoy it simply as such ; but when the allegorical import is quite obvious in some parts, and manifestly intended through almost the entire, it perplexes and annoys the reader to be forced to hunt for it in a forest of changeful though brilliant and stimulating imagery.

However, to the main incidents of the well-known classical fable, Mr. Horne adheres. Orion is beloved of Diana and Aurora among goddesses, and of Merope, daughter of Œnopion, among women ; he is blinded, recovers his sight, is slain, and enthroned among the constellations.

It is thus that the poet pictures the divine love of Diana, or Artemis, as Mr. Horne prefers to call her, in order, as he phrases it, to " get rid of *commonizing* associations."

" Above the isle of Chios, night by night,  
The clear moon lingered ever on her course,  
Covering the forest foliage, where it swept  
In its unbroken breadth along the slopes,  
With placid silver, edging leaf and trunk  
Where gloom clung deep around ; but chiefly  
sought

With melancholy splendor to illumine  
The dark-mouthed caverns where Orion lay  
Dreaming among his kinsmen.\* Ere the breath  
Of Phoibos' steeds rose from the wakening sea,  
And long before the immortal wheel-spokes cast  
Their hazy apparition up the sky  
Behind the mountain peaks, pale Artemis left  
Her fainting orb, and touched the loftiest snows  
With feet as pure, and white, and crystal cold,  
In the sweet misty woodland, to rejoin  
Orion with her Nymphs. And he was blest  
In her divine smile, and his life began  
A high and newer period, nor the haunts  
Of those his giant brethren ever sought,

\* This may remind the reader of the famous picture of Endymion. He sleeps on Latmos ; no visible Diana is beside him ; but above the slumbering shepherd the trees open, and a *beam of moonlight*, gushing through the parted foliage, rests on the lips of Endymion !

But shunned them and their ways, and slept  
alone

Upon a verdant rock, while o'er him floated  
The clear moon, causing music in his brain  
Until the sky-lark rose. He felt 'twas love."

Listen to an Oread's mournful love-song :

"There is a voice that floats upon the breeze  
From a heathed mountain ; voice of sad lament  
For love left desolate ere its fruits were known,  
Yet by the memory of its own truth sweetened,  
If not consoled. To this Orion listens  
Now, while he stands within the mountain's  
shade.

"The scarf of gold you sent to me, was bright  
As any streak on cloud or sea, when morn  
Or sunset-light most lovely strives to be.  
But that delicious hour can come no more,  
When, on the wave-lulled shore mutely we sat,  
And felt love's power, which melted in fast dew  
Our being and our fate, as doth a shower  
Deep foot-marks left upon a sandy moor.  
We thought not of our mountains and our streams,  
Our birth-place, and the home of our life's date,  
But only of our dreams—and heaven's blest face.  
Never renew thy vision, passionate lover—  
Heart-rifted maiden—nor the hope pursue,  
If once it vanish from thee ; but believe  
'Tis better thou shouldst rue this sweet loss ever  
Than newly grieve, or risk another chill  
On false love's icy river, which betraying  
With mirrors bright to see, and voids beneath,  
Its broken spell should find no faith in thee."

"Thus sang a gentle Oread who had loved  
A River-god with gold-reflecting streams,  
But found him all too cold—while yet she stood  
Scarce ankle-deep—and droopingly retired  
To sing of fond hopes past."

Now for the more absorbing passion of  
Orion for his earthly Merope :—

"Together they, the groves and temple glade  
That, like old Twilight's vague and gleamy abode,  
Hung vision-like around the palace towers,  
Roved, mute with passion's inward eloquence.  
They loitered near the founts that sprang elate  
Into the dazzled air, or pouring rolled  
A crystal torrent into oval shapes  
Of grey-veined marble ; and often gazed within  
Profoundly tranquil and secluded pools,  
Whose lovely depths of mirrored blackness clear—  
Oblivion's lucid-surfaced mystery—  
Their earnest faces and enraptured eyes  
Visibly, and to each burning heart, revealed.  
'And art thou mine to the last gushing drop  
Of these high-throbbing veins?' each visage said.  
Orion straightway to Ænopia sped.  
And his life's service to the gloomy king  
He proffered for the hand of Merope."

Here is a picture of Oblivion :—

"Look yonder, love !  
What solemn image through the trunks is straying?  
And now he doth not move, yet never turns

On us his visage of 'rapt vacancy !  
It is Oblivion. In his hand—though not  
Knows he of this—a dusky purple flower  
Droops over its tall stem. Again, ah see !  
He wanders into mist, and now is lost.  
Within his brain what lovely realms of death  
Are pictured, and what knowledge through the  
doors  
Of his forgetfulness of all the earth,  
A path may gain ? Then turn thee, love, to me :  
Was I not worth thy winning and thy toil,  
Oh, earth-born son of Ocean ! Melt to rain."

Orion in those days wandering to the  
ocean side, and sinking to sleep :—

"Beyond the cedar forest by the cliffs  
That overhung the beach, but midway swept  
Fair swelling lands, some green with brightest  
grass,  
Some golden in the sun. Mute was the scene  
And moveless. Not a breeze came o'er the edge  
Of the high-heaving fields and fallow lands ;  
Only the zephyrs at long intervals  
Drew a deep sigh, as of some blissful thought,  
Then swooned to silence. Not a bird was seen,  
Nor heard : all marbly gleamed the steadfast sky.  
Hither Or on slowly walked alone,  
And passing round between two swelling slopes  
Of green and golden light, beheld afar  
The broad gray horizontal wall o' the dead calm  
sea.

"O'ersteeped in bliss ; prone on its ebbing tide ;  
With hope's completeness vaguely sorrowful,  
And sense of life-bounds too enlarged ; his tho'ts  
Sank faintly through each other, fused and lost,  
Till his o'ersatisfied existence drooped ;  
Like fruit-boughs heavily laden above a stream,  
In which they gaze so closely on themselves,  
That, touching, they grow drowsy, and submerge,  
Losing all vision. Sense of thankful prayers  
Came over him, while downward to the shore  
Slowly his steps he bent, seeking to hold  
Communion with his sire. The eternal Sea  
Before him passively at full length lay,  
As in a dream of the marmoreal heavens.  
With hands stretched forward thus his prayer  
began :

'Receive Poseidon !'—but no further words  
Found utterance ! And again he prayed, and  
said—

'Receive, O Sire !'—yet still the emotion rose  
Too full for words, and with no meaning clear,  
He turned, and sinking on a sandy mound,  
With dim look o'er the sea, deeply he slept."

We must now contemplate the heroic gi-  
ant in his happiness with Aurora—the saf-  
fron-mantled Eos of the Greeks :—

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world,  
And Eos ever rises, circling\*  
The varied regions of mankind. No pause  
Of renovation and of freshening rays

\* The supposition that words of this formation  
will answer for trisyllables, seems a peculiarity of  
Mr. Horne's. The fault occurs two or three times  
in the poem.



She knows, but constantly her love breathes forth

On field and forest, as on human hope,  
Health, beauty, power, thought, action, and advance.

All this Orion witnessed, and rejoiced.  
The turmoil he had known, the late distress  
By loss of passion's object, and of sight,  
Were now exchanged for these serene delights  
Of contemplation, as the influence  
That Eos wrought around for ever, dawned  
Upon his vision and his inmost heart,  
In sweetness and success. All sympathy  
With all fair things that in her circle lay,  
She gave, and all received; nor knew of strife;  
For from the Sun her cheek its bloom withdrew,  
And, ere intolerant noon, the floating realm  
Of Eos—queen of the awakening earth—  
Was brightening other lands, wherefrom black  
Night

Her faded chariot down the sky had driven  
Behind the sea. Thus from the earth upraised,  
And over its tumultuous breast sustained  
In peace and tranquil glory—oh, blest state!—  
Clear-browed Orion, full of thankfulness,  
And pure devotion to the Goddess, dwelt  
Within the glowing Palace of the Morn."

And when her half-heavenly, half-earthly,  
lover is destroyed, a few striking lines  
paint the picture of her sorrows:—

"Haggard and chill as a lost ghost, the Morn,  
With hair unbraided and unsandalled feet—  
Her colorless robe like a poor wandering smoke—  
Moved feebly up the heavens, and in her arms  
A shadowy burden heavily bore; soon fading  
In a dark rain, through which the sun arose  
Scarce visible, and in his orb confused."

Artemis, now repentant, and Eos, unite  
to implore his restoration; and

"—the dark pile of cloud shook with the  
voice  
Of Zeus, who answered—'He shall be restored,  
But not returned to earth. His cycle moves  
Ascending!' The deep sea the announcement  
heard;  
And from beneath its ever-shifting thrones,  
The murmuring of a solemn joy sent up."

The entire closes with the constellated  
Orion's address to earth and heaven upon  
his final triumph; unfolding in some degree  
the more esoteric import of the whole  
fable. When he has spoken,

"At once a chorus burst  
From all the stars in heaven, which now shone  
forth!

The Moon ascends in her 'rapt loveliness;  
The Ocean swells to her forgivingly.  
Bright comes the dawn, and Eos hides her face,  
Glowing with tears divine, within the bosom  
Of great Poseidon, in his rocking car,  
Standing erect to gaze upon his son,  
Installed 'midst golden fires, which ever melt  
In Eos' breath and beauty—rising still

With nightly brilliance, merging in the dawn,  
And circling onward in eternal youth."

It is wholly needless to say that the author of such passages as we have quoted, is no mean artist. He obviously possesses great vigor of imagination, and a facility of poetical expression admirably ministering to his conceptions. Such a man ought to achieve yet greater and nobler things. He has, or we much mistake, better work to do than penning caustic comments on his contemporaries, and getting caustically commented on in his turn. If "Circumstance," that "unspiritual god," will suffer it (for of Mr. Horne himself we know nothing whatever, except through his pages,) we would gladly hear of him as steadily concentrating his whole powers upon his divine art; it is a high vocation—that of interpreter of the great and beautiful to man; it certainly seems in no small measure to be his.

But Night—the blue and starry night—is almost upon us. The funeral pomp of departed day—its whole gorgeous catafalque of clouds—has itself long vanished in the west, and no fond flattery can call it Evening any more. The hues of heaven deepen—but heaven, like thought, brightens as it deepens; the skies are fast quickening all over with light, even as the face of the dumb fills with intense speechless expression; they are alive with the silent smile of all their thousand eyes. It is no longer time to write—it is a time to think and feel what cannot be written. There are hours when even reviewers (incredible to say!) may feel some faint tendency to pass from reviewing others, to exercising the professional function upon themselves

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### HAM HOUSE IN THE DAYS OF THE CABAL.

It was a dreary summer, that of 18—, which I passed in a lodging at Petersham. My domicile was a carpenter's house close to Sudbrook Park, *then* the residence of Lord Huntingtower, since the Earl of Dysart, *now* the charming receptacle of decayed constitutions, the refuge of the dyspep-

tic, who fly to Dr. Ellis and his water-cure; and a fine English place it is, with its green lawns, and its cedars, and its noble planes, and its tulip-trees, and magnolias; and a fine place it was *then*.

Not far from the Teddington Ferry, a superb avenue of elms intersects the green meadow which reaches down to the strand. Gates there were and are; but these, whether from custom immemorial, or from the benignity of the then great lady of the precincts,—these, at the period of which I speak, were left open; and boldly, yet silently, I treaded the pathway down the avenue.

I always paused in the centre, for thence was a view of the stately mansion of Ham. Now *Ham*, be it remembered, in Saxon, means mansion; and another celebrated old place, mouldering to decay, bears the same name at Chertsey, in Surrey. That, too, was a residence of Charles II., and it is often confounded with Ham and Hatch. That, too, sheltered the second James when he meditated his flight from England; and in its roof contained a chapel, and holes in its massive walls for his guards. But Ham, the abode of the Lauderdale and Dysarts, is as yet—Heaven knows how long it may be so—in all its integrity, a well-conditioned tenement, the memento of things long passed by, the relic of the ambitious.

Day after day have I trampled down the autumnal leaves which bestrewed the pathway of that avenue, and walked musingly along until I came opposite to the mansion. It stands facing the river, a deep-sunk fence separating it from the field along which the avenue stretches. This house, still fresh in its red-brick hue as if erected yesterday, was built in 1610. Two projections at either end contain the principal dwelling-rooms, the centre being occupied by the hall. The base of these projections opens into a sort of cloister, and probably in former times steps were there, leading into the flat garden or to the broad terrace below: but these no longer exist. Along either side of the house are walls, ornamented with busts—of the Cæsars, of course—in round niches, and behind the northern wall are extensive flower-gardens. But the front, old but not antique, complete in design, lofty and commanding, as it were, even the subsidiary avenue, arrest the attention, and fix it strongly upon that middle period when chivalry and feudalism had expired, when Rebellion had recently

burnt out her last brand, and when the arts of faction had succeeded to the bold efforts of the warlike. I could stand there for a good half-hour, gazing upon the changeless busts, and upon the withering flowers below. All was then still as the grave, not an object was ever seen flitting across those latticed windows or standing within the cloisters; the voice of a peacock, within the walled gardens, startled me, I remember, as if James II. had called me; or, as if on the wave not afar off, the emissaries of William had summoned me to their barge.

A court, which doubtless was formerly the back entrance, is now the approach to the house, the grand approach having been manifestly from the avenue which intersects the common. Shameful innovation!—Our ancestors never slunk into their homes, but drove proudly up to them, their outriders blowing their horns, as we learn from one of the letters imputed to the bad Lord Lyttelton, who pretended to regret having turned the corner on his uncle the bishop's coach, owing to the prelate's having no horns after him. And in dark nights, how fine must it have been to see a train of some half-dozen of flambeaux, held by running footmen, carried after my lady, or her grace of Lauderdale, on her return from some gorgeous dinner or fashionable drive in the metropolis! But to return to the court. Most ignoble is it, turfed over with a *pavé*, exactly like a French road, in the centre. Some ancient trees grow in the enclosure, the ilex there displays its mournful verdure, and an ash of prodigious size throws up its branches even almost to the roof. A mean door, and a low step or two, form the entrance to the house.

"And this," thought I, "is the door of Ham House, where Clifford, and Ashley, and Buckingham, and Arlington, and Lauderdale, met in infamous communion; and where Heaven knows what of *diablerie* went on." I mused in the sunshine for awhile; my eyes rested on an old sun-dial, set there probably to mark the time to the grooms and hostlers, and conjectured that that instrument, too much disused in our modern pleasure-grounds, had probably stood there when the deist Shaftesbury or the debauchee Buckingham had dwelt at Ham—their eyes had gazed upon it; and that *pavé* and that tranquil court had been paced by quick footsteps, and those walls had echoed to the whispers of their plotting tongues; and here was the old house, in

the nineteenth century, tenanted only by an aged lady, soon to be gathered to the home of her fathers.

We talk of the Cabal confidently, and the names of Shaftesbury and of Buckingham are as familiar to us as any in English history. Well, here in that old house were their meetings held, their schemes contrived. What, however, was the history of the structure in which the voices of the reprobate, and the casuistry of the profligate politicians of the seventeenth century were heard? Knowest thou, gentle reader? No. Neither did I, until I learned from long looking upon the old place to desire some knowledge of its origin, its rise; so that I yearned to penetrate into the very secrets of those ancient chambers which, in the days of the venerable countess, were so carefully immured from public inspection.

To begin from the very beginning. The manor of Ham has not, it seems, the honor of being mentioned in the Conqueror's survey of England. King Athelstane had, indeed, granted lands there to his minister, Wulgar; but, in the reign of John, these reverted to the crown, and were given to Godfrey, bishop of Winchester. It was then valued at 6*l.* per annum. In the reign of Edward I. another bishop (of Bath and Wells) had a certain interest in the warren of Ham; then a long period of darkness as to the fate of the manor, owing to the deficiency of records, succeeds; but in the reign of James I., we find that it was again in possession of the crown; and that a fair mansion, built for the residence of the heir-apparent, Henry prince of Wales, was erected, and Ham House raised its stately head upon a plain meadow near the river tide. Wherefore Hach or Hatch was coupled to Ham does not appear. Now *hach* signifies in Saxon a gate; and it is conjectured that that part of Ham thus called took its name from a gate into the ancient park of Shene, for all about the place was royal: to the north was Richmond Park, and close by was Shene. Combe was also a royal demesne; and yet Ham was then, and still is, only an appendage—a hamlet to Kingston, just at two miles' distance.

In the course of centuries, Ham owned a great variety of masters, mostly favored servants of the monarchs, who gave away leases of the lands; and then, by some mysterious process, recovered them. It was tenanted by the Lords Lovel, the last of whom, a partisan of the house of York in

the affair of Lambert Simnel, was slain at the battle of Stoke in 1487. It was bestowed by Henry VIII. on Anne of Cleves, for the maintenance of her royal dignity; she resigned it, however, to King Edward VI., dying calmly and respectably at Chelsea in 1537. (How much she must have laughed in her sleeve at her escape from the tyrant!) Ham was never graced, it seems, by her presence as a resident. It is, however, recited as a parcel of her jointure, in a deed whereby James II. conferred it on his eldest born, Henry, and to his heirs for ever.

But, alas! the poor prince had no heirs, but died only two years after the pompous settlement of this scrap of crown lands, and with its dependency, Crowel, a wooded islet on the river,—with its weir on the Thames, valued at 6*s.* yearly;—its windmill, valued at 1*l.*; its dove-cot, at 5*s.*, and its acres of rich pasture-land, all mentioned in the various surveys taken: it was put into the hands of trustees in behalf of Charles prince of Wales, after the death of his brother.

It did not long continue in the hands of Charles; after his accession a wily Scotsman, William Murray, a descendant of Lord Tullibardine, son of the rector of Dysart in Fife, obtained a grant, or a lease, of it from the king; he was raised to the dignity of a peer of Scotland, by the title of Baron Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart. Now, therefore, we approach the intelligible part of this annal, though I protest between the Dysarts, and the Tallemaches, and the Lauderdale, there seems, at first sight, a mighty confusion.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Dysart, having married a Tallemache, took upon herself to produce all this ambiguity, by assuming the title of Countess of Dysart, and hence the family name was altered; and her marrying Sir Lionel Tallemache was, it seems, altogether a mistake, her father having designed her for Sir Robert Murray, afterwards justice-clerk, and one of the original projectors of the Royal Society. Her husband did not live long enough to enjoy the reflected honor of her rank, nor to contend with what appears to have been an artful and imperious temper. He left her a widow, and a widow she long remained, until John earl of Lauderdale (represented by the letter L. in Cabal), to his sorrow, undertook the management of this clever, ambitious shrew.

The acquaintance between this well-matched, worldly couple began (no offence)



years before the death of Sir Lionel Talmache, the first husband. The Earl of Lauderdale was married, it is true, to a daughter of the Earl of Home, and had a daughter; but, Scotchman and Presbyterian as he was, he was not so saintly as to abstain from a platonic with the Countess of Dysart, who had an absolute dominion over him. They quarrelled, it is true, for friendships of a questionable character are like a rope of sand; but upon the death of Sir Lionel Talmache, Lady Dysart made up all differences, and lived on such terms with Lauderdale, that she broke, according to the slanderous Bishop Burnet, his poor wife's heart, and was successful enough both to drive her to Paris and to kill her by jealousy—a very sure poison. Lady Dysart then married Lord Lauderdale,—whose history, by the way, requires some comment before I finish my vituperations against the countess. Yet, first, it is worth mentioning that Oliver Cromwell is said to have visited her in her husband's old house of Helmingham, not always in the most saintly spirit; and her influence over the Protector was supposed *not* to be the result of the highest virtue possible. But this may be the tale of party writers.

As a Maitland, the Earl of Lauderdale might be supposed to possess the integrity of that loyal race. He had, at all events, its ability. "He was," writes old Burnet, "a man of parts and learning, not of morals or imputed integrity; of an impetuous spirit, a great promoter of arbitrary power, and indeed, the underminer of episcopacy in Scotland, by laying it on a new foundation, the pleasure of the king." He was as universally hated and feared in England as in Scotland. Such was the public character of the man to whom Lady Dysart allied herself: and she did not improve his code of doubtful morality.

To go through the details of this unprincipled statesman's life were tedious. To be brief, he was a party to the bargain wherein Charles I. was sold by the Scots, though he afterwards inveighed against that transaction when it suited his purpose. He was the betrayer of that monarch at Carisbrooke, where, in one of his moments of weakness and despair, Charles, whose movements were well compared to the "doublings of the hunted hare," signed the Engagement. Latterly, however, Lauderdale suffered for the cause of Charles II. He accompanied that king on his march to England, was taken prisoner at the battle of

Worcester, and underwent a confinement of nine years in the Tower, whence he was released in 1660 by General Monk. As a reward for his sufferings in the royal cause, he was made secretary of state for Scotland, together with a catalogue of other honors, only of moment to our purpose as showing the extreme dignity of Ham House, which could contain within its walls the secretary of state for Scotland, a lord of session, a president of council, a commissioner of the treasury, a lord of the bedchamber, and the governor of the castle of Edinburgh, all in one personage. In short, the whole power and patronage of Scotland were placed at this man's control; and how did he fulfil his charge?

During his imprisonment Lauderdale had received some impressions of religion, which, however, melted away before the influence of courtly favor. His very reasons for opposing the restoration of episcopacy in Scotland were of the most crafty species; "for" he argued, "if the Scots can follow the bent of their own inclinations in these matters, they will always be at the devotion of the king." But he proved afterwards, as Rapin observes, a violent persecutor of the Presbyterians. He was, indeed, about as bad a Scot as ever truckled to power; and his infamous qualities were emblazoned in strong colors upon his hard, coarse countenance. As you walk into the Long Gallery at Ham—but stay, I must not anticipate matters: my reader is not introduced there at present. Take, then, the portrait drawn by Burnet—his enemy, to be sure. "The Duke of Lauderdale made a very ill appearance. He was very big; his hair red, hanging oddly about him; his tongue was too large for his mouth, which made him bedew all that he talked to; and his whole manner was rough and boisterous [not unlike the bishop himself], and very unfit for a court." He was haughty, too, beyond expression, and had a violence of passion which resembled madness; yet the creature was smooth and abject to those whom he would fain court. Sir Peter Lely, in *his* portrait, has softened these harsh points, so far as personal appearance is concerned. There is something portly rather than awkward in his broad frame, whilst the delicate hand, enclosed in its ruffle of point lace, shows—such is the popular notion—high descent. Well must his flowing wig and loose robe of silk, and his deep, embroidered collar, and still more his determined, self-conscious deportment,

have accorded with the gorgeous garniture of his own withdrawing-room, or added additional importance to the great entrance itself. "He was," adds Burnet, "the ablest friend and the violentest enemy I ever knew"—a strange complication! Obstinate, too, so that if any one sought to persuade him into a measure, it was the sure way to make him swear he would have none of it. "He was to be let alone." With all this stubborn will, he displayed the greatest inconsistency. A Presbyterian, he yet made way for Popery and arbitrary power. Beginning life with a contempt for wealth, nevertheless he ran into an expenditure which made him stick at nothing to support it. Smooth and moderate in the beginning of his ministry, he made it like an Inquisition for cruelty ere it was, happily for his country, closed for ever.

His wife was deemed responsible for many of these crying sins. She soon acquired such an ascendancy over him, that he was the very slave of her humors and passions. All applications were made to her. She sold all places at court, grasping at unholy gains, which she lavished in vanities. Beautiful, although her portrait in the Gallery would not prove it (but our notions of beauty are altogether revolutionized since the days of the Charleses), yet even more endowed with ability than with beauty, witty in conversation, learned in divinity and history, in mathematics and philosophy, and so far a worthy companion of Lauderdale, who was a man of great attainments, she yet wanted the best of all learning, practical religion. "She was violent in every thing she set about; a violent friend, a much more violent enemy. She had a restless ambition, lived at a vast expense, was ravenously covetous, and would have stuck at nothing by which she might compass her ends." So says Burnet. And she was gratified, for her marriage with Lauderdale was soon succeeded by his being created a duke, and installed a Knight of the Garter.

These were the great days of Ham House. It must have been the scene of a perpetual round of courtly festivities, and during this season of prosperity it was furnished at a very great expense for those times. The countess, too, made additions to the structure, and Verrio was employed to paint its ceilings: and great magnificence of decoration was bestowed, according to the judgment of its ducal owners, in

its saloons: even the bellows and brushes were made of solid silver, or of silver filigree. But every thing stands or falls by comparison, and Ham must not dare to raise its head now amid our modern mansions. One merit that the artists who furnished it may claim is—durability.

Five years ago there were not, probably, a hundred people in England who had seen the interior of Ham House, for the late venerable Countess of Dysart guarded it with a jealous care. At her death it was opened for awhile. It is now closed to the public, perhaps for ever; and who knows whether it may not soon be pulled down, and the ground let for building leases, and the mansion appropriated to a water-cure or a mad-house?

I was one of the first to enter its opened doors, and to traverse that court unappalled by the fear of the countess, and to ring the hall-bell boldly. It was a fine summer's day, and the rooks above were startled by the sound. I entered: the housekeeper, a person still of middle age, yet long a resident there, greeted me, and we passed through a long, narrow passage into the hall. It has no particular feature of antiquity, but contains some exquisite portraits of the later members of the family, more especially of the late Countess of Dysart, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The name of this exquisite creature was Magdalen—Magdalen Lewis, of a Warwickshire family, the daughter of David Lewis, Esq., of Malvern Hall. Like many of Reynolds' subjects she is in white, her hair drawn back from a forehead of marble, her features delicate as her complexion. Such was the countess in her youth; elegant, high-bred, and gentle she must have been; and the great painter must have delighted in so graceful a subject. Another lady—I forget what member of the great family—fronts you in a white riding-habit, man's hat and boots, looking audaciously, like the fashionable Amazon of the day. So far is modern. You ascend a superb staircase, balustraded with walnut-tree wood, and adorned with carvings of military trophies (the pride of the housekeeper), and you enter the peculiar region of the Lauderdale.

We have stated Burnet's opinion that the Duchess of Lauderdale would stick at nothing to gratify her vanity. What a sale of places must there have been to furnish Ham! How much shuffling and trickery on the backstairs of Whitehall to complete

it! And as it was then, in the times when Charles II. visited the duchess—and when the hatchment was placed there for the duke, dying of vexation and in despair,—so is it now. Not a chair is removed—not a mantelpiece altered. The silver bellows are on the hearth; the great cabinet of ivory lined with cedar, in the north drawing-room, is there, fresh as when placed by the Presbyterian duke's proud duchess; the settees, covered with gold-colored damask embroidered with brown, are there; the rich damask still hangs on the walls; and yet how changed, how silent, how melancholy!—if rooms so truly cheerful in point of light, and endowed with a rare appearance of comfort, *can* be melancholy.

I stopped awhile to look out over the broad window-seat—why are such window-seats out of vogue now?—into the secluded garden below, and the housekeeper, brushing from the shutter one of those huge spiders called the Cardinal's, erroneously said to be peculiar to Hampton Court, but common in all the old houses in that part of Surrey, as she spoke, pointed out to me the vista up the great avenue beyond the garden, and agreed with me that the entrance must have been *there*, and with me sorrowed—for she is part and parcel of the place—that such an approach should ever have been abandoned. And then we moved on into an inner room, containing choice minatures, fresh as if the carmine had been worked in that morning, and some rare relics,—among the rest a lock of Charles I.'s hair, kept under a glass-case, and “mightily valued by my late lady.” All was in the most creditable preservation,—mind, by preservation I do not mean restoration. I have a dread of that word, an extreme dread of seeing an old house or an old picture restored. I would rather let it moulder—crumble first, I was going to say, but that is profane, than have it “restored.” This room is dark—suited, therefore, to the whisperings of the Cabal (of whom anon),—suited to receive, as the secret bribes from France, the famous portraits set in diamonds, to the value of 3000*l.*, a present to each of the infamous five,—nay, for aught one knows, this chamber may have been the very spot where Clifford, the first of the junto, whispered to the king the scheme for shutting up the Exchequer.

I breathed more freely in the Long Gallery. This runs along the west side of the house, and is ninety-two feet long. It is hung with admirable portraits, and among

them the Duke and Duchess of Lauderdale are conspicuous in all the insignia of their dearly purchased greatness. I could detect in the features of the duchess nothing of that beauty which is said to have enamoured the Protector, and which enslaved Lauderdale. On the contrary, a vulgar, full-blown virago is depicted on that canvass. Well may one trace the “Sultana,” as she has been called, in that imperious brow. But in the low forehead, puffed-out face, and fiery eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, you see the very man himself—the *Bonner* of politics, the minister who would have burned and slayed had he dared. Well might the oppressed people of Scotland tremble at his frown, and wonderful was the loyalty which could separate the dark deeds of the minister from the true notion of a sensual, an extravagant, but not a cruel monarch, and could continue to love the Stuarts, whilst their advisers were detested!

The duke is in his Garter robes, by Lely,—the duchess by the same master; and many other portraits, of which I shun a long enumeration, give a genuine notion of the character of the times. Among the rest is a likeness of Lady Lorn, the daughter of the duchess, and the mother of the celebrated John, duke of Argyle, who was born at Ham House; and there is the most living, the most winning picture of Charles the First I ever saw, and also one of his eldest son, painted expressly for the Duke of Lauderdale. We paced the gallery, the housekeeper and I, with many a sigh given to bygone days,—though, I believe, very unreasonably, as I shall presently show. Our own are much safer, much freer, much happier days, though not so picturesque,—at least, as far as we can judge, as those of old; and, let it be remembered, we have the elegancies, the interests of olden days preserved to us, not their vulgarisms and commonplaces. We see antiquity in its holyday dress; its aristocratic manners are alone preserved to our inspection.

In the old gallery might I fancy that the laugh of Buckingham still resounded, his polished manners softening his wit; the sarcasm of Shaftesbury—all well bred, nevertheless; the sly, diabolical suggestions of Clifford—well turned with a compliment, might they not still be heard? We passed through a small, dark room, in which, observed my conductress, “they *say* the Cabal had their meetings.” It seemed, indeed, just large enough to contain five persons. This room, if I remember aright, is



tapestried. Of what must that old arras have been the depository?

We descended the stairs, passed one corner of the hall, and, by especial favor, I was allowed to see a suite of rooms on the ground-floor, inhabited by the late countess, Magdalen, and erst by her great ancestress, the Duchess of Lauderdale. And most curious are these rooms. Every article of furniture is as it was originally placed there, not introduced of late years; and, at the termination of a suite of three rooms, is a smaller one, such as in olden days was called a closet. It opens into a bed-chamber, and is adapted to meditation and retirement. The walls were hung with a rich velvet, and in one corner, now mouldering with time, is a memento of the pride of the duchess. There, in that high-backed, cushioned chair, was her accustomed seat when in retirement. But even here greatness must needs be present also. Overhead is a canopy similar to that called in palaces the cloth of estate. It resembles, in homely truth, the tester and top of a bed, most rich in its texture, and its valence, to use a humble phrase, is formed into deep Vandykes. This, too, was the late countess's favorite retreat.

I could not help reflecting how different must have been the meditations of the ambitious duchess to the holy thoughts and aspirations of a happy passage to a better world of the countess. How turbulent must have been the day-dreams of the former! With what mingled exultation and remorse she must have recalled the subjugation of Oliver's proud, cold heart, and the deep wounds which she had inflicted upon the injured Countess of Lauderdale! What speculations—what calculations, worthy of the base and mean, must have been revolved beneath that cloth of estate, hanging there still, but already giving tokens that, like all that was great, all that was historical in that house, it has passed, or is passing away! When I thought of the excellent countess, I looked upon the chamber with a sort of reverence. When I recalled the duchess of Lauderdale, the half-holy, secluded character of the closet seemed all defiled. I was aroused by the sound of music, and, looking out, perceived that these apartments faced the river. A party from London were dancing on the grass, beneath the old avenues; the feeling of desecration and decay became painfully strong, and I hastened into the court again, and felt relieved by the voices of the rooks,

birds of ancient descent and most perfect genealogy, whose fathers and forefathers had, doubtless, frequented the same spot, even when Buckingham and Ashley came full of dark schemes to Ham House.

This brings me to the CABAL—that conspiracy against English freedom, which did more to injure the dynasty it professed to uphold than almost any rash act of a fated and infatuated race of kings. Of what singular materials was it composed! One single bond there seems to have been between them—the absence of all principle, of all fears; and, we must not deceive ourselves, pleasant as he was handsome (for, in spite of ungainly features, his was the irresistible beauty of expression), free, and perhaps kind-hearted (though I doubt it), Charles II. was as great a miscreant as any of those who composed the Cabal.

Clifford was the first—the first to lend himself to a scheme, cherished by Charles, to make himself absolute and to re-establish Popery—a fact which rests upon the authority of the celebrated Father Orleans, and which was told to him by James II. Now the privy council was at that time composed of twenty-one persons, and it was impossible for so large a number to be the subservient tools of the king's designs. A cabinet council was therefore formed of these five persons only,—

C lifford,  
A rlington,  
B uckingham,  
A shley,  
L auderdale.

And the junto soon acquired the name which it has borne ever since.

Clifford was a Roman Catholic. In his youth he was reputed to be "of a very unsettled head, and a roving shattered brain;" yet he was a man of parts and acquirements, and of bravery, too, and had served both under James duke of York, and also Prince Rupert, at sea. He was supposed to be in the pay of France, and very likely, as every body then was in somebody's pay, and disinterested statesmen were in a chrysalis state, waiting to appear in all their beauty of wings and colors, until better times. It was Clifford who advised King Charles to shut up the Exchequer, the history of which was this. The monarch, being in want of money, offered the white staff to any minister who would assist him to raise £150,000 without applying to Parliament. The plan had been mooted by Ashley, earl of Shaftesbury; now Clifford contrived to make that

nobleman drunk, and to get his secret from him, after which he demanded the reward, and was made lord-treasurer.

This was only one of his daring designs. He was an eloquent speaker, but could not keep his temper, and the dissolution of the Cabal was partly owing to his intemperance in upholding the king's measures, when he actually called the House of Commons "*a horrible monster*." He was disgraced in 1673, three years after the formation of the Cabal, and retired to his seat at Ugbrook, where he died of a fearful inward disorder. Clifford must have been forty years old when Ham House received him and his co-mates. "He was," says an old writer, "a gentleman of a proper, manly body, of a large and noble mind, and a sound heart." A fine description, if the conduct of his life had not contradicted it. "He had a voluble, flowing tongue, a ready wit, a firm judgment, and undaunted courage and resolution." At all events, he acted from real, though mistaken enthusiasm for his faith and predilections.

Would that I could say the same of all the rest! The most skilled in low arts, the greatest adept at raillery and ridicule, was Henry Bennet, lord Arlington. He was not the upstart at whom the Duke of Ormond pointed that word of opprobrium, when, in the zenith of Arlington's fortunes, he styled him "one whom he had known a very little gentleman." On the contrary, he was, or was discovered to be when he had risen, of a very good family; so that he came into the world, in point of birth, with all the advantages that a man could boast. He had served as a volunteer in the Royalist armies in the preceding reign, and was wounded at Andover, and, at a time of life when most youths have only finished their studies, Bennet had distinguished himself as a wit, a soldier, and a statesman. Bennet had long acted as secretary to James, duke of York; he was also a favorite with the queen-mother, and when he became, in 1662, secretary of state, his feelings were deeply imbued with the convictions of those whom he had served. He is said, but without any proof, to have been the chief agent in the downfall of Clarendon, and to have promoted the black ingratitude of the king to the chancellor. At all events, he had the art of raising his own name, and, at the time when he became Baron Arlington, he was regarded as a great and favored minister.

Arlington, nevertheless, was a man of the

least genius of any of his party, but he supplied his deficiency of talents by a skilful management of those which he possessed. He pleased even when he was known to deceive, and his manners commanded an influence in quarters where he inspired no respect. "The deficiency of his integrity," writes Macpherson, "was forgiven in the decency of his dishonesty." He professed the Protestant form of faith, but was at heart a Roman Catholic. Timid, superstitious, and double-minded, this minister, when the well-merited vengeance of the country fell upon the Cabal, bent like an osier beneath the blast, and, like an osier, survived to rise again. He died a minister of the crown, even William of Orange professing a regard for the aged statesman, whom none esteemed, but whom all parties endured.

Arlington, in his rise, and during his decline in royal favor, suffered much. Clarendon relates, that being ashamed of his own name, he wished, cuckoo-like, to plant himself in the nest of another. He therefore adopted the Barony of Meney, an old title long dormant, until the proper heir desired him not to affect a title to which he had no relation; he was then glad to take the title of a little farm belonging to his father, Arlington (properly Harlington), between London and Uxbridge.

In the days of disfavor, Charles used to delight in hearing the old secretary mimicked by his courtiers. The bold, brave Talbot, earl of Tyrconnel, one day seeing Arlington, who was then the lord chamberlain, represented at court by a person with a patch and a staff, remonstrated with Charles on this indecent ridicule of one who had followed the fortunes of the monarch when in exile. Charles retorted, saying he had reason to complain too, for, "not content with coming to prayers as others did, Arlington must needs be constant at the sacraments too." "And does not your majesty the same?" inquired Talbot. "Odd's fish!" was the reply, "I hope there is a difference between me and Harry Bennet!" Thus Arlington overacted his part. Some of these very sacraments—iniquitously received to keep up the mask of Protestantism—were doubtless administered in the chapel at Ham House, a plain, but ancient structure, forming part of the mansion. There, in the silence that will never again, probably, be broken by orison or sermon, still remains the cushion upon which Charles I. knelt when he visited

Ham, and there, bound in red velvet, and with a large cross, embroidered in gold on the back, is the worn prayer-book which he used.

Clifford and Bennet were fast friends; contrasts, it must be owned: the one a burning brand, like the Fiery Cross which is carried from hill to hill in Scotland to proclaim war and murder; the other the steady, systematic pioneer, who cautiously prepares the way for more commanding spirits to advance and carry their point.

Bennet appears to have been a well-looking man for a courtier. His face was composed, and the features were well-proportioned. Across his nose a patch, the theme of the king's merriment, is always depicted in his portraits; but whether owing to a wound he wore it, or whether assumed in compliance with a fashion of the Interregnum when gentlemen as well as ladies wore patches, it must be left to the curious in such matters to decide. His long flowing locks, his deep, falling cape, and rich bandeau over one shoulder and under the other, his sleeves puckered up and tied with golden cord, his delicate "linen," as they modestly called shirt-sleeves in those days, must have had a fine effect, methinks, in that old gallery, to say nothing of a rich surcoat of black velvet, lined with white satin, which he wore. Oh, days never to be recalled, when men were dressed, not like jockeys, but like gentlemen and men of taste! *A bas* the tight *culottes* and tail-coat, and welcome again the deep collar and the rich doublet, and the loose and graceful surcoat!

But the flower of the Cabal was the brave, generous, dissolute Buckingham: he was the Crown Imperial of this posy of base herbs and tiger-lilies. How singular was his destiny! By what a fatality does he not seem to have been governed! He began life under a cloud, passed it in a whirlwind; it was closed almost in obscurity. His childhood was marked by peculiar misfortune—his father's death, his mother's second marriage; the one event being prefaced by omens, and foretold by an apparition, the office of which was to avert, if possible, by supernatural means, the impending danger over George Villiers, duke of Buckingham. Few ghost stories have been so attested; for this rests upon the affirmation of a certain Mr. Towse, a "religious and virtuous gentleman," to Mr. Windham and his wife. One night Mr. Towse being in bed, and his candle standing near him burning, there came into his

chamber an old gentleman, dressed in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's time. Now on the first appearance of this unexpected guest Mr. Towse was somewhat alarmed, yet collecting himself, he asked, "in the name of Heaven, who he was?" The ghostly visitant replied, that he was Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke of Buckingham; and added, that Mr. Towse might remember his going to school at a certain place in Leicestershire; and now, in the regions of bliss, or otherwise, as it might be, remembering the former kindness of Mr. Towse to him when a schoolboy, this apparition paid that gentleman the compliment of a visit, the purport of which was, to deliver to the said Duke of Buckingham a message, forwarning him how to avoid the ruin which was likely to befall him.

Mr. Towse at first refused this commission, saying, that it would only bring him contempt and reproach; but the apparition was urgent, telling him that the discovery of certain passages in the duke's life, known only to himself, of which he (the ghost) would apprise him, should preserve him from the imputation of having a distempered fancy. So the apparition took his leave for that night, but came again the next. (How could Mr. Towse survive it?) By that time the resolution of good Mr. Towse was taken, and he assented to go to the duke; and then certain matters were disclosed to him, which afterwards the unfortunate Buckingham confessed were such as "God, or the devil, could alone have revealed." But yet, though long and private audiences took place between the duke and Mr. Towse, no impression was made upon the mind of the ill-starred and unbelieving nobleman.

When the duke fell by the hand of Felton, all who knew Towse could remember that the day had been predicted by him; for the apparition was now so frequently at the elbow of the strong-nerved Mr. Towse, that he regarded its presence with as little trouble as "if it had been a friend or neighbor that had come to visit him!" Wonderful man of iron mind! Methinks *I* should have gone to the world's end rather than have awaited another visit, whilst *he* slept calmly night after night in that same chamber, until the quilted doublet, and stiff ruff, and bombastic continuations of the old Sir George, did actually night after night appear. Mr. Towse should be canonized.

Other predictions were there, all well authenticated, namely, the singular pre-



sentiment of Lady Denbigh, the duke's sister, who, when writing to her brother on the very day of his death, did bedew her paper with her tears; and after a passion of grief, for which she could find no reason, for she knew not of his danger, fell into a swoon. Her letter ended thus: "I will pray for your happy return, which I look to with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment. But I hope the great God of Heaven will bless you." When the Bishop of Ely waited upon the lady with the news of her brother's death, he found her awaking from a frightful dream, in which she had heard the people shout that the Duke of Buckingham was sick. Buckingham had, it is true, been ill, and had parted from the king, Charles I., and other friends, as if his soul "had divined that he should see them no more." Yet he was restored to full health and vigor when the murderous hand of John Felton dealt him that mortal stab into the heart, which left his son George an infant orphan, just a year old.

The baby duke was adopted by Charles I., who in his first visit to the widowed duchess promised to be a husband to her and a father to her children. She, however, chose another husband, the Marquis of Antrim, and this marriage greatly displeased the king; and the two sons of the late duke were taken from her and committed to other guardianship. They were never separated until the death of the younger one, were placed under the same tutors at Trinity College, Cambridge, and had the same masters in the art of war, namely, Prince Rupert and the Lord Gerard; and, together, they assisted at the storming of Lichfield during the civil wars; and when the king was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, raised the royal standard in Surrey. Here, under an oak-tree in the highway, near Kingston, Lord Francis, the younger brother, was killed. The gallant youth, only nineteen years old, had his horse slain under him, but scorned to ask quarter; and the Parliamentarians barbarously refused to give it. He planted his back against the tree, and stood there, until nine wounds in his face and body finished the tragical scene.

His estates fell to his brother; and the young Villiers was now the greatest fortune in England. Yet, after various adventures, he fled to Antwerp; and, though offered his estates if he would return in forty days, he was faithful to his father's royal friend. He supported himself by selling his pictures,

part of a princely collection brought over to Antwerp by Brian Fairfax, a faithful servant, from York House, that stately residence now recalled only by the name of certain streets on its site, Buckingham Street and Duke Street, in the Strand. He remained abroad with Charles II., and with that monarch escaped in the oak at Boscobel. All this time Villiers was in poverty; but he was generous, loyal, and valiant. He became rich; and he was henceforth a prodigal and a ruined man, first in character, afterwards in estate, finally, in both.

Lord Fairfax, from the fate of war and the decree of parliament, had his estates, or rather had an interest in them; he had also a daughter. The Duke of Buckingham thought he would once more try his fortune; he came over from Antwerp to make love to the lady, and prevailed on a friend to propose a match. He was then an outlaw, and ran a risk of losing both life and liberty, especially as Cromwell had had a share of the duke's estates, and had daughters also to marry. But Buckingham carried the arts of persuasion about with him; he was in person the glory of any court and of any age in which he appeared; his frame was tall, strong, active; and his manners exquisitely graceful. He had wit and good-nature, was ready to forgive injuries, and had a tender, compassionate heart. These were qualities which Fairfax's daughter did not meet with every day among the dark Puritans and hard-hearted generals who composed her father's society. She loved the duke at once; and they were married in her father's house at Nun Appleton, six miles from York; and their marriage was, though childless, as happy as the profligacy of those days permitted. They lived together "lovingly and decently;" the duchess bearing those faults in her idol which she could not cure.

Buckingham paid dearly, however, at first, for his marriage, by a long imprisonment in the Tower, and afterwards at Windsor, by the command of Cromwell; but his adversity was far less perilous to him than the season of prosperity which followed the Restoration. For, whilst he remained in his father-in-law's house he lived peaceably and innocently; but when he recovered his estates, he became acquainted with a crew of bankers and scriveners, who induced him to practices which brought the gangrene of usury, from which his property never recovered. The king showered down honors and favors which were but sources of expense

to the duke, and did not ensure his gratitude; he was too justly suspected of concurring with the enemies of Charles in rebellious designs. In these he was concerned with the celebrated Dr. Heydon, the astrologer, to whom Richard and Thurloe Cromwell had applied to cast their father's nativity, and who predicted his being hanged. Buckingham, who had acquired a faith in the art from his residence in France, applied to Heydon to cast the king's nativity, a treasonable offence; yet, in spite of all these misdemeanors, Charles afterwards restored him to favor; and he became one of the dreaded and hated Cabal. Perhaps, sometimes, as this favorite of the world, this gay but polite man, walked on the terrace before Ham House, and parallel with the river, he may have gazed with sorrow on the waters, remembering not only that the slaughtered corpse of his brother was carried on the stream to its place of interment at Westminster Abbey from Kingston, but coupling that event, and the early career of his life, with the remembrances of his early loyalty and insulted honor, in those days of energy and danger. Fame did him injustice, if to the vices of gaming he added not those of an unbridled licentiousness. His character in this last respect grew so notorious, that whether in his laboratory over the fumes of his charcoal, or meditating in his closet, scandal followed him thither. Chemistry was his favorite pursuit in-doors; in the field, fox-hunting. His extravagance was extreme, yet he paid the debts which he incurred.

How keen was his wit, how true his satire, the play of the *Rehearsal* testifies! Dryden, his early acquaintance, was personified in Bayes, being then poet-laureate. That character, as is well known, at first bore the name of Bilboa, and was intended for Sir Robert Howard. The actors were all ready to perform the comedy, when the plague of 1664 suspended that representation. Dryden had by this time become poet-laureate, and smarted under the lash of the "good-natured man with the ill-natured muse," as Buckingham has been styled. He revenged himself, and the retributive justice came down with a heavy hand, by displaying the duke in the character of Zimri in *Absalom and Ahithophel*. Such were the littlenesses of great men. To Cowley, his early friend at Cambridge, Buckingham was faithful, and, since that poet lived at Chertsey, we may conjecture that the friends may sometimes have met half-

way from London, at Ham House, and that the grass walks of the avenues may have been often paced by the footsteps of the poet and the peer.

After the death of Charles II., Buckingham fell into ill health. He retired to his own manor at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and there solaced the decline of his eventful life by the two opposite occupations of fox-hunting and writing on religious subjects. One day, in consequence of sitting on the ground after hunting, he was seized with an ague and fever. He was conveyed to the house of a tenant of his own, on Kirby Moorside, and in that lowly habitation his last sickness ran its rapid course. He sent to his faithful servant, Briant Fairfax, to prepare him a bed at his house in Bishop Hill, in York, but was speechless before his servant returned to him. Mr. Fairfax found him in that state which is the forerunner of death, indifferent to every thing, when he arrived. The duke seemed not to apprehend the danger he was in. When asked if he would have the minister of the parish to pray for him, he made no reply, but when a popish priest was proposed, the dying man made a violent effort, and exclaimed "No, no." The former question was then repeated, and received, in these few words, an assent, "Yes, send for him." The dying man appeared sensible to the consolation of these last offices, and received the sacrament. That night he expired, being, as it has been aptly remarked, one of the few who bore his title that have died quietly in their beds. With him that title became extinct. Changed, indeed, was the expiring Buckingham from the wild gallant who challenged Lord Rochester to combat, or who fought with Lord Shrewsbury, whilst the countess, disguised as a page, held the duke's horse during the combat, and beheld her husband slain in that duel. Yet Pope has exaggerated the scene of the duke's death, so deeply instructive, when he writes,—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,  
The walls of plaster, and the floor of dung,  
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,  
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;  
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,  
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
Great Villiers lies."

The farm-houses of that period, though possibly rude and comfortless, boasted, however, an homely hospitality, which would doubtless prompt the best exertions in favor

of the dying noblemen; and there must have been something consolatory in knowing that it was amongst his own people that death made its certain approach.

There now remains one person only in this famous, or infamous junto, to be recalled before I lay down the pen. This was Anthony Ashley, first earl of Shaftesbury, the grandfather of the well-known author of the *Characteristics*, whose education the Earl of Shaftesbury superintended. Ashley began public life by the study of the law; at eighteen he was married to a daughter of Lord Coventry's, at nineteen he became member for Tewkesbury. He was a man of great discernment. "I never," said his friend Locke, "knew any one to penetrate so quick into men's breasts, and, from a small opening, survey that dark cabinet." Whether he made a laudable use of that power has been a matter of some dispute. Of his acumen the following proof is given by the same high source. Soon after the Restoration, Shaftesbury and Lord Southampton were dining with the Earl of Clarendon. The Lady Anne Hyde, who had recently married the Duke of York, was present. As the two noblemen went home, Shaftesbury remarked, "Mrs. Anne Hyde is certainly married to one of the brothers." "How," asked his companion, "can you tell?" "Be assured," replied Ashley, "that it is so. A concealed respect showed itself so plainly in the looks, voice, and manner of her mother when she carved to her, or offered her any dish, that it must be so."

Ashley commenced his political career as a Royalist, but, for reasons too long here to rehearse, became a Parliamentary officer, the civil and military employments being generally combined in those turbulent days; Ashley had even the command of 1500 soldiers. But his opinions were in favor of a monarchical government, and he spoke ably and effectively in parliament, after the death of Oliver Cromwell. "For he had," says Burnet, "a wonderful faculty in speaking to a popular assembly, and could mix both the facetious and serious way of arguing very agreeably." He was, indeed, unequalled in the art of governing parties, and was one of the principal promoters of the exertions of General Monk. His conduct excited the indignation of Sir Arthur Haslerigg, who, with an angry countenance, exclaimed, when he saw the secluded member restored to the House of Commons, "This is your doing, but it shall cost

blood." "Your own," replied Sir Anthony, "if you please, but Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper will not be secured this morning." The result was a determination to secure Sir Anthony and others; but Ashley was saved by Monk's wife, who had heard part of the discourse, in those days of tapestried chambers, behind the hangings, and who sent her brother Clarges to warn Sir Anthony to escape. Monk was privy to this scheme, but was afterwards won over by Ashley to his own views; and the Restoration was effected. Of that event Monk had the credit, but Ashley is supposed justly to have been the real mover and contriver. The plan had been laid out by him, according to Locke's account, some time before.

Ashley repaired with the other commissioners to Charles at Breda. It was during this journey that an accident befell him, to which he attributed the formation of a serious disease; it also procured him the acquaintance of Locke. In passing through a town in Holland he was overturned. He sent for a physician, Dr. Thomas, who, instead of obeying the summons, sent John Locke, then a student of Christ Church, but practising medicine. Ashley, courteous as he always was, entered into conversation with the pale philosopher, and invited him to supper. He found him to be a man of rare acquirements, and he had the sense to value them. Locke became his secretary, nor when Ashley ceased to be chancellor was the union between them dissolved, and Locke remained in the house of his patron with an annuity of 100*l.* a-year. The connexion was important and invaluable to both those great men.

For some years after the Restoration Ashley's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. He was made chancellor of the exchequer and under treasurer, and was created Baron Ashley, and in the preamble to his patent it was acknowledged "that the Restoration was chiefly owing to him."

During the turmoils of politics and in the midst of his rivalry with Clarendon, Ashley solaced himself by occasional snatches of literature. His sketch of the character of Mr. Hastings, a graphic portrait of a country squire of those times, is the only specimen of this accomplishment published; it was printed in the *Connoisseur*, and is eulogized by Horace Walpole for the truth of its delineation. The character, with all its grossness and its virtues pretty equally balanced, has not decayed away



amongst us, but depicts a different class of individuals, and belongs rather to the yeoman, or gentleman farmer of modern times, than to the country gentleman, refined as he actually is by travel, and having imbibed London manners and adopted London hours.

Corrupt as were all public men at that era, Ashley appears not to have been so utterly depraved and venal as the rest of his associates. It is true that he gave in, after some show of reluctance, to the *Traité simule* with France, whereby, according to Sir John Dalrymple, Charles II. was to have 200,000*l.* from France for declaring himself a Catholic, and an annuity of 800,000 francs during the Dutch war; but Ashley is said to have been the only member of the Cabal who never touched French gold. Buckingham, his patron and his intimate, was, alas! (for so agreeable a sinner) shamelessly and extravagantly bribed, even Lady Shrewsbury, his paramour, being in the pay of France, and having for a consideration promised to make the duke do whatsoever was required by Louis XIV. A golden shower fell indeed upon the wives and favorites of the Cabal. The Duke of York was, there is every reason to be assured, the active, pervading spirit of that whole confederacy. Ashley, it is well known, was no favorer of that part of the plot which related to the establishment of Popery.

One day, being commanded by the king to meet him at Lord Arlington's lodgings in Whitehall, Ashley found his most sacred majesty, the defender of the faith, a little the more communicative for having dined with Buckingham and the Duke of York. It was then that he discovered the king's sentiments, and that he saw, as he observed to a friend, that a black cloud was impending over England. Afterwards, when the Cabal, never so firmly united as it was supposed, for Buckingham and Arlington hated each other at all times, broke down, these men, so thoroughly corrupt, yet so remarkably agreeable, were turned for the time into friends. "The Lapland knots are untied," wrote Ashley to a friend, "and we are in horrid storms; those that hunted together now hunt one another; but at horse-play the master of the horse must have the better." Alluding to Buckingham's appointment as master of the horse.

After the dismissal of Lauderdale and the impeachment of Arlington, Shaftesbury, whose conduct on this occasion has

been defended (and it *requires* defence) retired to his seat at St. Giles's, Wimbome, Dorsetshire. Here he lived with dignity and hospitality. He was one of the most fascinating men of his time, and his conversational powers were such that Charles II. delighted in his society. Therefore we may imply that his discourse was not of the most straight-laced character. In his leisure Shaftesbury occupied himself in beginning an improvement of the Liturgy for the consideration of the bishops, for he conceived that it was not so sacred, "being drawn up by men the other day," that it might not be improved. Amongst the fragments of his papers there is a selection of psalms for particular services in the church, said to be admirably chosen. Such and so various was his knowledge, and so true was King Charles's remark "that Shaftesbury had more law than all his judges and more divinity than all his bishops." But the days of Shaftesbury were not destined to be passed in peaceful lucubrations. In 1676-7 he was imprisoned in the Tower with Buckingham for a breach of privilege of the House of Lords, and was confined there long after his fellow-prisoners had been released. He calls himself, in one of his letters at this time, "an infirm old man shut up in a winter's prison." And, indeed, his confinement was a most oppressive act. But he was henceforth the subject of plots, and the victim, a sturdy one nevertheless, of cabals and intrigues; and his conduct, in relation to the Bill of Exclusion, drawn by Shaftesbury, and his espousal of the cause of the Duke of Monmouth, sent him again to the Tower. This time he was followed by crowds of well-wishers among the people. "God bless your lordship," cried one of them, "and deliver you from your enemies." "I thank you, sir," replied the aged statesman, with a smile, "I have nothing to fear; they have. Therefore pray to God to deliver them from me."

A few days afterwards, on receiving a visit from one of the Roman Catholic lords, he observed, in reply to a question pretending surprise at his being in the Tower, "I have been lately indisposed with an ague, and came hither to take some Jesuit's powder" (bark). He was indicted for high-treason, but the grand-jury, consisting of London citizens and merchants, threw out the bill, and bonfires and bells celebrated his safety, as the

safety of the Protestant religion in England. Charles, as it is well known, was greatly irritated at his defeat. "I am the last man," he remarked, bitterly, "to have law and justice in the whole nation." So blinded does the moral sense become; nor did the monarch deem it beneath him to suggest to Dryden, then starving, the poem of the *Medal*, in which, for a hundred broad pieces, that great perverted genius penned another anathema against Shaftesbury. The *Medal* was dedicated to the Whigs. "Rail at me abundantly," said Dryden, in his dedication; "and not to break custom, do it without wit."

Shaftesbury was playing at cards with his countess when he was informed that the bill was thrown out. He then braced himself for action, and endeavored to incite the people to an insurrection. Such were now—so mutable is human nature—the sentiments of a man who was once in the dark secrets of the Cabal. He jested upon his age and infirmities, and, offering to head the revolt, remarked that he could not run away, but could die at the head of the people better than on a scaffold. He was soon obliged to fly the kingdom, and, disguising himself as a Presbyterian minister, he took a last leave of his lady and his friends, and escaped to Harwich, and thence to Amsterdam. Here he intended to reside, but fate willed it otherwise. He was attacked by the gout, and died an exile from his country, as, unhappily, too many better men than he in those days were obliged to do, on the 21st January, 1683. A ship, hung with mourning and adorned with streamers and escutcheons, conveyed his remains to England. Inconsistent and scheming, yet not venal, Shaftesbury has found some advocates. He was, however, a subtle, if not a bad man, of doubtful patriotism, which only sprang up when court favor deserted him, and of principles dubious in all things. That he was the friend and patron of Locke is the best eulogium; that he was the promoter of religious toleration his clearest merit. Yet it was, perhaps, too truly said of Shaftesbury, that "he made the pretences of liberty the stirrup to get up, and religion the steed he rode in pursuit of his monstrous designs." To Shaftesbury we owe the Habeas Corpus Act, and an endeavor, at that time unsuccessful, to render the judges independent of the crown. His forbearance, or indifference to the satires of Dryden, who makes him the hero of his *Absalom* and

*Ahithophel*, is worthy of admiration, for severe was the law of libel in those days.

In his religious opinions Shaftesbury was suspected of deism. One day, as Speaker Onslow relates, he was speaking in a low voice to a friend whilst a female relation sat in a distant part of the room. Forgetting the lady's presence, Shaftesbury at last remarked, "Men of sense are all of one religion." The lady turned round quickly, "And what religion is that?" "That, madam," answered the earl, quickly, "men of sense will never tell." It is remarkable that the son of this gifted man was nearly a fool, and that nature, resting awhile, as it seemed, produced not until the next generation an intellect worthy of being akin to that of the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

Such was the Cabal. "For awhile it had sailed with a prosperous gale," so says Rapin, whom the interest of the subject has betrayed into a simile, "on a shore famous for shipwrecks without meeting any impediments. But at last they were stopped in their course by a rock which it was not possible to avoid—I mean the parliament." The Cabal was dissolved 1672–3, when the utter shamelessness of the men who composed it was manifest. Shaftesbury, as we have seen, gave up his former associates upon pretext of patriotism; Arlington disgracefully deserted his party; Clifford resigned his office as treasurer and died; Buckingham, by all manner of treacheries and falsehoods, saved himself from impeachment. When the king and the Duke of York heard the debates in the House of Lords, at which it was then customary for the royal family to attend, the latter whispered to his royal brother while Shaftesbury was speaking, "What a rogue have you of a lord-chancellor!" To which the king replied, "And what a fool of a lord-treasurer!"

To return to the Lauderdale, the defeat of the Cabal broke one proud heart, in Ham House, and, sinking under the weight of age, vexation, and infirmities, the duke died in August, 1682. He was succeeded by his brother as Earl of Lauderdale, but his English titles became extinct.

The duchess lingered at Ham, where she, too, died in 1698, during a weary widowhood, for no third claimant to her hand appeared. Her eldest son, Lionel Talmache, succeeded her; and her second, Thomas, distinguished himself at the

taking of Athlow and the battle of Aghrim. He was killed, however, at Brest, four months previous to his mother's death.

A long line of the Talmache family, all named Lionel, have since been the owners of Ham House, yet the glory of the place has been in some measure diminished, for Helingham has been the chief seat of the family since the death of the Duchess of Lauderdale. James II., upon the arrival of his son-in-law the Prince of Orange, was ordered to retire to Ham House, but he deemed an abode so near the metropolis unsafe, and fled to France.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

### CHAPTER I.

A RISE in condition is not always luck; it is not always synonymous with happiness, nor the means to its attainment. Hear my tale.

Alice was a blooming girl of eighteen years and a half old. She knew neither sorrow, care, nor discontent; she rose in the morning of the day as full of life and glee as the lark to whose song she listened; her elastic, cheerful spirits never flagged during its course; and she sank to rest at night tired, perhaps, with the physical exertion to which the buoyancy of her own spirit had led her, but that spirit untired still. No tear had ever dewed her pillow, and hardly a passing thought of sadness had cast gloom upon her face; so joyous was she, and so undashed and unmingled was her gladness. Her laugh was the very life of her parental home; it sent pleasure to her widowed father's heart, and woke echoes of ringing delight from her brother and her sister. They were not moving in that highly refined sphere where the very laugh is tutored, and the emotions of nature are repressed; yet let it not be argued that the essential realities of refinement were wanting to that little group.

Alice was the daughter of a country rector, a worthy man, who led his flock the way to heaven, taught them to live virtuously on earth, solaced their griefs and aided their needs, so far as his narrow income of 400*l.* per annum could permit.

Alice's brother was preparing for the church. He had been educated by his

father up to the time of his entering at Oxford. She herself also, and her elder sister Charlotte, had received the benefit of his masculine and cultivated mind, in the conduct of their education; for his circumstances, equally with his affection, had led him to direct mainly himself the mental and moral development of his daughters.

The squire and chief proprietor in the parish was a kind friend and hearty coadjutor of Mr. Swinton's; and Mrs. Pemberton, his lady, had always regarded with interest his motherless children. She had herself a family; they were much younger than the rector's children; but Alice, from her gay spirits and real good-nature, was a great favorite with the young Pembertons. She was often at the hall; and her face peeping into the school-room, the nursery, or the garden, where the children were at play, was always seen with pleasure by them; whilst her gentleness, amiability, and good principle, caused her to be welcomed cordially by their parents.

Besides the squire, his lady, and their family, there was another inmate at the hall, who, though he little occupied the thoughts of Alice, had conceived deep interest in her; this was Charles Duncan, the son of a deceased Scotch clergyman. He was an orphan youth, and fortuneless; being the nephew of his wife, Mr. Pemberton had kindly taken him under his charge and care.

It happened that Alice was once at the hall when Mrs. Newby, a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton (who had arrived upon a few days' visit to them), was taken ill there. Mrs. Pemberton herself, much indisposed at the time, could not render to her friend the attention which she desired, but she did not wish to commit her into the hands of servants; and, finding Alice all kindness and consideration on the day when she had accidentally dropped in, she gained her father's permission to detain her for a few days at the hall. Mrs. Newby was a great admirer of grace and beauty; Alice instantly gained her admiration, and, before the few days of her visit had expired, had won considerably upon her affections also. She lived alone, her husband had been dead three years, she had never had children, and was now advanced in life.

On her return home she thought much of her new-made young acquaintance, whose beauty, grace, and sweetness had so much attracted her. She began to think that a young companion, who would be to



her as a daughter, would be a great comfort to herself; and that, moreover, to be able to produce among her friends an elegant, sylph-like girl, might help to perpetuate the charm which she felt had long hung around her house, but was fleeting now. With these thoughts, together with which was mingled much kindness of feeling to the young Alice, Mrs. Newby wrote to her friend, Mrs. Pemberton, to ask her and Mr. Pemberton to pass a fortnight at Newby Grange, and to indulge her by bringing with them Alice Swinton, if her father's consent could be obtained. She enclosed a note addressed to the rector, which she requested Mrs. Pemberton to deliver to him, if she and Mr. Pemberton consented to the arrangement.

Having determined to accept the invitation for themselves, they drove to the rectory to carry to Mr. Swinton Mrs. Newby's note, and to second her request with respect to his daughter.

He looked, however, somewhat disconcerted and puzzled, and answered tardily,—

"My friends, I am obliged to Mrs. Newby for her wish to procure some pleasure to my daughter, and I thank you for your kindness in seconding it, but I doubt whether it would be for her advantage that I should accept this invitation for her. I question whether it answers to place the young amid two styles and habits of life so widely diverse as are those of an affluent mansion and a simple country rectory. Alice's life is so happy now, that I do not see how for the present it could be rendered more so. If I send her into the scenes of affluence and fashion, I may destroy the light-heartedness and glee which she now possesses, and render her discontented with the sphere and habits to which she must return. A fortnight's pleasure procured for my child would render her a poor equivalent for the loss of her present enviable felicity."

"Indeed it would, Mr. Swinton," said Mrs. Pemberton; "but why should you apprehend that your daughter would be so dazzled by the scene as to wish to exchange the conditions of the lot which Heaven has assigned to herself? Her very happiness is her security; her good sense and propriety of feeling are further preservatives, if preservatives are needed: but, my dear sir, you see the thing all on one side. Here is an opportunity of making a friend for your motherless girl, perhaps of providing her with some connexion for life,

which I think, you would hardly wish to lose."

Mr. Swinton paused, then, after a moment's silence, said,—

"Perhaps I should not be justified in withholding from my child a possible advantage; she shall go with you, if you please; and my good Mrs. Pemberton, I must look to you, who will be at her side, to save her head from being turned."

"I think too well of your daughter's head and of her heart to allow me to entertain apprehension on that score: I am rejoiced that you will let her go!"

"I am not sure, Mary," said Mr. Pemberton to his wife, as they were driving home, "that Swinton was not right; not that I fear much mischief from a fortnight's visit: but if, as you imagine from Mrs. Newby's intimation, she plots to keep our young friend for a much longer period, then, I must confess, I do not think her father's apprehensions groundless. If she should marry well, all is safe; but even beauty and grace like hers, do not often attract so far as to induce a man who has wealth and position, to accept a girl without either; and if she does not marry well, she will not, when her rich friend is tired of her, return to her humble, quiet home, the better for the taste she will have had of affluent life."

Mrs. Pemberton looked thoughtful, but she did not express her thoughts.

Meantime the unconscious subject of these cogitations was with her brother and her sister, enjoying a botanical ramble. They met Charles Duncan; he was a great friend of her brother's. They all sat down together under the shelter of a shady beech to refresh themselves with some cold luncheon, which they had taken with them. They talked gaily over their little collation, then pursued their walk. Charles was fortunate in finding and obtaining, from a rock of difficult ascent, a plant which Alice had much desired. How lucky he deemed himself in finding it! how he toiled to reach it! would it procure one bright glance or a few words of thanks from her? He offered it; but, as she eagerly took the prize, not even *his* sanguine wish could trace one thought or sentiment beyond the plant. Somewhat disappointed, yet pleased by her pleasure, he said within himself, "Ah, may I but be able to inspire it at some future day! and yet if I succeed, what follows the effort? What pain the very success! for will her father ever give her to the poor de-

pendent, Charles Duncan? He will not, he will not! Were I myself the father of such a daughter, I would seek higher things for her than that. But," he added, in his inmost thought, "why should not I offer her higher things?"

Charles possessed a hopeful, cheerful temper, which saw things present, and figured things future, always in their brightest aspects—a possession worth 5000*l.* a year to any man, and of more *sure* profit in substantial enjoyment than 5000*l.* a-year can be.

"Why should I not offer her higher things?" thought he. "Need I be always the poor dependent, Charles Duncan? Can I not, like others, carve my own way to fortune, perhaps to fame and honor?"

And the resolution was taken; sudden, but not evanescent; to toil, to plod—perhaps for years to plod, in the ascent which Competition makes so steep. Diplomacy, the bar, the church, the army, trade, all passed in hasty review before the thoughts of the ardent youth. What would *she* like? What would *her father* approve? What would most surely, most speedily attain the end to place him in a position to carry off the prize he sought? or, rather, to seek openly the prize at which he aimed? Yes, the meeting of that morning, the bright sun of Alice's countenance, the glance of her laughing, happy eye, the gay gladness of her bearing, speaking of guileless simplicity and inward worth, produced on the orphan youth effect which endured with him to the end of life. He returned home another creature. Resolve filled his soul, and that resolve was carried out in the untiring effort of years; it became in itself an object after the bright, dear hope, which had inspired it had ceased.

Oh, woman! what is in your power? or rather, we may ask, what is not in your power, when the true subject is brought by destiny under your spell? That is, indeed, seldom, but you are omnipotent when such destiny occurs. Yet is that pure and living essence, true love, a rare visitant on earth, and rarer still its reciprocation in perfect sympathy.

When Alice, with her brother and sister, returned home, they entered the rector's little study (it was always the first room entered by his children after their rambles).

"Oh, papa!" said Alice, as she stood by his arm-chair, her hands filled with spoils, and a trailing plant around her neck and festooning upon her shoulders,—“oh, papa!

we have brought such treasures—we have had such a successful walk; I hope you will be able to help us to classify them this afternoon before they are faded. And, papa, you must, indeed, go with us our next walk; it is such a pleasure to have you with us!"

"You have not walked much with us lately, papa," said Charlotte. "How is that?"

"Whilst your brother is with you, my dear daughters, he is escort enough for you; and your father, I think, grows an old man, and loves his arm-chair better than he used to do."

"No—no—no! do not say that, dear papa!"

"Well, when Henry returns to Oxford, I will resume my old habits."

"Thank you, and we will show you all that we have explored lately. We met Mr. Duncan this morning in our walk; we gave him some of our luncheon, and he gathered us some plants."

"An equitab'e and harmonious agreement," said the rector, laughing. "But Alice, my dear, I have received an invitation for you to pass a fortnight at Newby Grange. Should you like to go?"

"Yes, indeed, I should very much like it! Mrs. Newby was very kind to me when she was ill at the hall. I hope you mean to let me go, papa?" and Alice's eye kindled.

"Yes, my dear, you shall go. I wish I could be quite sure that I shall do you good by accepting the invitation. Do you think, Alice, that you shall return to your humble home with quite as much affection and content as you leave it?"

The tears were starting into Alice's eyes as she answered,—

"Oh, papa, what a question! Do you think *any thing* could diminish my affection for you and my home?" She, however, sent them back; instinct told her that they would distress her father; and she gayly added, "Mrs. Newby must, indeed, show me bright things, if they are to make me see dimly the endearments of my youth!"

When Charles Duncan returned to the hall, which was not till six hours after he had left it, (for, in the meditations which had followed his meeting with his friends, he had forgotten time,) he sought his uncle, and at once disclosed to him his desire to follow some career which might lead him to independence, and, if possible, to fame

and honor. His uncle was gratified, promised him his aid and influence, and such help from his purse at the starting as might be required, provided it came within his power.

The bar was the profession chosen, and the first steps were instantly taken.

It was not till two or three days later that Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton mentioned to Charles their projected visit: they were considering the arrangements for the little journey.

"My dear William," said Mrs. Pemberton, "we must take the green carriage, for as we shall be three inside, and several servants outside, we shall want the accommodation of all the carriage-boxes."

"And who is your third inside?" said Charles.

"We take Alice Swinton with us; the invitation has been extended to her also."

Charles's countenance fell, and his heart fell also.

"What are *my* hopes," said he to himself, "if that beautiful girl is to be produced amongst the exquisites that assemble at Newby Grange?"

He made a feint to play at peep with one of the children, who was always ready to invite or to answer his caresses. His emotion passed unobserved. His hopeful temper soon suggested,—

"Why should I fear? A fortnight's visit is too short to produce impressions, or admit of mischief."

But he did fear, nevertheless; he had a little lurking fear, just enough to enhance in his own estimation the value of the object of his desire, not enough to depress his spirits seriously, or damp his hope for its attainment.

In the week intervening between the invitation and the time fixed for the visit many little cares occupied the attention of the inhabitants of the rectory. Charlotte aided Alice to select from her modest wardrobe such dress as they deemed most suited to the occasion. Poor Alice! she felt, perhaps, a little mortified as she observed to Charlotte,—

"My dress will be so entirely unlike that of the rich ladies who will be around me, that I think it had best be utterly simple and without pretension."

Charlotte thought so, too. Mortification was a new feeling to the gay, glad girl, who, in the simplicity of her country life, knew nothing of rivalry or ambition. Did it augur ill? it was, however, soon

past. The sisters finished reading Tasso with their father; Alice sowed seeds in the flower-garden, which she hoped would be just peeping above the ground on her return; she went to the cottages and gave two weeks forward in her allowance to her several pensioners there; she went to the little school of the village, where she was an especial favorite, to bid adieu to the mistress and the children.

"Come back soon, Miss Alice!" lisped a little curly-headed urchin, and then six or seven others echoed the petition.

At length the appointed day arrived. It was a fine bright morning in May. Charles Duncan came down after breakfast to say that Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton would be at the door at two. He lingered long.

"Do you enjoy the thought of your visit, Miss Alice?" said he.

"Oh, yes; very much, indeed!"

"Do you think you should prefer the life of a sumptuous and magnificent mansion to that which you lead here at your father's rectory?"

"I have really never considered the subject, or balanced the advantages and disadvantages of each against the other. As my lot is cast in another sphere, it has not entered into my mind to discuss theoretically what I shall never be called upon to prove practically."

Charles felt encouraged. He soon after took his leave. His step was elastic, and his hope was high.

"If a peerage were placed in her power to-morrow, I believe she would refuse it, and continue in her own walk of life," said he, musingly.

Had she given data for such belief? or, in the delicate attempt to win her heart, would a peer stand an unequal chance with any other man?

But Charles *was* encouraged; small things did encourage *his* hopeful temper.

The carriage drove up. Mr. Swinton handed his daughter in.

"God's blessing upon you, my child!" said he: "you will write to us in a day or two?"

"Yes, papa: good-by. Good-by, Charlotte; good-by, Henry!" And the carriage rolled away as Mr. Swinton bowed to his friends, and they greeted their young companion.

They were kindly and warmly received by Mrs. Newby, who, when she had talked with them a quarter of an hour, said,—



"My house is, as usual, full of guests; some of them are out, some are already dressing; you will like to go also to your own rooms."

She led them up-stairs.

When Alice found herself alone in the room which was allotted to her, she took a general survey of its elegant appendages; then approaching the windows, she found they looked upon a spacious park. It was well wooded, and the ground undulated with advantage. A fine sheet of water spread before her; swans were sailing gracefully upon its surface, and cattle and deer were grouped upon its banks. Alice remained pondering long upon the lovely scene. When at last she withdrew her eyes from it, they fell upon her toilette-table, where lay a little packet directed to herself. Her curiosity excited, she hastily opened it. It contained some beautiful ornaments for the neck and arms, with a brooch and pendant to match, and just the words, "With Mrs. Newby's kind regards to Alice, in remembrance of *her* kindness and attention during her illness in November last." Alice was still admiring them when a maid entered.

"I have been directed by Mrs. Newby, ma'am," said she, "to help you to unpack and dress."

So Alice unpacked and dressed, and in a clean white muslin robe, with the ornaments which she had just received clasped upon her, she trusted she should not disgrace Mrs. Newby's drawing-room. The maid, perhaps, observed a timid, inquiring glance, which she cast at her mirror; for she said, as if in reply,—

"The ornaments look very well, ma'am, upon white; they set off your dress, and prevent it from looking at all singular or plain." Then she added, "Mrs. Newby desired me to say, that as you are not yet acquainted with her guests, she will call for you on her way down, and take you into the drawing-room with her."

"How considerate and kind!" thought Alice, and she sat down to begin a letter to her father. In twenty minutes Mrs. Newby appeared. Alice thanked her cordially for her beautiful gifts.

"I am glad, my dear girl," she replied, "to see that those ornaments become you so well; and I am but indulging myself in adorning you thus, for you will the better adorn my rooms."

Alice blushed, she could not quite enjoy that speech; besides, she saw the stress

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that it laid upon appearance, and she mournfully thought of the slenderness and simplicity of her wardrobe.

Mrs. Newby perceived the blush, perhaps, also, she divined the thought, for she added quickly,—

"You, however, have a native grace, which, in itself unaided, would adorn yourself and all who fall around it."

They descended. To Alice the sense of awe, except before her Maker, was unfamiliar; but to her eyes now, the drawing-room was awfully filled. Lord this, and Lady the other, and glittering jewels, and the easy nonchalance, and the flirtation, and the repartee, and the light airy conversation which, from its grace and flow, seemed to throw interest and importance around nothings, appalled Alice.

"What shall I do in such a party as this?" thought she. "I shall be utterly unable to meet them on their own ground, and to contribute to their amusement! They will see that I am not one of them: they will feel me in the way."

As the evening passed, she was for once silent and almost sad. She half wished herself again at her father's little tea-table, with the afternoon's reading, made so interesting by his information, and taste, and fertility of mind; and she wished for the evening ramble, with him for their conductor, and for the subjects of conversation common and interesting to all her accustomed group.

There were several little etiquettes at table which Alice, from her inexperience of the style of life into which she found herself thrown, did not understand; she made one or two blunders, and colored, and felt more uncomfortable than any thing was wont to make *her* feel. Once during the evening she overheard a lady whisper to her neighbor,—

"Who is that pretty girl? I have not been introduced to her, and I should like it."

"Ah!" said the other, set yourself at ease, you have lost nothing; that girl is only some country curate's daughter whom Mrs. Newby has taken it into her head to patronize: you will see that one or two more blunders in the style of those of the dinner-table will open her eyes; she will soon weary of her *protégée*.

Poor Alice! was she to meet mortification on every side?

However, notwithstanding this little conference which she had accidentally over-

heard, her beauty and her native grace, together with the consideration which Mrs. Newby showed to her, procured for her at least respectful attention during the evening; and when, on being asked to take her seat at the piano, she played with taste and feeling several airs, which, if not fashionable, did truly evince the soul of music, the tolerance with which she had been regarded grew (with some of the party) into admiration.

The retiring-hour arrived, and Alice entered her chamber with something like a heavy heart. She felt out of her element, and she sighed for her father's fond blessing, always bestowed upon his daughters as he parted with them for the night: she wished, too, for the presence of her sister, that she might commune with her on the events of the day.

But Alice had intelligence; she was no way inferior to the rest of that party in information or intellectual power: it was only that she did not understand all the etiquettes, and was inexperienced in the style of conversation of the circle in which she now found herself. Mrs. Pemberton knew this, and was convinced that it needed but a little custom—the custom of her present society, to cause her to appear in it equal to many, and superior to others of those who *seemed* more brilliant than herself. Alice had observation and tact; they now did her good service; she saw how much stress was laid on little conventionalities, and she had already informed herself on some of these: she was watchful, and she allowed none of the laws and habits by which the society around her seemed to be governed, to escape her unobserved. She resolved also to consider her visit as a lesson in life, and she felt that already it had made her more than ever sensible to the value of the domestic affection which she enjoyed at her dear home.

Next morning she descended to breakfast, looking gay and blooming. The morning passed pleasantly in driving and reading with Mrs. Newby, and writing to her father and sister. She got well through the dinner, being served by the experience of the preceding day; and when in the evening she was called upon to play, several of the assembled guests clustered round the piano; and some admired, and some in jealous whispers detracted from the performance. So passed several days. Mrs. Newby was exceedingly kind and indulgent to her; and, with regard to the rest of the circle, as she gradually gained acquaintance

with them, and became more and more *au fait* with regard to the distinctive habits of their class, her enjoyment increased and her little difficulties diminished. The point in which she felt herself most woefully and hopelessly deficient was in the small-talk, which formed so staple an article of traffic to those around her.

She was still making progress in her pupilage, when one evening she accompanied Mrs. Newby and her guests to a county ball. Mrs. Newby presented Alice with a dress for the occasion, and gave her various little necessary instructions.

They had been in the ball-room about half-an-hour, when Lord Arthur — came up to Mrs. Newby; and, after chatting lightly with her for some time, asked for an introduction to Alice, of which he availed himself to dance with her. He danced well; *she* did not excel, but he seemed more than satisfied with his partner: for when the dance was over and he led her to a seat, he did not leave her, but placed himself by her and drew on a conversation. He did not talk the light airy nothings of the fashionable world, in which she found herself so deficient; but his observations, arising from passing scenes and passing trifles, seemed to give scope for deeper thoughts, to wake up ideas, or touch some key of theory or sentiment. In all this Alice well could join him; her father and her brother were wont to talk with her in this strain, though with less of address or fertility than Lord Arthur: her intelligence had been carefully cultured, so that when the conversation got beyond remarks on persons whom she did not know, or that smart repartee in which she was unpractised, when it, in fact, really drew upon the fountain of mind, Alice was quite ready to meet the demand, and could receive and yield on equal terms, and with pleasure to herself. Lord Arthur was pleased to find, in a young and lovely woman, a power which he conceived resided little with the sex. He lingered about her the greater part of the evening; nor would he have quitted her at all, but that he feared to attract the vulgar gossip, of which he disliked to be the theme. He intensely admired her beauty and her grace; but his admiration was so delicate, so chaste, so little accompanied by compliment in word, so elegantly implied, that Alice, whilst she was just made conscious of the fact, appreciated it at the highest rate.

The evening passed and the party separat-

ed. Mrs. Newby gave the hand of Alice a very friendly squeeze as she bade her sleep well and repair her fatigues, and congratulated her on having passed, she hoped, a very pleasant evening. She was pleased that her *protégée* had made a splendid conquest; it reflected back credit upon herself; and she was further, truly, a kind woman, and heartily rejoiced in the vista of Alice's advancement. She made, however, no mention of Lord Arthur's name.

Notwithstanding the charge, Alice could not sleep. The events of the evening were in her thoughts, the fascination of Lord Arthur was before her eyes, his words sounded in her ears. A sort of sweet delirium kept her awake; but presently she began to reflect how improbable it was that her acquaintance with him should be continued or renewed; and then she felt saddened, and reproached herself for having allowed herself to dwell with so much pleasure on the intercourse of an hour or two.

The next day, however, when she returned from a saunter in the grounds, and heard that Lord Arthur had been calling in her absence, she could not help suspecting that her attraction had had its share in bringing him to the house, and the pleasurable feelings of the past evening returned in part upon her. She was sorry she had been out. "But having made this call of courtesy, it is little likely that he will appear again," thought she; "at least while my visit lasts." So she said within herself, and yet she had a sort of lingering expectation of seeing him again, notwithstanding her argument with herself.

Lord Arthur had told Mrs. Newby that he was visiting a friend of his at twelve miles' distance from her residence, and Mrs. Newby had asked him to pass a few days at Newby Grange before he left the neighborhood. He accepted the invitation, and five days later was installed a guest there.

Either from inadvertency or from design Mrs. Newby had not mentioned in Alice's presence her invitation to Lord Arthur, or her expectation of his visit.

Meantime, upon another of her proceedings, Mrs. Newby had informed and consulted Alice. She had written to Mr. Swinton to request his permission to her to keep his daughter some time longer with her, and had expressed to him in flattering terms the great pleasure which that visit brought to herself; she should regret exceedingly, she said, being so soon deprived

of her society. Alice had seconded the request, and had spoken much of the pleasure which she was deriving from her stay at Newby Grange. The gratified father had reluctantly consented. Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton were gone, and several of the guests were changed for others. Alice was daily gaining firmer hold upon the affections of her friend; she was gaining also knowledge of the petty laws which regulate so imperiously the life of fashion, and was acquiring, moreover, the confidence which the habit of society gives.

On the day of Lord Arthur's arrival, returning from a drive in which she had accompanied one of the ladies who were staying in the house, she entered the drawing-room with light gay step, with the glow of health upon her cheek, and the light of happiness in her eye: she saw him there, she started, and colored not slightly; then recovering herself, advanced to meet and greet him. Lord Arthur was annoyed; he met her coldly. He never liked demonstrations, and least of all when he himself was concerned. Alice was learning power over herself, a graceful ease succeeded to the blush of momentary pleasurable surprise; and she saw, without appearing to perceive, the air of nonchalance and coolness which Lord Arthur's chagrin threw around him.

None of the ladies now at Newby Grange, excepting its mistress, had witnessed the scene in the ball-room. They had no conception that Lord Arthur actually had, and no idea that he was likely to have, any particular interest in a person so little a belle of their own world as was Alice. The young ladies deemed him an open prize thrown by good fortune in their way, whose capture seemed worth effort. He received all consideration shown to him with the easy facility of perfect good breeding, and as if innocently unconscious that he was himself an object of attraction.

During the greater part of the evening he shunned Alice. He did not lead her in to dinner; he did not sit near her, or address himself to her. The only recognition which he seemed to give her, beyond the common courtesies which each may show to all, was, that when she made an observation he sought to notice and answer it in general conversation.

She was wounded.

"How vain, how foolish was I," said she, in an internal soliloquy, "to imagine that I had any particular charm for him, because we enjoyed each other's conversation



and contributed to each other's enjoyment on that evening of our first and only meeting! How marked the real state of the case! When, as one of the assembled circle, my voice is heard, Lord Arthur pays me the respectful courtesy of attention; but to have imagined that my voice, my thoughts, my presence, had charms for him beyond those of any other, how vain, how foolish the idea!" And yet something whispered within her that the idea that she had made, as she had received, no ordinary impression that evening, was neither vain nor foolish, but true. She was out of spirits; she had little to say.

"He has heard that I am below his grade in life," thought she. She was still much the child of nature, and more than once tears came into her eyes, which it cost her no small effort to repress.

Mrs. Newby proposed music. Lady C—took her station at the piano, and played with brilliancy and execution. The piece received the approbation due to the merit of the performance. Others followed her, and were courteously thanked; but when Alice sat down, and though no brilliancy marked her execution, the very soul of music seemed to rise from the keys, and thrill upon the ears, and stir up the emotions of those around, the chill was melted which had held Lord Arthur: he forgot for the moment that there were witnesses around, and hung delighted at her side; he whispered admiration, not rapturously nor with excess of expression, but with few and feeling words.

"This is, indeed, music!" said he; "*this* has power over the soul! You sing, Miss Alice?"

"If you like the voice I will do my best."

She sang a translation of a striking, wild, and melancholy song of the Russian poet, Poushkin's, set to Russian music. Lord Arthur was delighted. His compliment was delicate and quiet, but expressive of most perfect pleasure. She sang two other little songs, then rose from the piano whilst her auditor's appetite was yet keen; he did not, however, press her to continue, but, leading her to a seat, placed himself by her, and entered with her into conversation on the genius and power of music, the varieties of national taste with respect to it, and its influence in forming the character of nations and modifying that of individuals. This was the kind of conversation which Alice heartily enjoyed, and in which her thinking and informed mind was well able to receive

and to impart enjoyment. Lord Arthur admired a *feminine woman who was not insipid*. They sat in delighted conversation till retiring-time, and Alice entered her room very, very happy. Young, confiding, and simple, with no friend to give one word of caution, she allowed full scope to the satisfaction of her soul. The sweetness of her emotions kept her for some time from sleeping; the soft flutter of love agitated her bosom; the consciousness, the sure conviction that she was not an object of indifference to Lord Arthur, that some sympathy drew them to each other, possessed her. At length she fell to slumber; the conversation of the evening was renewed again, and vague undefined vistas of future bliss—vistas which she would not have allowed her waking thoughts, floated before her brain.

Morning dawned, and she awoke; she sprung from her bed, and threw up her window. The air had never felt to her so balmy, nor the scene appeared so fair. There is something unspeakably sweet in the first sensations of love, before doubts and difficulties, and fears and jealousies, and damps from without and checks from within, have intervened,—in the first sensations of love, with its purity, and hope, and devotedness, and kindness, there is something *unspeakably sweet*. Even with the most callous who *can* love, who are open to the passion in any degree, it moves and fills the nature, and remodels all the soul; and, with kindlier spirits, its influence transfuses something of the angel into the children of men.

But love—pure, genuine love—is rare on earth, rarer than men are apt to think. Alice, though she knew it not and willed it not, loved indeed. Did Lord Arthur?

She descended to breakfast; their meeting seemed to acknowledge established understanding and tenderness between them. He felt that by his conduct, when her fascination had overpowered him on the preceding evening, he had drawn upon himself the observation so distasteful to him, and made the announcement which would be so rich for gossip, that the impenetrable Lord Arthur was smitten at length; he saw, therefore, that there was nothing further to sacrifice on this score, and gave himself up to the indulgence of his inclination. Whilst his good breeding prompted him to contribute his part, always an able one, to general conversation, it was Alice who enjoyed his more special thoughts and

attention : he placed himself by her ; when she spoke, his ear was charmed ; he drew her into several little discussions, in order to elicit her thoughts on different subjects, and her method of defending them. He dissented from her with polite and elegant grace, or he agreed with her in such a manner as to cause her to feel the charm of sympathy. His eye followed her every movement, and his soul was spoken in his eye. He allowed her to feel (what, indeed, he could ill have concealed) that he was fascinated ; and there was such true delicacy and good taste in the style of his admiration, which was rather implied than expressed, and was directed rather to the mind than to the person (or at least apparently so directed, for he who had looked amongst Lord Arthur's hidden feelings would have discerned admiration of both), that Alice was gratified without being in any measure distressed or shocked. And she *was* deeply gratified—she was exquisitely happy.

It was not that a member of the peerage was the man at her feet, and that a rise—a splendid rise in condition seemed before her ; it never occurred to her in that light ;—it was not that Fortune, with all that it can purchase, seemed within her reach—within *her* reach, who, whenever it should please Heaven to take her father, could scarcely hope for more from him than the scantiest provision on which life could be decently maintained, even in the most quiet way in which the orphan of a clergyman could live : she, young and happy as she was, had never thought of that ;—it was not that she had captivated the man on whom the eyes of the belles of the two preceding London seasons had been fixed in vain ; she was not cognizant of the fact ; but it was that the man had presented himself who understood her, who felt with her, who appreciated her : a sympathy quick, but powerful, seemed established between them, and the sensitive girl gave her unchecked affections.

After breakfast Alice retired to her own room to write letters. Her instinct and her delicacy both taught her to avoid giving *too much* of her presence and society. At luncheon they met again, and after luncheon a drive was proposed. Lord Arthur rode by the side of Mrs. Newby's carriage, for there Alice found a seat. When they stopped, his hand was upon the carriage side ; and when they alighted to walk, and he, giving his horse to a servant, attended

them, he thought that a walk in the country with a beautiful and interesting woman had greater charms than a lounge at his London club. *She* must, indeed, have been an interesting woman who had wrought that opinion in Lord Arthur.

The evening music and the evening conversation were renewed, and Alice again retired to her room perfectly happy. So passed days, until they numbered on to weeks. Lord Arthur made no proposal to quit Newby Grange. In fact he seemed so happy, so entranced, that he was unconscious of locality and time. It was to them both a dream of uninterrupted fascination and delight. All that Alice did was clad with grace in his eyes ; her smallest act, her slightest word, had interest for him ; her form, her face, her air, her mind, her disposition, each and all appeared to him perfection. Nor did she see him with less partial eyes. Her fondness was increased, because it was coupled with gratitude to him for having singled her out from a station lower than his own, to confer upon her his love. He had again gained the greater hold upon her admiration and affection, because he was superior in the points of elegant taste, high breeding, and polite, informed, accomplished mind, to any other man whom she had yet seen ; he was, indeed, superior to most men in these points. Alice's love to Lord Arthur was deep, holy, and enduring. Was his to her such ? We shall see.

Mrs. Newby was highly gratified by what she termed the success of her *protégée* ; both because she was really kind in heart and rejoiced in promoting the good of her favorite, and also because of the consideration which she saw would be reflected on herself.

Twice had Alice's leave of absence from her home been prolonged by her father. He knew nothing of what was passing at the Grange, for Mrs. Newby had made no communication to him on the subject, and Alice, much as she wished that her father, and her sister also, could have been privy to her affairs, found her delicacy and her modesty forbade her to make any reference to them, for Lord Arthur had not yet spoken of marriage.

One morning she received a letter from her father, desiring her immediate return ; a marriage between her sister and a neighboring clergyman, which had been long projected, was to take place at once, and earlier than had been anticipated. He had

received preferment, and wished without delay to settle.

Lord Arthur heard the announcement with dismay. It would interrupt his dream of pleasure; it called upon him to consider and take measures for the future. For one moment he felt disposed to say, "Do not go, Alice; stay and bless me yet!" The next he saw how unsuitable and how vain would be such a petition, and, collecting his senses, he merely uttered a slight expression of disappointment.

In the evening of the day, seated by her upon the sofa, and talking with her in his usual fascinating strain, he had introduced and dismissed several subjects, when he began to speak of an elegant, accomplished, and good-hearted creature, a sylph in person and in grace, in mind a very angel, whose love was given to some friend of his. He spoke of their extreme felicity; and when Alice asked who were the happy pair, the reply revealed, as if by accident, that they were living together, not united by the tie of marriage: but Lord Arthur mentioned the fact without the expression of any condemnation.

Alice, displeased that the praises of such a person should have been uttered in her ear, and surprised and still more displeased by Lord Arthur's seeming view of the case, said, warmly,—

"But it is wicked and disgraceful to live as they live! and your lordship speaks of them with praise!"

He replied,—

"The ceremony of marriage is useful and needful for the vulgar, who cannot reach noble things, who must be held and bound by restraint and law; but the *true* tie, Alice, is virtuous, faithful love, deep seated in the heart; the real bond, a bond of spirit in no way affected by the mere ceremony. The ceremony, then, has little to do with the virtue of the relation."

Alice was shocked and startled; the speciousness of the argument, the holy truth brought to cover the unholiness of vice, did not escape her. She fixed her eyes full upon him, and said, in a tone in which grief and horror mingled,—

"Lord Arthur, is it *you* who are speaking? Can I believe that *you* hold so light of marriage? that *you* believe that any union without it can be right?"

It was the look of Alice—the look of great distress, into which that of horror had subsided, which, more than her words, told

Lord Arthur that he had gone too far. He softened down and explained.

"No man honors more than I the permanency and inviolability of the relation, its holy and endearing character. You have misinterpreted me, Alice; it was the *mere* form at the altar of which I spoke lightly, because that can *create* nothing in the spirit. Those who are joined together in all the fervency and faithfulness of soul need no legalizing and symbolic tie; those who are not so joined are not, in very deed, married by the ceremony, but have merely entered into a contract, to ratify which they have applied to a priest.

"Oh, Lord Arthur, I am grieved to hear you thus talk! I feel to the very full with you that marriage only fulfills God's purposes and ensures man's happiness, when it is that deep fervent union of soul of which you speak; but I go with you no further. With my whole sense I honor that which you have falsely called the mere ceremonial of marriage, and because some are found who are joined by the ceremonial act without true union of soul, *that* forms no argument to justify dispensing with the solemn, sanctifying act—because there is already existing the union of soul which we believe requisite to bless the tie. I little suspected *you* of these ideas!"

"I will not—cannot grieve you, dearest Alice! I assure you, you have over-stretched my meaning; but, such as it was, I renounce it. You have converted me; your instinct is the convincing argument to me—the instinct of a pure mind reveals truth. I am sure that you are right in this case; your few words have changed my views."

Alice looked half pleased, half sad, but doubting still. She made no reply, for at the moment Mrs. Newby entered the room.

Sweet, simple, unsuspecting girl, if you had known that he with whom you talked—he whom you so fondly loved, was a villain in heart, that he had broached this conversation but to test you, with a view to his own base purposes with regard to yourself—if you had seen the *heart* unmasked, and its designs laid bare—if you had known how nicely he was feeling your moral pulse and balancing your words, that they might indicate to him what he could or what he could not effect of wrong against you—if you had seen how little a part of his real sentiments was revealed, how insincere his professed renunciation of that little part—your happiness, though it had received a



fearful shock by the discovery of the character of that man who had won your love, and the consequent necessity to renounce the hopes which you had held so dear, had yet been saved from fatal, final ruin: but you knew none of this. Nothing was to arrest the sacrifice!

Mrs. Newby's errand was to request that, when the wedding was over, Alice would return to her again.

"I have learned to love you so well, my dear girl," said she, "that I do not now know how to spare you."

Lord Arthur looked brightly, and waited her reply.

"If papa will allow me, and if he does not complain of being very dull alone, I shall be delighted to return to you, dear Mrs. Newby, for I am sure I need not tell you how truly I have enjoyed my stay with you."

"We have had, indeed, a dream of happiness," said Lord Arthur, in an under-tone to Alice. "How weary I shall be till we meet again! Come back soon, Alice; I intend to curry favor for a renewed invitation to myself."

Alice looked her thanks.

When he led her to the carriage in which Mrs. Newby was sending her back, the next day, he said,—

"Dear Alice, do not let our conversation yesterday cause you to carry away any impression unfavorable to me. I could not bear to fall in your opinion. Believe me, you overstretched my meaning; and more, the sentiment which I did intend to convey I hold no longer."

He then bade her an elegant adieu, in which emotion—real emotion, was visible, and left her to her meditations and her affections.

How firmly she believed what her loved had uttered—how doatingly she thought upon his fondness—how pleasantly upon her own influence over him, and not without some condemnation of herself for having too hardly judged him! Now her affections led her judgment or blinded it, but had they been ungained she might have judged him still the same, for Lord Arthur was consummate in his skill, and Alice was pure, confiding, and generous.

She reached the little rectory; it looked to her first glance very small, and its furniture antique and shabby. She had never thought it so before—she saw it now by contrast; but the first glance and the first thought were over in a moment. Her fa-

ther's and her sister's warm reception—the delight of the old man to have her again by his side—Charlotte's hearty affection to herself and her tranquil joy in her own prospects—the confidence, and unreserve, and sympathy, and love of each to each, caused her to realize, with heart and soul, the pleasure of being again in her *home*. She repeated the word to herself, and thought she had never drawn from it meaning so full. In all the pride and pleasure of domestic love she sat between her father and her sister, and for the moment forgot her lover.

Questions were asked and answered on all sides, and events detailed. Alice had much to hear and much to tell; but very slight was the mention which she made of Lord Arthur. She merely spoke of him as one of the guests at Newby Grange, an agreeable and well-informed person. It was not that she desired concealment, nor that she feared her father's disapproval. She would have been relieved from some embarrassment, and her happiness would have been greatly increased, if her father and her sister could have been made acquainted with her circumstances; but how could she venture to tell them? In fact, what had she to say on the subject? Lord Arthur had never yet spoken to her of marriage; of course the day would come when he would do so, but till it did arrive would there not be indelicacy in speaking of him in connexion with herself? Yes, there would be indelicacy and presumption in doing so. So thought poor Alice, while the dear secret of their mutual love burned in her heart, and she was silent.

Very busy were the proceedings, and very happy were the persons employed, for the ten days following Alice's return and preceding the wedding. The morning dawned, fine and auspicious. Alice, as bridesmaid, stood by Charlotte's side, and heard the service with the deepest interest. She was affectionately attached to her sister, but its words fell upon her ear with still more thrilling interest than *that* affection would have generated. She thought of Lord Arthur.

"He will soon make these vows for me and I for him," her heart whispered; and it throbbed, and her cheek kindled in reply.

The simple wedding was graced by the presence of the rector's few neighboring friends, and most hearty good wishes went with the young pair as they set out on their marriage tour.

Alice bade her sister adieu with yearning sympathy. Your lot, thought she, will soon be mine—may you have not less of love than will be my portion!

Had you been endowed with prescience, Alice, it had shortened your dream of sweet delusion—it had robbed you of the reality of short-lived bliss; but, perhaps, it had not saved you from the tragic sequel. He who has created man with a view to his weal, has not so endowed him.

Alice was not the only person whose emotions had been moved at the wedding. Charles Duncan was also there, and as he looked upon the lovely girl whose heart was all buried in the service, his admiration was increased. He asked himself, Will these important words one day assume tenfold interest, because it shall be that solemn and endearing occasion when they shall be pronounced between ourselves? He felt how sincerely, how earnestly, he should make the promises which they require. He was too much overpowered to join the breakfast party. He, indeed, determined that he would not trust himself to see much of Alice till the day drew nearer when he might address himself to her, with some hope, as her suitor.

Mr. Penryn joyfully bore off his bride, and Alice was alone with her father.

"You are my only child now, Alice," said he, as he fondly patted her cheek; "your sister is gone, and your brother, when he leaves the university, will enter on a profession. You must be the comfort and joy of my old age, and, my child, I will pay you back richly with a father's love; we will bless each other. *I* will grow young again that you may not feel the loss of young companions, and *you* will be tender to my infirmities. You have lost none of your simple tastes, I trust, by your residence amongst the great?"

Poor Alice! how should she broach the subject of her return? She determined on the moment to defer it. Duty and affection both told her that she must give her father time—that to leave him just now would be to make him feel his *désolation*. It was not without some misgiving and a sense of sadness that she looked forward to the day when he would be left at his fireside literally and permanently alone; his partner in the tomb, and his children all gone from him.

She answered, cheerfully and fondly,

"My affection for my simple home, and for my good, kind, tender father, are just

as strong as the day I left you, dear papa, and they will never be less than they are now; and even if I should have a home of my own, like Charlotte, I would often come to visit you, my dear father. I should feel as if I had two homes then."

The old man sighed.

"God forbid," said he, "that a selfish parent should wish to delay the day when his child may be well settled and provided for because he is loath to lose her."

Alice hastened to the piano—she would divert his thoughts, which seemed too gloomy. She played him a cheerful air, an old favorite at the rectory, and he, falling into the strain, accompanied her with the words which were set to it.

Charles Duncan came in to tea the next evening.

"I am going to town two days hence," said he, "to commence my career in life, and I am come to bid you farewell, and to pass the evening with you if you please."

Feelings different with each, but strong and powerful with all, were stirring in the souls of those three persons that evening. The parent was musing upon his bridal daughter's prospects, and upon the day when he should be left in utter isolation. Alice had her own sweet dreams, broken upon by saddening thoughts of her father left in loneliness; and again dreamed, again to be so broken. And Charles, all hope, and love, and tenderness, was bounding in anticipation of the future. They talked together of Charles's prospects, and of old days, and old scenes, and of many a stroll, and of many a conversation, in which they had all shared, and in which Charlotte, too, had had her part. They were sauntering in the garden, and looking at pet plants. The rector had entered the house for a gardening book, an authority which had been referred to concerning the cultivation of a new creeper. Charles seized the moment, and, turning to Alice with an expression in which his whole soul was in his countenance, he said.

"Miss Swinton may I hope that I have *your* approbation in leaving my uncle's house, and seeking to carve my way to independence—that I have *your* wishes for my future success? I shall meet all the difficulties in my path with tenfold spirit if I may believe that it is so."

A glance sometimes speaks more than words; that glance had revealed to Alice all the depths of Charles's soul—it had said more to her than the most eloquent declara-

tion, and with not less of certainty than that would have done. She was at once touched and grieved, by the secret which it told.

Alice was a kind and generous being; now how she should save him future pain—how prevent a fruitless pursuit—how give the understanding clear and explicit, that he could never approach her by any nearer tie than friendship? How do all this, and yet not compromise herself? Her dignity and modesty must forbid her to recognize the truth which a mere look had spoken; yet it would be cruel indeed, and little akin to the kindness of her disposition, to allow the continuance of a hope, which, the longer cherished, would entail but the more bitter disappointment when the day of explanation should arrive.

She paused a moment, in hesitation and distress, blushed deeply, and replied,—

“You need hardly ask me, Mr. Duncan, if I wish you success; we are old friends and acquaintances, and I very sincerely and heartily wish you *that*: but as for my approbation——”

Charles looked anxious.

“You cannot wish me success and withhold approbation,” he said hastily.

“No—let me finish. As for my approbation, it is of little matter to you whether it is given or withheld; the opinion or the approbation of a mere girl can be of little importance to manhood in taking the great steps of life: those of your uncle and my father, I should think, would be much more important to you. For myself, I must esteem an effort for honorable independence, but I am no judge whatever of the course you are taking, and——”

At that moment the rector returned, the sentence was cut short, and Charles, judging from his own sanguine hopes, and building upon the blush which had suffused the cheeks of Alice, conceived and carried with him as a hidden treasure the impression that she was not entirely indifferent concerning him. A powerful stimulus for the present, a deep sorrow for the future.

When he bade her his adieu an hour or two later, she strove to wear an air of nonchalance and coldness, but her embarrassment prevented her success, and was attributed by him to a very different cause from the true one. He left her with hope bounding high in his veins.

When he was gone, Alice sought her room, and there reflected in sorrow upon the pain which she saw she was destined to give another. No other thought, even half

conceived, mingled with this; her whole heart was given to Lord Arthur, and no doubt concerning his purposes, no doubt concerning the depth and permanency of his affection, crept for one single moment into her mind.

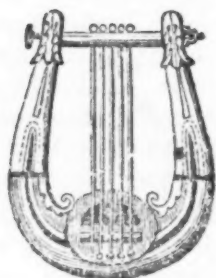
Alice, when she wrote to Mrs. Newby an account of her sister's wedding, had begged that lady not to urge her kind invitation to her to return till she had given a little time to her father; for, she said, the loss of his eldest daughter must be broken to him, she could not leave him to utter solitude at once. It was not, therefore, until three weeks after the wedding that Mrs. Newby wrote both to Alice and her father, requesting her return to Newby Grange. The father sighed as he acceded to the proposal, but no sigh escaped from Alice. She had begun to feel the time long which kept her from her lover, and her heart bounded with pleasure in the prospect of meeting him again; he doubtless would be there, and as she thought of this she forgot her father's solitude.

The travelling day arrived. Mrs. Newby's carriage (sent to fetch her) stopped at the door. Alice's heart a little sank as he handed her in, and, kissing her tenderly, said, “God bless you, my child, and grant us soon to meet again.”

She followed him in thought to his solitary room and his evenings alone, and her thoughts wandered during the drive between Lord Arthur, and her father, and her newly-married sister.

She little, little dreamed, how sedulously Lord Arthur had sought to wean himself from his attachment—how, having arrived at the conviction that it was hopeless to think of obtaining her on the cheap terms of her own dishonor, he had shrunk from the tie which was to shackle him for life. Had she known this, how her heart would have sickened! But she never was to know it, for Lord Arthur's most resolute efforts to disengage his fancy or his affections had been vain, and he had at length determined to indulge them even at the fearful cost of marriage; if so, indeed, it must be. He had therefore accepted Mrs. Newby's invitation again to make one of the party whom she had assembled at the Grange: and when, the day after her own arrival, Alice saw Lord Arthur's travelling carriage driving through the park, her fond, confiding heart bounded with joy, and she received him with the unconstrained demonstration of hearty pleasure.





From Tait's Magazine.

### THE DYING PAINTER.

Into a comfortless and lone old room  
The gray dawn coldly looked, and saw him  
there,  
Bent o'er the work which was his joy and doom.  
That morn, his last, with songs that knew no  
care  
The glad birds heralded; in its despair  
The latest star long lingered in the skies,  
Looking its last upon him ere it dies,—  
Dies out of grief to hear those joyous melodies.

Consumption on his hollow cheek has thrown  
The hectic flush,—a signal unto Death  
Quickly to come and enter on his own;  
And Life her wavering forces sheltereth  
Within his eyes, their mournful brows be-  
neath,  
Lighting them with a fire too fastely bright;  
While Genius weeps beside her frail delight,  
And strives in vain to guide his tremulous hand  
aright.

Full many a nightly hour was sleepless made,  
Peopled with passionate imaginings,  
For this last picture, where he had portrayed  
Christ healing sickness. Suddenly the wings  
Of a strange dimness shadow him, that brings,  
Flitting, confused before his dizzy eyes,  
An airy crowd of changing fantasies,  
That rise and blend and fade, like fair cloud-pa-  
geantries.

And every form, and every gorgeous scene  
His pencil wrought, before him came, as ye  
May round their dying father's bed have seen  
Those who will soon be orphans. Stormy  
sea,—  
And still deep waters, hidden lovingly,  
From ominous star or sun, by hanging boughs,—  
Wild rocks that towered, all scathed, with  
threatening brows,  
Daring heaven's bolts once more their sulphurous  
wrath to rouse;—

Pictures of solemn, star-o'erwatched woods,—  
Or crimson wings of brooding sunsets spread  
O'er western islets set in perilous floods,  
With scenes of human bliss or hate or dread;—  
All that within his soul envisioned,  
His hand had painted, or had burned to paint,  
Before his memory rise, then fading faint—  
As things, though fair, with yet too much of earth-  
ly taint,—

Give place to this, his last, his noblest theme:  
And now his eager fancy seems to see,  
More bright than e'en in his most rapturous  
dream,  
The awful pity, the meek majesty,  
Of God's own Son,—O now, O now could he  
Paint the conception that hath fired his brain!  
But ah! that stricken hand is raised in vain—  
The heart that felt that thrill will never beat  
again.

'Tis little now to him that all too soon  
To win the fame so fondly sought he died,  
And perished thirsting for too rare a boon;  
How mean the world, the fame for which he  
sighed!  
Look to that spirit gazing, eagle-eyed,  
Upon His glory, whose afflicted mien  
He strove when here to paint,—while every  
scene,  
So witching fair on earth, doth only seem  
As a marred image of some ill-remembered dream.

### WEEP NOT.

'Weep not!'—how vain the words—how sad in  
sorrow  
Fall the cold words of comfort on the ear.  
'Weep not!'—can gentle lips no phrases borrow  
To soothe the grief that wrests the falling tear?  
'Weep not!' Go tell the mother when she  
presses  
Her first-born to the breast, whose fearful throe  
Bought the young life, to still her fond caresses,  
And hush her transports, ere to voiceless woe  
Thou sayst, 'Be calm—weep not.' Did we in-  
herit  
No earthly sympathies to hold these frail  
Endearing ties, then might the list'ning spirit  
Need thy wise counsel, and thy words prevail.  
Is not our heart's sweet sunshine from the faces  
We have best loved to look on?—when 'tis  
flown,  
Gaze we not backwards on its lingering traces,  
As on life's darkened path we tread alone?  
The bird pines for its mate—nay, if a flower  
Be but too roughly from its green stem torn,  
The tree will droop and die. It is the dower  
Of hearts that best have loved to deepest mourn.  
'Weep!—welcome tears!' say rather, there is  
sorrow  
Thou know'st not of—the balm of tears denies.  
Night is not glad in gazing on To-morrow,  
But sheds her quiet tears when Daylight dies.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

### THE FAITHFUL HEART.

She was a girl with golden curls, and his was  
raven hair :  
Playmates and friends from childish days those  
two young cousins were ;  
And up through all the widening view that youth  
around them made,  
Still, as in childhood, hand in hand they met its  
light and shade ;  
To her were told his woodland sports by mount  
and lakelet fair,  
To her each soaring hope of youth, its bright  
dreams built in air.

And listening with untiring ear, her own sweet  
dream dreamt she,—  
That this long utterance of his soul from Love's  
own fount must be ;  
And so time pass'd—if kind to all, still kept he  
by *her* side,  
With gentle looks and gentle cares her sweet  
blush did not chide,  
Till he was called to other lands, where other  
stars give light,  
And then she felt as her *one* star had left her unto  
night.

Eve shower'd through the purpling sky her influ-  
ence deep and still,  
When once again they stood beside their child-  
hood's favorite rill ;  
Ever his voice was sweet and low, but dwelt there  
now a tone,  
As fell his accents on her ear, to other days  
unknown.  
"Sweet cousin, who hast heard when grief or  
gladness wrought with me,  
The deepest secret of my soul may well unseal  
to thee ;  
A fairer joy hath touch'd my heart than could its  
dreams foretell,  
Kind one ! love also, for *my* sake, the bride I love  
so well."

She did not faint, breke forth no cry to speak  
her agony,  
Crush'd in its blossom evermore although her  
heart might be ;  
He told his tale of deepest joy as in the former  
years,  
He knew not every word he said she heard  
through falling tears.  
She blest him with soft voice and clear, and told  
her spirit high,—  
"My heart shall ne'er chill *his*, with wo must  
rest there till I die."  
She smoothed the trouble from his path, as when  
his childhood's guide,  
And won the gracious love of all to greet his fair  
young bride.

A year rolls on, besides his grave there stream  
the bitter tears  
Of her, his bride,—of her, was but friend of his  
early years ;  
And still time passeth on his way, the wife wears  
joyful brow,  
And robed again in bridal white, at that same  
church doth vow ;

But she, his early friend, unchanged a mourner  
must remain :  
Once hath she given her all of love, she gave it  
not again :  
Only when skies are clear, her look saith as it  
soars above,  
"To the pure heaven where thou art gone, *yet*  
may I bear my love !"

### NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

'Not to myself alone,'  
The little opening flower transported cries—  
'Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes ;  
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,  
His dainty fill ;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill.'

'Not to myself alone,'  
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—  
'Not to myself alone I rise and set ;  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host ;  
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,  
I gem the sky,  
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,  
His home on high.'

'Not to myself alone,'  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—  
'Not to myself alone from flower to flower  
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,  
And to the hive at evening weary come :  
For man, for man the luscious food I pile  
With busy care,  
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—  
A scanty share.'

'Not to myself alone,'  
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—  
'Not to myself alone I raise my song ;  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,  
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings ;  
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,  
And God adore ;  
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,  
And sing and soar.'

'Not to myself alone,'  
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—  
'Not to myself alone I sparkling glide ;  
I scatter health and life on every side,  
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay,  
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,  
My gladsome tune ;  
I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
In drouthy June.'

'Not to myself alone'—  
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest !  
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—  
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.  
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast.  
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,  
And self disown ;  
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,  
Not to thyself alone.

## THE WOODMAN.

Hark! the woodman's axe is ringing.  
Hark! beneath his sturdy stroke  
Groans the doomed and noble oak.  
See! its twisted branches flinging  
Shattered foliage on the earth,  
Last gift, last weeping token to the soil which  
gave it birth.

Hark! the woodman's lay ascending.  
Little cares he for the hours  
When sweet Spring leads back the flowers,  
And the song-birds hither bending,  
Vainly seek the well-known shield,  
Where their nest through vanished summers was  
tenderly concealed.

Unto him no voice is calling  
From the gnarled yet stately trunk,  
Where to rest the pilgrim sunk;  
And the shadow round it falling  
Brings no vision to his eye  
Of the forms once grouped beneath it, in ages now  
gone by.

Like the tree, thus sternly fated,  
Sinks the dome young Fancy rears  
In the spring-time of our years;  
When, in loftiest pride elated,  
Comes Reality's keen blow,  
And the stem on which we leant is for evermore  
laid low.

Hark! the woodman's axe loud ringing:  
But his track will pass away.  
And behold! with freshening spray  
Greener saplings near are springing.  
So, when Fancy's sway is gone,  
Hopes may rise more blest and lasting than ever  
round her shone.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## FLOWERS.

Ye are the Scriptures of the Earth,  
Sweet flowers, fair and frail;  
A sermon speaks in every bud  
That woos the summer gale.

Ye lift your heads at early morn,  
To greet the sunny ray,  
And cast your fragrance forth to praise  
The Lord of night and day.

Sown in the damp and cheerless earth,  
Ye slumber for awhile,  
Then waken unto glorious life,  
And bid creation smile.

Thus when within the darksome tomb  
Our mortal frame shall lie,  
The soul, freed from the bonds of sin,  
Shall join the choir on high.

From the Daily News.

## THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"What dost thou, lone watcher on the tower?  
Is the day breaking?—comes the wished-for hour?  
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,  
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one  
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;  
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,  
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would  
surge."

"Look forth again, oh watcher on the tower—  
The people wake, and languish for the hour;  
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine  
For the full daylight that they know must shine."

"I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;  
There is a radiance on the distant hill—  
Even as I watch the glory seems to glow;  
But the stars blink, and the night-breezes blow."

"And is that all, oh watcher on the tower?  
Look forth again, it must be near the hour.  
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,  
And the green woods beneath them on the  
slopes?"

"A mist envelopes them; I cannot trace  
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.  
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,  
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;  
But look again, and tell us, hour by hour,  
All thou beholdest; many of us die  
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply!"

"I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer  
Crows his prophetic carol on my ear;  
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,  
An ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

"Again, again—oh watcher on the tower—  
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,  
Patient but longing. Tell us, shall it be  
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,  
Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong;  
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

"What doth he say, oh watcher on the tower?  
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour  
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime  
With the full glories of the coming time?"

"He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay  
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!  
A day not cloudless, nor void of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,  
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour  
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong—  
When Right shall rule supreme, and vanquish  
Wrong?"



'He sings of brotherhood, and joy and peace;  
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;  
When war shall die, and Man's progressive mind  
Soar as unfettered as its God designed!'

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower!  
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?  
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again,  
If the broad daylight breaks upon the *plain*?"

'It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—  
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;  
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;  
*The plain is yet in shade: but Day is near.*

### LOVE'S SEASONS.

There is an hour for the bud  
To burst from the swollen bark:  
There is an hour for the flood  
To break from its ice-womb dark:  
There is an hour for the bird  
From the sunny palms to roam,  
When its wandering heart is wildly stirr'd  
With a voice from its northern home:  
It is the time of Spring!  
And in the heart there is a budding time,  
Which longs to burst into its fullest prime,  
A dawn which promises a summer day  
Whose genial warmth can never pass away;  
Love then unfolds his wing.

There is an hour for the leaf  
To put on its darkest green:  
There is an hour,—why so brief?  
For the flowers' most vivid sheen.  
There is an hour for the wood  
To teem with perfume and song:  
There is an hour for river and flood  
To swarm with the finny throng;  
It is the Summer's bloom!  
And in the heart there is a time of bliss,  
When number fails to mark each burning kiss,  
When there's a spell, a loadstar in the eye,  
The loss of which would make ye long to die:  
Love broods then o'er his home.

There is an hour for the grass  
To sicken beneath the sun:  
There is an hour when the glass  
From the summer wave is gone:  
There is an hour for the leaf  
To cripple and drop from the tree:  
There is an hour for the dead-ripe sheaf  
To be carried from off the lea;  
Then Autumn chills the sky.  
And in the heart there is a time of wo,  
A madd'ning time, the cause of which few know,  
When eye meets eye, but with a chilly stare,  
When breast meets breast, but love is now not  
there:  
His wings are stretch'd to fly.

There is an hour for the tree  
To stand with a sapless heart:  
There is an hour for the bee  
To die 'neath the frost's fell dart:  
There is an hour for the wreath  
Of the white snow to bury all:

There is an hour for Earth's King, old Death,  
To cover her face with his pall;  
When Winter holdeth sway.  
And in the heart there is a rayless time,  
When sight, or sound, or action most sublime,  
Cannot awake the soul from out the sleep  
Of black despair.—How could it wake, how could  
it weep,  
When Love hath flown away?

### A MOTHER'S RESIGNATION.

No, not forgotten! Though the wound has  
closed,  
And seldom with thy name I trust my tongue,  
My son! so early lost, and mourned so long;  
The mother's breast where once thy head  
reposed  
Still keeps thy image, sacred through long years,  
An altar, hallowed once with many tears.

How oft my heart beats at some idle saying,  
Some casual mention of that foreign land  
Wherein thy grave was dug with hasty hand,  
And thy sole requiem was thy mother's praying,  
Till o'er the ocean swift-winged memory flies,  
To that lone forest where my first-born lies!

Sometimes, when in my other babes I trace  
A momentary likeness unto thee—  
Thy smile that ever shines in memory,  
Thy thoughtful eyes, thy love-illumined face—  
I clasp the wondering child unto my breast,  
And fancy that my arms round *thee* are prest.

I think of thee, but 'tis with grief no longer;  
I number thee among my children still;  
Though parted in the flesh, by God's high will,  
I feel my soul's deep love for thee grow stronger.  
Like one of old, I glory to have given,  
Out of my flock, an angel into Heaven.

### THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing through the night,  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied—  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

### PARAGRAPHS FROM PUNCH.

**SALE OF THE STUD OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.**—Among the various Lots that were knocked down, the following were not included, although put up for what they would fetch :—

**Claptrap.**—A good hack, warranted to suit a country gentleman.

**Sophistry.**—Has been worked the whole of last season.

**British Lion.**—A capital nag for a canter.

**Statistics.**—Unsound, but safe for a temporary purpose.

**Vituperation.**—A tried horse, though rather vicious; backed by Mr. B. Disraeli.

**The Derby Dilly, or Fortorn Hope.**—Entered for the Ministerial Cup at the next St. Stephen's.

It is unfortunate that the noble Lord could not dispose of this portion of his stud. Had he got rid of these horses, the political arena, for which he seems to have exchanged the race-course, would be a speculation more promising than it seems to be at present.

**THE PRINCELY PET.**—We perceive by the papers that the little Duke of Cornwall excited tremendous enthusiasm in his own little Duchy. What perhaps added to the interest he excited among the inhabitants of this mining district was the fact of the little fellow himself being a minor.

**RAILWAY LUXURIES.**—The Railway Smoking Saloon having given great satisfaction in the Eastern Counties, the spirited directors intend to start a billiard room on the same line.

**CHECK TO THE KING.**—The Cobourgs have met with a check in Spain. Prince Albert says his relations 'would not have minded the check so much, if they could only have got mated.'

**CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.**—At the sittings of the Association, at Southampton, it was announced that a certain professor would produce the bottled smell of lightning, we believe of the sort that the Americans call 'greased'. If even the smell of lightning can be bottled after this

fashion, may we not hope that thunderbolts shall be made so common that timid people may fasten their bedroom doors with them?

**WARDS IN CHANCERY.**—Miss Mary Anne Johnson, of Hampstead, died last month, having endowed—not a college, but a 'dog and cats'. To her 'black dog, Carlo,' she gives 'an annuity of £30 a year during the dog's life, to be paid half-yearly.' And 'unto each of the cats, Blacky, Jemmy, and Tom, an annuity of £10 a year for the three cats, to be paid half-yearly.' Since this will has been made known, Carlo—the fact shows the spirit of trading competition—has been dreadfully annoyed by the solicitations of a host of trip-men; whilst Blacky, Jemmy, and Tom have been equally persecuted by the commercial rapacity of cats' meat venders and milkwomen. It is supposed that the heirs of Miss Johnson, not having yet arrived at the age of twenty-one, will—for the protection of their property—be made wards in Chancery. Lord Cottenham will be petitioned to give the run of his own Court to Carlo; whilst Sir Launcelet Shadwell may, it is hoped, be induced to throw open his kitchen to Tom, Blacky, and Jemmy.

**POLICE INTELLIGENCE.**—Louis Philippe Orleans, an old man, with a large head and a very confident expression, was charged before the Bench, Public Opinion, with a most flagitious act of child-stealing. The case was very protracted, and involved many statements and counter-statements, but may be briefly summed up as follows:

It appeared that a Spaniard, named Ferdinand, who had distinguished himself as a man-milliner—having been specially appointed as petticoat-maker and embroiderer to the Holy Virgin—died some years ago at Madrid, leaving behind him two little infant girls; and it was for the crafty abduction of the younger of these children, by name Luisa—a young creature scarcely marriageable—that the prisoner was brought to the bar. He was an old offender, full of subtleties and tricks, which he played off under the guise of

the most enchanting *bonhomme*, which, of course, only rendered him the more dangerous. This, however, was the first time he had appeared at the bar of public opinion as a child-stealer.

It was shown in evidence that the petticoat maker died very rich; and there was no doubt that the immense wealth of the unfortunate Luisa was one reason for drawing upon her the attention of the prisoner, who had also—there could be no doubt of it—considerable hopes of obtaining farther advantages by meddling in her family affairs; and farther of ultimately obtaining the larger share of the property on the death of her sister, reputed not to be of the most vigorous constitution. It was shown that Orleans had had crafty accomplices in the business. He had introduced into the house of the young ladies a French hair-dresser, named Bresson, who had turned the head of the innocent Luisa with the most glowing description of Orleans, surnamed Montpensier; a youth with great precocity of moustache. The hair-dresser Bresson had also contrived to give the young man's portrait (painted for the occasion) to the hapless Luisa; and the effect of a portrait of a handsome young man upon a girl of 14 would be obvious.

Finally, a contract of marriage had been brought about by the craftiness of the hair-dresser; and the child—however it might be attempted to palliate the circumstances by the forms of law—the child was, in a word, stolen from herself her country and her relations, by the guile and avarice of the prisoner at the bar.

The court regretted that it could not interfere in even so flagitious a case. The prisoner must be discharged; though he must not for a moment suppose that he left the court with clean hands.

Hereupon the prisoner gave a knowing wink, chuckle, and left the court, humming "On peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!"

**WE MUST INVADE IRELAND.**—Ireland was Peel's difficulty; he said so. Ireland will be Russell's difficulty. She will be the difficulty of every body who shall attempt to govern her peaceably; she is becoming even a difficulty to O'Connell; thanks—small thanks—to Mr. Smith O'Brien.

The fact is, as we have heard many old gentlemen declare, that Ireland is not yet conquered; and conquered she must be. We therefore plainly and plumply, without mincing the matter, recommend an invasion of Ireland.

Not from the vain wish to parade our skill in strategy, but from motives of the purest patriotism, do we propose the following arrangement of the invading forces:—

The van is to consist of grenadiers, to be called the 1st Life Potatoes, who are to shower the effective missile they take their name from on the quarters where it is most needed.

The right wing is to be formed of the Household Bread and Meat Brigade; troops that may be depended upon for giving the enemy a belly-full. They are to be instructed to give no quarter, except the quartern loaf. The left shall be constituted by the Heavy (Barclay's) Dragoons, who will have formed a junction with Guinness's regiment at Dublin. These stout fellows will soon drench all their adversaries. In the centre shall be stationed the Light Eatables and Drinka-

bles. The old Coercion Company is to be disbanded as useless, even as a forlorn hope.

The whole army is to be flanked by a squadron of Schoolmasters, who are to form a *corps de reserve*, to act only when the victory is decided, in order to complete and secure it. For, till the operations of the Provisional Battalion have been successful, the services of the scholastic force will be unavailing. The former, however, having broken the enemy's line, his utter route and discomfiture by the latter is inevitable.

**AN EXAMPLE TO EMPLOYERS.**—On Monday, August 31, Luke James Hansard, Esq., Printer to the House of Commons, gave a sumptuous dinner to the whole of his large establishment, consisting of 230 persons, at the King and Queen Inn, Brighton. The entire expense of the railway return tickets (available from the preceding Saturday to the following Wednesday), dinner, tea, and beds, was defrayed by the above named gentleman, at an expense of £250. But the greater pleasure of this delightful excursion was contained in the speech of Mr. H. after dinner.

The manner in which he spoke of "social progress," and the rights of labor, and the assurance that it was his pride, as it had been that of his grandfather and father, to give "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," were alike honorable to him as a philanthropist and a Christian. In conclusion, he thanked his people for their exertions during the last year; hoped that as he increased in prosperity so would they; also, that they might meet again next year; and that they had been enjoying and would enjoy themselves at this beautiful watering-place. He retired, carrying with him the gratitude of all; the munificent gift being doubly enhanced by the kind and manly sentiments of the giver.—*People's Journal*.

**YOUNG IRELAND ON THE DISTRESS.**—Mr. Smith O'Brien has published in the *Nation* a long letter to Lord John Russell on the prevailing distress; making various suggestions. He calls on Parliament to fetch up its long arrears of useful legislation for Ireland; and suggests that the next session should be held in Dublin. He enumerates his remedial measures; public expenditure upon works of a national character, such as dockyards, &c.; advances of public money by way of loan in aid of enterprises offering a prospect of a return sufficient to indemnify the State; a special tax upon absentees; a Bill to secure to tenants, when removed from their holdings, compensation for the labor and capital expended by them in substantial improvements; more effective measures for the drainage and reclamation of waste lands, and for the encouragement of fisheries; enactments for facilitating the sale of portions of estates, with a view to disencumber the remainder; additional security of tenure to lessees of derivative estates; and facilities for the acquisition of small estates of inheritance by moderate capitalists.

There is a general belief in Ireland that Parliament will be called together early, probably in November, to amend some technical defects of the Labor Act; and Mr. O'Connell, in a letter to Mr. Conway on the Act, countenances the belief.



**MOHAMMED ALI AND HIS FAMILY.**—Mohammed Ali is now, it is believed, in his seventy-ninth or eightieth year; but time has dealt kindly with him, and he has not been wanting on his part in endeavors to deserve this lenient treatment. Of late years he has redoubled the care which he has always bestowed on his health. He keeps exceedingly regular hours; bathes often, sometimes in milk; and, in fact, resorts to every means of prolonging a life which he believes, with some reason, to be valuable. Regularly every morning, when at Alexandria, he rides or drives out to the garden of M. Gibara, and takes his breakfast there, either beneath the shade of a beautiful grove of palm trees, or in an elegant kiosk, fitted up for his especial use. He generally remains at this place until about eleven o'clock, smoking his pipe, and giving audience to the various consuls and merchants who may desire an interview. Not to repeat what may doubtless be found in every book of travels, we will merely add, that his highness often indulges in a game of billiards, on a beautiful table of Parisian workmanship, in one of the apartments of his new palace.

Mohammed Ali's appearance has been the subject of many controversies. The truth is, that it is neither undignified nor vulgar, as some have pretended, nor is it impressed with that stamp of majesty which others seem to have discovered.—Not being an anointed king, he has none of the attributes of that distinguished position; authority is not written in divine characters on his brow, nor are his eyes replete with inexplicable meaning. But he has the aspect and expression of an excellent man of business, elevated and refined by a consciousness of power. His costume is generally simple, and a long beard imparts considerable dignity and gravity to his countenance. Short and firmly built, he moves with a step of a much younger man; and there are many years of life beaming in his small keen eyes.

Ibrahim Pasha is reputed to be the eldest son of Mohammed Ali. We say reputed, because doubts have been expressed respecting his parentage; and even now a considerable number of persons in this country continue to entertain these doubts. They assert that he is simply an adopted son, but do not seem to be able to support their opinions by any very cogent proof. On the other hand, we have the formal declaration of the Pasha, who repudiates the statement entirely, and acknowledges Ibrahim. This being the case, the matter becomes of little moment, and the introduction of Ibrahim's name into the treaty of 1841, precludes the expectation that any considerable political consequences can ever flow from this report, which originated, we believe, in the personal enmity of Drovetti, formerly French consul at Alexandria. Ibrahim Pasha has three sons.

It cannot be denied that Ibrahim Pasha has in some respects proved himself a great benefactor to Egypt; at any rate, he may be sure that the career he has pursued since the last Syrian campaign will reflect much more honor on his memory than any of his military achievements. It is as a horticulturist and agriculturist on a princely scale that he has chiefly shone; and certainly, when we view the beautiful gardens he has formed in the neighborhood of Cairo and Alexandria, we cannot avoid giving him his due meed of praise. Many useful and ornamental plants and trees have been introduced into the country through his instru-

mentality; and the works he has undertaken have given employment to a great number of Arabs, paid, certainly, according to the very low tariff existing, but regularly and faithfully paid. Among his most useful works may be mentioned, the removal of those vast mounds of rubbish which a few years back deformed the southern entrance to Cairo, and the application of the soil thus obtained, to the filling up of pits and hollows over a considerable extent of plain. The fine level in this manner produced was planted with olive trees, which were soon covered with fruit, and will hereafter prove a source of wealth to the neighborhood of the capital. Ibrahim likewise sent one of his gardeners to India, and other countries of the East, for the purpose of collecting valuable plants and trees, which might bear naturalization in Egypt, and in several cases, we believe, the new importations promise to flourish and prove productive.

Said Pasha, the second son of Mohammed Ali, is the admiral of the fleet, and at the same time emulates the horticultural propensities of his brother. Hossein Bey, aged twenty, and Halim Bey, aged seventeen, the third and fourth sons of the Pasha, are at present in Paris, pursuing their education. The youngest son of Mohammed Ali has received the same name as his father, and holds the rank of bey; he is thirteen years old.—*The Topic.*

**LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.**—Dr. Scoresby, of Bradford, England, still continues to lecture on the appearance of the Heavens through the monster telescope of Lord Rosse. He describes the moon as appearing in great magnificence through this famed instrument, seeming like a globe of molten silver, whilst every object of the extent of one hundred yards was quite visible, and edifices of the size of York Minster, might therefore, he said, be easily perceived if they had existed. He stated that there was no appearance of any thing of that nature, neither was there any indication of the existence of water, nor of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth; through one of them there was a line in continuance of one, about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid at various distances. The Doctor said he expected it would soon be competent to Daguerreotype the image of the moon upon the speculum, which could not be done at present, as the moon was not stationary, but he stated that Lord Rosse contemplated a piece of mechanism to move the telescope to a certain distance, with a motion corresponding to the movement of the moon.

Dr. Scoresby further remarked that the nebulae already observed, were between one and two hundred, which was doing well, considering that the observations had often been obstructed by cloudy nights. Although this great telescope has been erected nearly two years, it has not been in complete operation more than six or seven months, and already the nebulae not before fully examined have been discovered to be a collection of suns.

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ENGRAVED BY MARY GILLER.

DESIGNED BY J. HUNT.

*Leigh Hunt.*

*Engraved by Mary Giller.*



